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SELECT
LECTURES AND SERMONS

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON,
MEMBER OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE,
ENGLAND.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
By REV. GEORGE C. ROBINSON, A. M.,
PASTOR OF UNION CHAPEL, CINCINNATI.

C. MOORE,
117 WALNUT STREET,
CINCINNATI.

1860.

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INTRODUCTION.



WHY the essential power of the orator has passed away is *not*, as some have contended, a vital question, for the simple reason that it has *not* passed away. The volume before you, gentle reader, (not including the Preface,) attests that. But to whose keeping has that power been committed? The *modern* has not inherited the splendid supremacy of the *classic* civil orator. The causes which gave the latter his extraordinary influence—the general ignorance of the people; their inflammability from climate, and habit, and historic associations; the centralization which crowded all men into the city, and within the sweep of the rostrum; the false estimate of national grandeur and happiness; the freedom of judicial address—most of these have passed from the State, and are no longer the opportunities of the secular orator. Do they still exist? and is some other department of oratory rising to greatest influence by the exclusive using of them? Practically they do exist, and the *pulpit* has inherited them. Whatever of national enlightenment, there is enough of spiritual ignorance; however much law prevents popular inflammations, there is enough of spiritual excitement latent in the hearts of men; there are false estimates, if no longer so much of national rights and greatness, yet the falsest possible of individual obligation and happiness; there is the weekly centralization of the Churches, gathering the ends of the earth within the circuit of the preacher's voice; there is the very license of appeal to imaginations, and hopes, and sympathies, and passions which sweep beyond the dominion of human law.

Add to this consideration of history, one drawn from the philosophy of history. What the "State remits to society"—the privileges which civil organizations from time to time cede to individuals—constitutes progress. Thus as history advances, appeals will more and more be made to men, *as such*, and less and less to the State; so that in time, eloquence will no longer find her chief need of display at the bar, or on the rostrum. The righteousness and sacredness of the individual conscience will gradually supersede the necessity of many of the statutes. Therefore it would seem that preachers, *who alone address the private conscience only*, must more and more engross the opportunities and the power of oratory.

Thus, first, by inheriting the opportunities which gave the classic civil orator his power, and, second, from the outworking of a historic law, the pulpit orator has already got possession of a vast power, if not the supremacy of speech in *this* country. But in England, where civilization is older than with us, he is outstripping all competition. Other men may diplomatize and legislate—may engineer corn-laws, and fill bishoprics—but the men who vindicate the power of popular oratory, in the propagation of popular reforms, are the modern dissenting preachers of England. They repress riot, but they stimulate liberty—they soothe famine, but they rouse the popular will to root out its causes. Year by year they steadily push clamorous and insatiate reforms into the lines of ancient and exclusive privilege. Their learning and eloquence have demonstrated, that in consistency with itself, Puseyism should be Popery, and have already driven the ablest High Church shepherds into the folds of Rome, their legitimate place. But they have been especially signalized in the recent concessions wrung from the Establishment: first, that "religious services"—the sacred worship of the Church, for practically it is nothing else—"may be holden elsewhere than in consecrated places;" and, second, that "without this concession they will not long be able to hold the masses of the kingdom," who are irresistibly coming under the tuition of the dissenting orators. It is a little candle in a dark place: the inauguration of a series of reforms, which will at last make a catholic Christian union possible.

INTRODUCTION.

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Foremost among these eloquent dissenters, stand the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon and W. M. Punshon, the one a Baptist, the other a Methodist. The former has already won a world-wide distinction, and in many respects he deserves it; the other is making his way more slowly, but even more securely. They are men at antipodes in character, in doctrine, and in style, only alike in being devoutly religious. Spurgeon's fame sprouted like that of Pilgrim's Progress, among the common people; and like that, will, perhaps, yet blossom in the upper air of cultivated mind. Punshon, on the other hand, with the favorable verdict of the literary sanhedrim already won, from the habits of the recluse, and the formalism of the scholar, is working his way more deeply into popular sympathies and the current thought. He is but a young man, but is already confessedly the first Wesleyan orator in Great Britain. We know little of his personal history; but report makes him an educated man, a graduate of the chief Wesleyan Biblical school, and about thirty-five years of age.

Mr. Punshon gets his first fitting introduction to the American public in this volume, nothing else having been published, save a stray lecture or sermon in pamphlet. By this service, Mr. Moore has made us all his debtors.

It will be observed that these productions are not narrow and mechanical developments of a single idea; so that the unschooled reader need not fear of being repulsed by scholastic dullness. Drop your eye upon any sentence, you have a full living thought. Take for example the famous lecture on John Bunyan; it is by no means a close eulogy upon the old tinker. He is simply made the text, out of which Mr. Punshon works history and the noblest teachings of philosophy. It embodies a historic painting; a vindication of the true theory of poetry, as against Dr. Johnson's; a defense of the Bible against the negative theology; and the philosophy of preaching: and yet, so far from being a tessellation, it is a natural and appropriate development of the theme.

There are, doubtless, in this volume, faults of prejudice in manner; and in matter, faults of obstinacy here and laxity there; but on the whole, it is certainly the weightiest matter, set off by the most splendid manner. There is a blaze of rhetoric, but the

molten ore is underneath. DeQuincy has distinguished books into two classes—books of knowledge, and books of power. This volume, we think, may fairly lay claim to enough of both, to be distinguished in either. The considerateness, the purpose, the affection, and withal, the practical and most human sagacity displayed here, must win the thoughtful reader; while all will note a certain marvelous condensation, rapidity, vitality, as elements of the power which has characterized him as one of the very first living pulpit orators of Britain. Some of his American auditors have remarked that his impression of an audience, is very like to that which will never be forgotten of Webster. From the moment he gets upon his feet, you feel it would be useless to resist him, you are overwhelmed at the outset; the speaker suffers no hiatus of weakness in which you can recover.

There are many things in these productions to challenge attention, and which will likely secure for them more than a transient interest. We have space to notice only two of these features, which we select from their special pertinency to our times. First, is the healthy Christian reform spirit—as against the pettiness and fieriness of the zealots, on the one hand, and the dust and ashes of fogysm on the other—which looks out from all the glowing thought of this Wesleyan preacher; a model temper for every layman, and especially every preacher of the Methodist, not to say of every other Church in this land—in fostering which this publication can not fail to do good service. Mr. Punshon, as it seems to us, has learned what none, especially no preacher, can learn too soon—that every man should live two lives; one of attention to immediate and obvious duties; the other of observance of things remote and general. To live in attendance upon the duties of to-day is a maxim dictated by the most ordinary wisdom. Inspiration has additionally suggested that we are to live as seeing that which is invisible. It was in view of this distinction that Dr. Johnson said: "Whatever makes the past or future predominate over the present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings." The two-fold method of doing accurately and thoroughly to-day's work, however humble; and of qualifying each day's service by a sincere, steady, self-reliant, and reverent out-look according to the strength of vision, on the whole

circle of time—this is greatness in distinction, on the one hand, from ordinariness or littleness; and on the other from visionariness and vamping. It is indicated in this volume that this is true of all men, and of all men most true of the preacher. Let other men be narrow: he must be wide, nay universal. Let other men be visionary: he must be real and true. Other men may act from selfish, or partisan, or at least debatable motives; but the preacher must be a great-hearted, universal God's man. Other men may strike out in the dark, building castles of vagary, fancying all will be right; and when God and faith no longer assure, still, for *self-assurance*, holding fast the *profession* of confidence in their own cause; but the preacher must *know* what he is about.

It is further indicated here, that, at all times, reticence and docility, not blustering and leadership, are the express duty of all men, who are conscious of not living thus; and of all times, especially their duty when change is agitated, and revolution is imminent. In periods of transition in society, and State and Church, when new differences may suddenly split old allies, when unexpected ties may bind the ends of opposition together, when whatever is mooted or done strikes far and wide, affecting the gravest interests with unusual power—then only those should advise who know the bearing of the strata and the axes of crystallization. The hewer of wood and drawer of water should be still. No man has a right to move, at all events to be listened to, in reforms, of whom it can not be shown: *first*, that in his regular avocation he faithfully and habitually follows the light, and does the duty of to-day. For, if he have never learned to follow, where there is light, how shall he pioneer where there is no light? And of what consequence to him, if a better state of things were introduced? If he have not been faithful over a few things, how shall he be made ruler over many things?

Second, that by sympathy, by observation, and by study, so far as may be, he has linked himself with the whole of to-day, with yesterday and to-morrow. For it is to be remembered that no revolution is fortuitous, but is locked inseparably into explicable and sufficient antecedents. How shall a man estimate it, therefore, unless he know its antecedents? Besides, history has its own

organic laws as certainly as vegetable or animal life. If a man should suddenly come upon a blossoming century-plant, ignorant of such a flower, and therefore unskilled in the methods of its preservation, directly it withers in his hands, and his lifetime will not repeat the opportunity for redeeming the misfortune of his inexperience. So a man happening upon a blossoming time of history, ignorant of the formulas which experience has eliminated for its treatment, untutored by anything save his own desires and instincts, sees a great crisis fading away to recur only in the distant coming of time; or perhaps wounded through his perturbation and haste, to be reproduced no more. Mr. Punshon's theory is, that patchers and putters—fanatics and visionaries—are not the men for Reformers; that no man has a right to essay changes upon an institution, under which, if permitted of God, he has not labored long enough to test its capacities; and the historic antecedents, present connections, and providential mission of which, he does not comprehend enough, to know what effect upon each his efforts will have.

Such teaching, and such a spirit, breathing through all these admirable papers, can not fail to do good. They are needed where Churches and State are crowded with men who would be struck down, if once their principles could get sway:—men serving themselves, under pretense of serving a principle; men clamoring for rights, who exemplify little concerning sacrifice and duty; men rashly pushing changes, who can not yet have realized them to be a want; ignorant men, or else worse—insincere—who drive their theories as many questionable and spurious inventions are poured into market, labeled, "patent applied for,"—which must sell *now or never*, for that patent will never come; men who follow Reform as a trade, noisy and ranting, who think they are building the temple, and already expect its completion, forgetful that when at last the temple went up, it was without the sound of hammer; men full of partisan haste, who have not learned that nature, like a faithful omnibus driver, never whips up until the times are loaded; men who arrogate to themselves wisdom and righteousness, and judgment, and run "a-muck" at all those who condemning the phrensy of their one idea, go naturally and orderly about the business of the Lord.

men forgetting that those who go under now, through their "constructions" or misrepresentations, will rise again to their rightful place in history; and that the lifting of one end of the balance, will be the falling of the other.

The only other feature our space will permit us to notice, is the bold, unhesitating, glowing Christian spirit of these productions. The increasing liberality of Christian sentiment will perhaps detect too decided a partiality for creed and symbol though we mean our stricture to hold only against his advocacy of those minor details of creeds, which render the symbols of orthodox Churches conflicting. It is a grave question, if he does not harm truth—who, in the purpose to be sufficiently catholic, concedes to every sect the right to hold and impose its minor specialties of doctrine? It is a grave question, whether any Church has a right to institute new and peculiar conditions to membership; whether it may require any other than the terms named by Christ and the apostles. Human corporations undoubtedly have this right; but the genesis of the Church, and, therefore, the terms of admission are of Christ. It was established for an unalterable purpose, and, therefore, the terms are always the same. This grave question, more than any other, is the one now before the Churches for settlement. The disposition which concedes the possibility of truth to those articles of your creed which difference it from mine, is a great advance, in point of catholicity, upon the temper which once dutifully execrated those differences. Mr. Punshon has at least advanced thus far, perhaps much farther. But the spirit which would resist the requirement of creed (for membership) upon any other than those essential doctrines fundamental to *all* Christian Churches—as an alarming assumption—as a departure from "Apostolic" and "Reformation" usage—as a heresy; the spirit which would admit *all* regenerate men into *one* fold, upon confession of these fundamental doctrines, with leave to differ upon all subordinate tenets, is the catholicity for which the Church yearns. There are rigid sectarians, who think they have already drunk in, not only the waters, but the whole *plan* of salvation. They are not so wise as Amasis, when challenged to drink up the sea: "Yes, willingly, if you will stop the rivers that flow into it." Unre-

flective Christians may have a compact, completed creed; growing, thoughtful ones, never. The sapling has a smooth, unsplintered bark; but the accumulating rounds of the old pine have rent its bark into a thousand inconsistencies. No complete, consistent theory can girt a large Christian and intellectual development. More will, at any time, have been experienced, than can then be analyzed and put into a theological system. The goal to which we tend is a universal Church, to secure the maximum of spiritual life with the minimum of theological restriction. But whatever Mr. Punshon tolerates in others, it will be apparent that his own theology is not the polemics of a sect, stripped and plucky, entered according to the rules of the Theological prize-ring; but a great-hearted *theology of the patent facts of Christianity*, too loving to strike its own kin, too brawny to match itself with anything but the devil. That devil he undoubtedly thinks he finds in latitudinarianism; and more particularly, he finds many a little, half-fledged devil in the modern humanitarian, or hodge-podge school. He flashes his merciless fire along the track of their quirks and make-shifts, knocks on the hollow places of their clap-trap and special pleading, and sweeps away their refuges of lies. With him, reverence, modesty and self-distrust, are not synonymous with stupidity, effeminacy, and falseness to one's self. He thinks blind faith, of the quick-ear, a better organon in spiritual things, than deaf reason with the blear-eye. He chooses rather to apotheosize the matchless Christ than the miserable "me." Like the apostle, he hopes to be changed from glory to glory, not so much by diagnosis of moral symptoms and self-help, as by gazing adoringly upon that one incomparable figure of all ages, "whose beauty it is the highest hope of art to reveal; whose career the sublimest strains of literature but prophecy and record; and whose doctrine it is the noblest struggle of society to realize."

Those who read this volume will willingly confess, that henceforth lecturing is not all in the hands of the infidel. May the book have the circulation its indisputable merits deserve.

GEORGE C. ROBINSON.

THE PROPHET OF HOREB:

HIS LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

THE PROPHET OF HOREB—HIS LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.



THE mountains of the Bible will well repay the climber. There is a glorious prospect from their summits, and moral bracing in the breathing of their difficult air.

Most of the events in Bible history, which either embody great principles, illustrate Divine perfections, or bear impressively upon the destinies of man, have had the mountains for the pedestals of their achievement. Beneath the arch of the Covenant-rainbow the lone ark rested upon Ararat; Abraham's trial, handing down the high faith of the hero-father, and typing the greater sacrifice of the future time, must be "on one of the mountains" in the land of Moriah; Aaron, climbing heavenward, is "unclothed and clothed upon" amid the solitudes of Hor; and where but on the crest of Nebo could Moses gaze upon the land and die? If there is to be a grand experiment to determine between rival faiths—to defeat

Baal—to exalt Jehovah, what spot so fitting as the excellency of Carmel? It was due to the great and dread events of the Savior's history that they should be enacted where the world's broad eye could light upon them, hence he is transfigured "on the high mountain apart," on Olivet he prays, on Calvary he dies; and, at the close of all, in the splendors of eternal allotment, amid adoring angels and perfected men, we cheerfully "come to Mount Zion."

Precious as is the Scripture in all phases of its appearance, the quality which, above all others, invests it with a richer value, is its exquisite adaptation to every necessity of man. Professing itself to be his infallible and constant instructor, it employs all modes of communicating wisdom. "The Man of our counsel" is always at hand, in every condition and in every peril. But we learn more from living exemplar than from preceptive utterance. The truth, which has not been realized by some man of like passions with ourselves, comes cold and distant, like a lunar rainbow. It may furnish us with correct notions and a beautiful system, just as we can learn proportion from a statue, but there needs the touch of life to influence and to transform. Hence, not the least impressive and salutary Bible teaching is by the accurate exhibition of individual character. A man's life is there sketched out to us, not that side of it merely which he presents to the world,

which the restraints of society have modified, which intercourse has subdued into decorousness, and which shrouds his meaner self in a conventional hypocrisy; but his inner life, his management of the trifles which give the sum of character, his ordinary and household doings, as well as the rarer seasons of exigency and of trial. The whole man is before us, and we can see him as he is. Partiality can not blind us, nor prejudice distort our view. Nothing is exaggerated, nothing is concealed. His defects are there—his falterings and depressions—his mistrusts and betrayals—like so many beacons glaring their warning lights upon our path. His excellencies are there—his stern integrity and consistent walking, his intrepid wrestling and heroic endurance—that we may be followers of his patience and faith, and ultimately share his crown. So marked and hallowed is this candor, that we do not wonder at its being alleged as an argument for the book's divinity. The characters are all human in their experience, although divine in their portrayal. They were *men*, those Bible worthies, world-renowned, God-smitten, princely men, towering indeed in moral, as Saul in physical, stature above their fellows, but still men of like passions with ourselves—to the same frailties incident—with the same trials battling—by the same temptations frequently and foully overcome. Their perfect *humanness* is, indeed, their strongest

influence and greatest charm. Of what avail to us were the biography of an angel, could you chronicle his joys in the calm round of heaven? There could be no sympathy either of condition or experience.

But the Bible, assuming the essential identity of the race, tells of man, and the "one blood" of all nations leaps up to the thrilling tale. There is the old narrative of lapse and loss; the tidings, ancient and undecaying, of temptation, conflict, mastery, recompense. In ourselves there have been the quiverings of David's sorrow, and the stirrings of David's sin. We, perhaps, like Elijah, have been by turns confessor and coward—fervent as Peter, and as faithless too. The heart answers to the history, and responsive and struggling humanity owns the sympathy, and derives the blessing.

It is a strange history, this history of the Prophet Elijah. Throughout the whole of his career we are attracted almost more by his inspiration than by himself. We are apt to lose sight of the man in the thought of the Divine energy which wielded him at its terrible or gentle will. The unconsciousness of self, which is the distinctive mark of the true seer, is always present with him—in his manliest and in his meekest hours—in his solitary prayer in the loft at Zarephath, in his solemn sarcasm on the summit of Carmel—when he flushes the cheek of a dead

child, or pales the brow of a living king. He is surrendered always to the indwelling God. He always seems to regard himself as a chosen and a separated man—lifted, by his consecration, above the love or the fear of his kind—forced, ever and anon, upon difficult and perilous duty—a flying roll, carven with mercy and with judgment—an echo, rather than an original utterance—"the voice of one," not "one," but "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

How abruptly he bursts upon the world. We know nothing of his birth, nothing of his parentage, nothing of his training. On all these matters the record is profoundly silent. He is presented to us at once, a full-grown and authoritative man, starting in the path of Ahab sudden as the lightning, energetic and alarming as the thunder. "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." This is all. And it is all we need. What reck we of his ancestry? He is royal in his deeds. Obscure in his origin, springing probably from the herdsmen or vine-dressers of Galilee, regarded by the men of Tishbe as one of themselves—a little reserved and unsocial withal—his person, perhaps, held in contempt by the licentious court, and his intrusions stigmatized as annoying impertinence, he held on his high way notwithstanding, performed stupendous miracles, received large revelations, and at last, tired

of the world, went up to heaven in a chariot of fire. How often have we seen the main fact of this story realized in later times! Men have looked at the trappings of the messenger,—not at the import of his message. Their faculty of appreciation has been grievously impaired. A prophet has leaped into the day with his burden of reproof and truth-telling, but he has not been clad in silken sheen, nor a speaker of smooth things, and the world has gone on to its merchandise, while the broken-hearted seer has retired into the wilderness to die. A poet has warbled out his soul in secret, and discoursed most exquisite music—but, alas! it has been played among the tombs. A glorious iconoclast has come forth among the peoples, “expecting that they would have understood how that the Lord by him had sent deliverance,” but he has been met by the insulting rejoinder, “Who made thee a ruler and a judge?” Thus, in the days of her nonage, because they lacked high estate and lofty lineage, has the world poured contempt upon some of the choicest of her sons. “A heretic!” shouted the furious bigotry of the Inquisition. “And yet it moves,” said Galileo—resolute, even in the moment of enforced abjuration, for the immutable truth. A scoffing to Genoese bravos, grandees of Portugal, and the court of England, Columbus spied the log of wood in its eastward drifting, and opened up America—the rich El Dorado of

many an ancient dream. "An empiric!" shouted all the Doctor Sangrados of the time, and the old physiologists hated Harvey with an intensely professional hatred, because he affirmed the circulation of the blood. "A Bedfordshire tinker!" sneered the polite ones, with a whiff of the otto of roses, as if the very mention of his craft was infragant; "what has he to do to preach, and write books, and set up for a teacher of his fellows?" But glorious John Bunyan, leaving them in their own Cabul-country, dwelt in the land of Beulah, climbed up straight to the presence of the shining ones, and had "all the trumpets sounding for him on the other side." Sidney Smith wrote at, and tried to write down, "the consecrated Cobbler," who was to evangelize India; but William Carey shall live embalmed in the memories of converted thousands, long after the witty canon of St. Paul's is forgotten or, is remembered only as a melancholy example of genius perverted and a vocation mistaken. "A Methodist!" jested the godless witlings of Brazennose; "A Jacobin!" reiterated the makers of silver shrines; "A ringleader in the Gordon riots!" said the Romanists whose errors he had combated; and the formalistic churchmanship of that day gathered up its gentilities, smoothed its ruffled fringes, and with a dowager's stateliness flounced by "on the other side;" and reputable burghers, the "canny bodies" of the time, sub-

sided into their own respectabilities, and shook their heads at every mention of the pestilent fellow; but calm-browed and high-souled, John Wesley went on until a large portion of his world-parish rejoiced in his light, and wondered at its luminous and ardent flame. And if it be lawful to speak of the Master in the same list as his disciples, who, however excellent, fall immeasurably short of their Divine Pattern, *He* was called a Nazarene, and there was the scorn of a world couched in the contemptuous word.

There are symptoms, however, of returning sanity. Judicial ermine and archiepiscopal lawn robing the sons of tradesmen, and the blood of all the Montmorencies—fouled by *mésalliance* with crime—cooling itself in a common prison, are remarkable signs of the times. Men are beginning to feel conscious, not, perhaps, that they have committed a crime, but that they have been guilty of what in the diplomacy of Talleyrand was considered worse—that is, a blunder. Whether the chivalry of feudalism be extinct or not, there can be no question that the villanage of feudalism is gone. Common men nowadays question the wisdom of nobilities, correct the errors of cabinets, and do not even listen obsequiously to catch the whispers of kings. That is a strong and growing world-feeling which the poet embodies, when he sings:

"Believe us! noble Vere de Veres,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good—
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Not that rank has lost its prestige, nor royalty its honor. Elevated station is a high trust, and furnishes opportunity for extensive usefulness. The coronet may be honored or despised at the pleasure of the wearer. When the rank is larger than the man, when his individuality is shrouded behind a hundred coats-of-arms, when he has so much of the blood of his ancestors in his veins that there is no room for any generous pulses of his own, why, of course, he must find his own level, and be content to be admired, like any other piece of confectionery, by occasional passers-by; but when the noble remembers his humanity, and has sympathy for the erring and encouragement for the sincere—

"When, all the trappings freely swept away,
The man's great nature leaps into the day,"

his nobility men are not slow to acknowledge—the cap and plume bend very gracefully over the sorrow which they succor, and the jeweled hand is blanched into a heavenlier whiteness when it beckons a struggling people into the power and

progress of the coming time. The great question which must be asked of any new aspirer who would mold the world's activities to his will, is not, Whence comes he? but, What is he? There may be some semi-fossilized relics of the past who will continue to insinuate, "Has he a grandfather?" But the great world of the earnest and of the workers thunders out, "Has he a *soul*? Has he a lofty purpose, a single eye, a heart of power? Has he the prophet's sanctity and inspiration, as well as his boldness and fervor? Never mind the bar sinister on his escutcheon—has he no bar sinister in his life? Has he a giant's strength, a hero's courage, a child's simplicity, an apostle's love, a martyr's will? Then is he sufficiently ennobled." If I, a Gospel charioteer, meet him as he essays, trembling, to drive into the world, what must be my salutation? Art thou of noble blood? Is thy retinue large? thy banner richly emblazoned? thy speech plausible? thy purpose fair? No—but "Is thy heart right?" If it be, give me thy hand.

A prominent feature in the Prophet's character, one which can not fail to impress us at every mention of his name, is *his singular devotion to the object of his great mission*. He was sent upon the earth to be the earth's monitor of God. This was his life-purpose, and faithfully he fulfilled it. Rising above the temptations of sense—ready at the bidding of his Master to crucify natural affection—sternly repressing the sensibility which

might interfere with duty; trampling upon worldly interest, and regardless of personal aggrandizement or safety, he held on his course, unswerving and untired, to the end. God was his object in everything; to glorify God, his aim; to vindicate God, his miracles; to speak for God, his message; to exhibit God, his life. As the rod of Moses swallowed up the symbols of Egyptian wizardry, so did this consuming passion in Elijah absorb each meaner impulse, and each low desire. His decision rarely failed him, his consistency never. He "halted not between two opinions." He spurned alike the adulation of a monarch and of a mob. He neither pandered for the favor of a court, nor made unworthy compromise with the idolaters of Baal. Heaven's high remembrancer, he did a true man's work in a true man's way, with one purpose and a "united" heart.

Although many parts of this character can not, on account of his peculiar vocation, be presented for our imitation, in his unity of purpose and of effort he furnishes us with a noble example. This oneness of principle—freedom from tortuous policy—the direction of the energies to the attainment of one worthy end—appears to be what is meant in Scripture by the "single eye," ἀπλοῦς—not complex—no obliquity in the vision—looking straight on—taking in one object at one time. And if we look into the lives of the men who have vindicated their right to be held in the

world's memory, we shall find that all their actions evolve from one comprehensive principle, and converge to one magnificent achievement. Consider the primitive apostles. There you have twelve men, greatly diverse in character, cherishing each his own taste and mode of working, laboring in different localities, and bringing the one Gospel to bear upon different classes of mind, and yet everywhere—in proud Jerusalem, inquisitive Ephesus, cultured Athens, voluptuous Rome—meeting after many years in that mightiest result, the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. Much of this issue is of course due to the Gospel itself, or rather to the Divine agency which applied it, but something also to the unity of the messengers, their sincere purpose, and sustained endeavor. And so it is in the case of all who have been the benefactors of mankind. They have had some master-purpose, which has molded all others into a beautiful subordination, which they have maintained amid hazard and suffering, and which, shrined sacredly in the heart, has influenced and fashioned the life. If a man allow within him the play of different or contradictory purposes, he may, in a lifetime, pile up a head of gold, a breast of silver, thighs of brass, and feet of clay, but it is but a great image after all. It crumbles at the first touch of the smiting stone, and, like the chaff of the summer thrashing-floor, its fragments are help-

less on the wind. If, on the other hand, a man's doings grow out of one and the same spirit, and that spirit be consecrated to holy endeavor, they will interpenetrate and combine into beneficent achievement, and stand out a life-giving and harmonious whole. This oneness of design for which we contend, is distinctive of the highest developments of the whole family of genius. A book may run through many editions, and fascinate many reviewers, but it must be informed by one spirit, new correspondences must be revealed to the æsthetic eye, and it must appear "in the serene completeness of artistic unity," ere it can settle down to be a household word in the family, or a hidden treasure in the heart. In whatever department "the beauty-making Power" has wrought—in the bodiless thought, or in the breathing marble; in the *chef-d'œuvres* of the artist, or in the conceptions of the architect; whether Praxiteles chisels, Raffaele paints, Shakespeare delineates, or Milton sings—there is the same singleness of the animating spirit. Hamlet, Paradise Lost, and Festus; the Greek Slave, and the Madonna; the Coliseum and Westminster Abbey; are they not, each in its kind, creations to which nothing can be added with advantage, and from which, without damage, nothing can be taken away?

And of that other Book—our highest literature, as well as our unerring law—the glorious,

world-subduing Bible, do we not feel the same? In its case the experiment has been tried. The Apocryphal has been bound up with the Inspired, like "wood, hay, and stubble," loading the rich fret-work of a stately pile, or the clumsy work of an apprentice superadded to the finish of a master. Doubtless instruction may be gathered from it, but how it "pales its ineffectual fires" before the splendor of the Word! It is unfortunate for it that they have been brought into contact. We might be grateful for the gas-lamp at eventide, but it were grievous folly to light it up at noon. As in science, literature, art, so it is in character. We can wrap up in a word the object of "the world's foster gods;" to bear witness for Jehovah—to extend Christianity—to disinter the truth for Europe—to "spread Scriptural holiness"—to humanize prison discipline—to abolish slavery—these are soon told; but if you unfold each word, you have the life-labor of Elijah, Paul, Luther, Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce—the inner man of each heart laid open, with its hopes, joys, fears, anxieties, ventures, faiths, conflicts, triumphs, in the long round of weary and of wasting years.

Look at this oneness of principle embodied in action. See it in Martin Luther. *He has a purpose, that miner's son.* That purpose is the acquisition of knowledge. He exhausts speedily the resources of Mansfield; reads hard, and de-

vours the lectures at Madgeburg; chants in the hours of recreation, like the old Minnesingers, in the streets, for bread; sits at the feet of Trebonius in the college at Eisenach; enters as a student at Erfurt, and at the age of eighteen has outstripped his fellows, has a University for his admirer, and professors predicting for him the most successful career of the age. *He has a purpose, that Scholar of Erfurt.* That purpose is the discovery of truth, for in the old library he has stumbled on a Bible. Follow him out into the new world which that volume has flashed upon his soul. With Pilate's question on his lip and in his heart, he foregoes his brilliant prospect—parts without a sigh with academical distinction—takes monastic vows in an Augustine convent—becomes the watchman and sweeper of the place—goes a mendicant friar, with the convent's begging-bag, to the houses where he had been welcomed as a friend, or had starved it as a lion—wastes himself with voluntary penances well-nigh to the grave—studies the Fathers intensely, but can get no light—pores over the Book itself, with scales upon his eyes—catches a dim streak of auroral brightness, but leaves Erfurt before the glorious dawn—until at last, in his cell at Wittemberg, on his bed of languishing at Bologna, and finally at Rome—Pilate's question answered upon Pilate's stairs—there comes the thrice-repeated Gospel-whisper, “The just shall live by faith,” and the

glad Evangel scatters the darkening and shreds off the paralysis, and he rises into moral freedom, a new man unto the Lord! *He has a purpose, that Augustine monk.* That purpose is the Reformation! Waiting with the modesty of the hero, until he is forced into the strife, with the courage of the hero he steps into the breach to do battle for the living truth. Tardy in forming his resolve, he is brave in his adhesion to it. Not like Erasmus, "holding the truth in unrighteousness," with a clear head and a craven heart—not like Carlstadt, hanging upon a grand principle the tatters of a petty vanity—not like Seckingen, a wielder of carnal weapons, clad in glowing mail, instead of the armor of righteousness and the weapon of all prayer—but bold, disinterested, spiritual—he stands before us God-prepared and God-upheld—that valiant Luther, who, in his opening prime, amazed the Cardinal de Vio by his fearless avowal, "Had I five heads I would lose them all rather than retract the testimony which I have borne for Christ"—that incorruptible Luther, whom the Pope's nuncio tried in vain to bribe, and of whom he wrote in his spleen, "This German beast has no regard for gold"—that inflexible Luther, who, when told that the fate of John Huss would probably await him at Worms, said calmly, "Were they to make a fire that would extend from Worms to Wittemberg, and reach even to the sky, I would walk

across it in the name of the Lord"—that triumphant Luther, who, in his honored age, sat in the cool shadow and 'mid the purple vintage of the tree himself had planted, and after a stormful sojourn scaped the toils of the hunters, and died peacefully in his bed—that undying Luther, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," the mention of whose name rouses the ardor of the manly, and quickens the pulses of the free; whose spirit yet stirs, like a clarion, the great heart of Christendom; and whose very bones have so marvelous a virtue, that, like the bones of Elisha, if on them were stretched the corpse of an effete Protestantism, they would surely wake it into life to the honor and glory of God!

But we must not forget, as we are in some danger of doing, that we must draw our illustrations mainly from the life of Elijah. We have before affirmed that unity of purpose and consistency of effort were leading features in his character, but look at them in action, especially as displayed in the great scene of Carmel. Call up that scene before you, with all its adjuncts of grandeur and of power. The summit of the fertile hill, meet theater for so glorious a tragedy; the idolatrous priests, with all the pompous ensigns of their idol-worship, confronted by that solitary but princely man—the gathered and anxious multitude—the deep silence following on the prophet's question—the appeal to fire—the protracted invo-

cation of Baal—the useless incantations and barbaric rites, “from morning even until noon, and from noon until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice;” the solemn sarcasm of Elijah; the building of the altar of unfurnished stone—the drenching and surrounding it with water, strangest of all strange preparations for a burnt-sacrifice—the sky reddening as if it blushed at the folly of the priests of Baal—the sun sloping slowly to the West, and falling aslant upon the pale faces of that unweary multitude, rapt in fixed attention, patient, stern, unhungering—the high accents of holy prayer—the solemn pause, agonizing from its depth of feeling—the falling flame, “a fire of intelligence and power”—the consuming of all the materials of the testimony—and that mighty triumph-shout, rolling along the plain of Sharon, waking the echoes of the responsive mountains, and thrilling over the sea with an eloquence grander than its own; there it stands—that scene in its entirety—most wonderful even in a history of wonders, and one of the most magnificent and conclusive forthputtings of Jehovah’s power! But abstract your contemplations now from the miraculous interposition, and look at the chief actor in the scene. How calm he is! How still amid that swaying multitude! They, agitated by a thousand emotions—he, self-reliant, patient, brave! Priests mad with malice—people wild in wonder—an ominous frown

darkening the royal brow—Elijah alone unmoved! Whence this self-possession? What occult principle so mightily sustains him? There was, of course, unfaltering dependence upon God. But there was also the consciousness of integrity of purpose, and of a heart “at one.” There was no recreancy in the soul. He had not been the passive observer, nor the guilty conniver at sin. He had not trodden softly, lest he should shock Ahab’s prejudices or disturb his repose. He had not shared in the carnivals of Jezebel’s table. He had not preserved a dastardly neutrality. Every one knew him to be “on the Lord’s side.” His heart was always in tune; like Memnon’s harp, it trembled into melody at every breath of heaven.

With these examples before us, it behooves us to ask ourselves, *Have we a purpose?* Elijah and Luther may be marks too high for us. Do not let us affect knight-errantry, couch the lance at wind-mills to prove our valor, or mistake sauciness for sanctity, and impudence for inspiration. It is not probable that our mission is to beard unfaithful royalties, or to pull down the edifices which are festooned with the associations of centuries. But in the sphere of each of us—in the marts of commerce, in the looms of labor—while the sun is climbing hotly up the sky, and the race of human pursuits and competitions is going vigorously on, there is work enough for

the sincere and honest workman. The sphere for personal improvement was never so large. To brace the body for service or for suffering—to bring it into subjection to the control of the master-faculty—to acquaint the mind with all wisdom—to hoard, with miser's care, every fragment of beneficial knowledge—to twine the beautiful around the true, as the acanthus leaf around the Corinthian pillar—to quell the sinward propensities of the nature—to evolve the soul into the completeness of its moral manhood—to have the passions in harness, and firmly curb them—"to bear the image of the heavenly"—to strive after "that mind which was also in Christ Jesus"—here is a field of labor wide enough for the most resolute will. The sphere of beneficent activity was never so large. To infuse the leaven of purity into the disordered masses—to thaw the death-frost from the heart of the misanthrope—to make the treacherous one faithful to duty—to open the world's dim eye to the majesty of conscience—to gather and instruct the orphans bereft of a father's blessing and of a mother's prayer—to care for the outcast and abandoned, who have drunk in iniquity with their mother's milk, whom the priest and the Levite have alike passed by, and who have been forced in the hot-bed of poverty into premature luxuriance of evil; here is labor, which may employ a man's whole lifetime, and his whole soul. Young men, are

you working? Have you gone forth into the harvest-field bearing precious seed? Alas! perhaps some of you are yet resting in the conventional, that painted charnel which has tombed many a manhood; grasping eagerly your own social advantages; gyved by a dishonest expediency; not doing a good lest it should be evil spoken of, nor daring a faith lest the scoffer should frown. With two worlds to work in—the world of the heart, with its many-phased and wondrous life, and the world around, with its problems waiting for solution, and its contradictions panting for the harmonizer—you are, perhaps, enchained in the Island of Calypso, thrall'd by its blandishments, emasculated by its enervating air. O, for some strong-armed Mentor to thrust you over the cliff, and strain with you among the buffeting waves! Brothers, let us be men. Let us bravely fling off our chains. If we can not be commanding, let us at least be sincere. Let our earnestness amend our incapacity. Let ours not be a life of puerile inanities or obsequious Mammon-worship. Let us look through the pliant neutral in his hollowness, and the churlish miser in his greed, and let us go and do otherwise than they. Let us not be ingrates while Heaven is generous, idlers while earth is active, slumberers while eternity is near. Let us have a purpose, and let that purpose be one. Without a central principle all will be in disorder. Ithaca

is misgoverned, Penelope beset by clamorous suitors, Telemachus in peril, all because Ulysses is away. Let the Ulysses of the soul return, let the governing principle exert its legitimate authority, and the happy suitors of appetite and sense shall be slain—the heart, married to the truth, shall retain its fidelity to its bridal-vow, and the eldest-born, a purpose of valor and of wisdom, shall carve its highway to renown, and achieve its deeds of glory. Aim at this singleness of eye. Abhor a life of self-contradictions, as a grievous wrong done to an immortal nature. And thus, having a purpose—one purpose—a worthy purpose—you can not toil in vain. Work in the inner—it will tell upon the outer world. Purify your own heart—you will have a reformative power on the neighborhood. Shrine the truth within—it will attract many pilgrims. Kindle the vestal fire—it will ray out a life-giving light. Have the mastery over your own spirit—you will go far to be a world-subduer. O, if there be one here who would uplift himself or advance his fellows, who would do his brother “a good which shall live after him,” or enroll himself among the benefactors of mankind, to him we say, Cast out of thyself all that loveth and maketh a lie—hate every false way—set a worthy object before thee—work at it with both hands, an open heart, an earnest will, and a firm faith, and then go on—

"Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right,
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might.
While an error clouds the reason,
Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part!"

The Prophet's consistency of purpose, his calmness in the time of danger, and his marvelous success, require, however, some further explanation, and that explanation is to be found in the fact, that *he was a man of prayer*. Prayer was the forerunner of his every action—the grace of supplication prepared him for his mightiest deeds. Whatever was his object—to seal or to open the fountains of heaven—to evoke the obedient fire on Carmel—to shed joy over the bereft household of the Sareptan widow—to bring down "forks of flame" upon the captains and their fifties—there was always the solemn and the earnest prayer. Tishbe, Zarephath, Carmel, Jezreel, Gilgal—he had his oratory in them all. And herein lay the secret of his strength. The mountain-closet emboldened him for the mountain-altar. While the winged birds were providing for his body, the winged prayers were enstrengthening his soul. In answer to his entreaties in secret, the whole armor of God was at his service, and he buckled the breastplate, and braced the girdle, and strapped on the sandals, and

stepped forth from his closet a hero, and men knew that he had been in Jehovah's presence-chamber from the glory which lingered on his brow.

Now, as man is to be contemplated, not only in reference to time, but in reference to eternity, this habit of prayer is necessary to the completeness of his character. If the present were his all—if his life were to shape itself only amid surrounding complexities of good or evil—if he had merely to impress his individuality upon his age, and then die and be forgotten, or in the veiled future have no living and conscious concern; then, indeed, self-confidence might be his highest virtue, self-will his absolute law, self-aggrandizement his supremest end. But as, beyond the present, there lies, in all its solemnness, eternity; as the world to which we are all hastening is a world of result, discovery, fruition, recompense; as an impartial register chronicles our lives, that a righteous retribution may follow, our dependence upon God must be felt and recognized, and there must be some medium through which to receive the communications of his will. This medium is furnished to us in prayer. It has been ordained by himself as a condition of strength and blessing, and all who are under his authority are under binding obligations to pray.

Young men, you have been exhorted to aspire. Self-reliance has been commended to you as a

grand element of character. We would echo these counsels. They are counsels of wisdom. But to be safe and to be perfect, you must connect with them the spirit of prayer. Emulation, unchastened by any higher principle, is to our perverted nature very often a danger and an evil. The love of distinction, not of truth and right, becomes the master-passion of the soul, and instead of high-reaching labor after good, there comes Vanity with its parodies of excellence, or mad Ambition shrinking from no enormity in its cupidity or lust of power. Self-reliance, in a heart unsanctified, often gives place to Self-confidence, its base-born brother. Under its unfriendly rule there rise up in the soul over-weening estimate of self, inveteracy of evil habit, impatience of restraint or control, the disposition to lord it over others, and that dogged and repulsive obstinacy, which, like the dead fly in the ointment, throws an ill savor over the entire character of the man. These are its smaller manifestations, but, in congenial soil, and with commensurate opportunities, it blossoms out into some of the worst forms of humanity—the ruffian, who is the terror of his neighborhood; the tyrant, who has an appetite for blood; the athiest, who denies his God. Now, the habit of prayer will afford to these principles the salutary check which they need. It will sanctify emulation, and make it a virtue to aspire. It will curb the excesses of

ambition, and keep down the vauntings of unholy pride. The man will aim at the highest, but in the spirit of the lowest, and prompted by the thought of immortality—not the loose immortality of the poet's dream, but the substantial immortality of the Christian's hope—he will travel on to his reward. In like manner will the habit of prayer chasten and consecrate the principle of self-reliance. It will preserve, intact, all its enterprise and bravery. It will bate not a jot of its original strength and freedom, but, when it would wanton out into insolence and pride, it will restrain it by the consciousness of a higher power; it will shed over the man the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and it will show, existing in the same nature and in completest harmony, indomitable courage in the arena of the world, and loyal submission to the authority of Heaven. Many noble examples have attested how this inner life of heaven—combining the heroic and the gentle, softening without enfeebling the character, preparing either for action or endurance—has shed its power over the outer life of earth. How commanding is the attitude of Paul from the time of his conversion to the truth! What courage he has, encountering the Epicurean and Stoical philosophers, revealing the unknown God to the multitude at Athens, making the false-hearted Felix tremble, and almost constraining the pliable Agrippa to decision; standing, silver-

haired and solitary, before the bar of Nero; dying a martyr for the loved name of Jesus!—that heroism was born in the solitude where he importunately “besought the Lord.” “In Luther’s closet,” says D’Aubigné, “we have the secret of the Reformation.” The Puritans—those “men of whom the world was not worthy”—to whom we owe immense, but scantily acknowledged, obligations—how kept they their fidelity? Tracked through wood and wild, the baying of the fierce sleuth-hound breaking often upon their sequestered worship, their prayer was the talisman which “stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire.” You can not have forgotten how exquisitely the efficacy of prayer is presented in our second book of Proverbs:

“Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
Whose light blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires
of decline;
Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness!
Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength:
For the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her
eye;
Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,
For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured—
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.” *

Desolate, indeed, is the spirit, like the hills of Gilboa, reft of the precious things of heaven, if it never prays. Do *you* pray? Is the fire burn-

* Tupper’s “Proverbial Philosophy,” Of Prayer, p. 109.

ing upon that secret altar? Do you go to the closet as a duty? linger in it as a privilege?—What is that you say? There is a scoffer in the same place of business with you, and he tells you it is cowardly to bow the knee, and he jeers you about being kept in leading-strings, and urges you to avow your manliness, and as he is your room-mate, you have been ashamed to pray before him; and, moreover, he seems so cheerful, and resolute, and brave, that his words have made some impression? What! he brave? He who gave up the journey the other day because he lucklessly discovered it was Friday; he who lost his self-possession at the party because “the salt was spilt—to him it fell;” he who, whenever friends solicit and the tempter plies, is afraid to say no; he who dares not for his life look into his own heart, for he fancies it a haunted house, with goblins perched on every landing to pale the cheek and blench the courage; he a brave man? O! to your knees, young man; to your knees, that the cowardice may be forgiven and forgotten. There is no bravery in blasphemy, there is no dastardliness in godly fear. It is prayer which strengthens the weak, and makes the strong man stronger. Happy are you, if it is your habit and your privilege. You can offer it anywhere. In the crowded mart or busy street; flying along the gleaming line; sailing upon the wide waters; out in the broad world; in the

strife of sentiment and passion; in the whirlwind of battle; at the festival and at the funeral; if the frost braces the spirit or the fog depresses it; if the clouds are heavy on the earth, or the sunshine fills it with laughter; when the dew is damp upon the grass, or when the lightning flashes in the sky; in the matins of sunrise or the vespers of nightfall; let but the occasion demand it, let the need be felt, let the soul be imperiled, let the enemy threaten, happy are you, for you can pray.

We learn from the prophet's history that *God's discipline for usefulness is frequently a discipline of trouble*. His enforced banishment to the brook Cherith; his struggles in that solitude, with the unbelief which would fear for the daily sustenance, and with the selfishness which would fret and pine for the activities of life; Ahab's bloodthirsty and eager search for him, of which he would not fail to hear; Jezebel's subsequent and bitterer persecution; the apparent failure of his endeavors for the reformation of Israel; the forty days' fasting in the wilderness of Horeb—all these were parts of one grand disciplinary process, by which he was made ready for the Lord, fitted for the triumph on Carmel, for the still voice on the mountain, and for the ultimate occupancy of the chariot of fire. It is a beneficent arrangement of Providence, that "the Divinity which shapes our ends" weaves our sorrows into elements

of character, and that all the disappointments and conflicts to which the living are subject—the afflictions, physical and mental, personal and relative, which are the common lot—may, rightly used, become means of improvement and create in us sinews of strength. Trouble is a marvelous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. Difficulties string up the energies to loftier effort, and intensity is gained from repression. By sorrow the temper is mellowed, and the feeling is refined. When suffering has broken up the soil, and made the furrows soft, there can be implanted the hardy virtues which out-brave the storm. In short, trial is God's glorious alchemy, by which the dross is left in the crucible, the baser metals are transmuted, and the character is riched with the gold. It would be easy to multiply examples of the singular efficacy of trouble as a course of discipline. Look at the history of God's chosen people. A king arose in Egypt "which knew not Joseph," and his harsh tyranny drove the Hebrews from their land of Goshen, and made them the serfs of an oppressive bondage. The iron entered into their souls. For years they remained in slavery, until in his own good time God arose to their help, and brought them out "with a high hand and with a stretched-out arm." We do not mean, of all things, to make apologies for Pharaoh and his task-masters, but we *do* mean to say that that bondage was, in

many of its results, a blessing, and that the Israelite, building the treasure-cities, and, perhaps, the Pyramids, was a very different and a very superior being to the Israelite, inexperienced and ease-loving, who fed his flocks in Goshen. God overruled that captivity, and made it the teacher of many important lessons. They had been hitherto a host of families; they were to be exalted into a nation. There was to be a transition effected from the simplicity of the patriarchal government and clanship to the superb theocracy of the Levitical economy. Egypt was the school in which they were to be trained for Canaan, and in Egypt they were taught, although reluctant and indocile learners, the forms of civil government, the theory of subordination and order, and the arts and habits of civilized life. Hence, when God gave his laws on Sinai, those laws fell upon the ears of a prepared people; even in the desert they could fabricate the trappings of the temple service, and engrave the mystic characters upon the "gems oracular" which flashed upon the breastplate of the High Priest of God. The long exile in the wilderness of Midian was the chastening by which Moses was instructed, and the impetuosity of his temper mellowed and subdued, so that he who, in his youthful hatred of oppression, slew the Egyptian, became in his age the meekest man, the much-enduring and patient lawgiver. A very notable instance of the in-

fluence of difficulty and failure in rousing the energies and carrying them on to success, has been furnished in our own times. Of course we refer to this case in this one aspect only, altogether excluding any expression as to the merit or demerit of the man. There will probably be two opinions about him, and those widely differing, in this assembly. We are not presenting him as an example, but as an illustration—save in the matter of steady and persevering purpose—and in this, if he be even an opponent, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.

In the year 1837, a young member, oriental alike in his lineage and in his fancy, entered Parliament, chivalrously panting for distinction in that intellectual arena. He was already known as a successful three-volumer, and his party were ready to hail him as a promising auxiliary. Under these auspices he rose to make his maiden speech. But he had made a grand mistake. He had forgotten that the figures of St. Stephen's are generally arithmetical, and that superfluity of words, except in certain cases, is regarded as superfluity of naughtiness. He set out with the intention to dazzle, but country gentlemen object to be dazzled, save on certain conditions. They must be allowed to prepare themselves for the shock, they must have due notice beforehand, and the operation must be performed by an established Parliamentary favorite. In this case all these

conditions were wanting. The speaker was a *parvenu*. He took them by surprise, and he pelted them with tropes like hail. Hence he had not gone far before there were signs of impatience; by and by the ominous cry of "Question," then came some Parliamentary extravagance, met by derisive cheers; cachinnatory symptoms began to develop themselves, until, at last, in the midst of an imposing sentence, in which he had carried his audience to the Vatican, and invested Lord John Russell with the temporary custody of the keys of St. Peter, the mirth grew fast and furious; somnolent squires woke up and joined in sympathy, and the house resounded with irrepressible peals of laughter. Mortified and indignant, the orator sat down, closing with these memorable words: "I sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me!" In the mortification of that night, we doubt not, was born a resolute working for the fulfillment of those words. It was an arduous struggle. There were titled claimants for renown among his competitors, and he had to break down the exclusivism. There was a suspicion of political adventuring at work, and broadly circulated, and he had this to overcome. Above all, he had to live down the remembrance of his failure. But there was the consciousness of power, and the fall which would have crushed the coward made the brave man braver. Warily walking, and steadily toiling, through the chance

of years, seizing the opportunity as it came, and always biding his time, he climbed upward to the distant summit, prejudice melted like snow beneath his feet, and in 1852, fifteen short years after his apparent annihilation, he was in her Majesty's Privy Council, styling himself Right Honorable, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Leader of the British House of Commons.

Sirs, are there difficulties in your path, hindering your pursuit of knowledge, restraining your benevolent endeavor, making your spiritual life a contest and a toil? Be thankful for them. They will test your capabilities of resistance. You will be impelled to persevere from the very energy of the opposition. If there be any might in your soul, like the avalanche of snow, it will acquire additional momentum from the obstacles which threaten to impede it. Many a man has thus robed himself in the spoils of a vanquished difficulty, and his conquests have accumulated at every onward and upward step, until he has rested from his labor—the successful athlete who has thrown the world. “An unfortunate illustration,” you are ready to say, “for all can not win the Olympic crown, nor wear the Isthmian laurel. What of him who fails? How is he recompensed? What does he gain?” What? Why, **STRENGTH FOR LIFE**. His training has insured him *that*. He will never forget the gymnasium and its lessons. He will always be a stalwart man, a man of

muscle and of sinew. THE REAL MERIT IS NOT IN THE SUCCESS, BUT IN THE ENDEAVOR, and, win or lose, he will be honored and crowned.

It may be that the sphere of some of you is that of endurance rather than of enterprise. You are not called to aggress, but to resist. The power to work has reached its limit for a while; the power to *wait* must be exerted. There are periods in our history when Providence shuts us up to the exercise of faith, when patience and fortitude are more valuable than valor and courage, and when any "further struggle would but defeat our prospects and embarrass our aims." To resist the powerful temptation; to overcome the besetting sin; to restrain the sudden impulse of anger; to keep sentinel over the door of the lips, and turn back the biting sarcasm, and the word unkind; to be patient under unmerited censure; amid opposing friends, and a scoffing world, to keep the faith high and the purpose firm; to watch through murky night and howling storm for the coming day: in these cases, to be still is to be brave; what Burke has called a "masterly inactivity" is our highest prowess, and quietude is the part of heroism. There is a young man in business, battling with some strong temptation, by which he is vigorously assailed; he is solicited to engage in some unlawful undertaking, with the prospect of immediate and lucrative returns. Custom pleads prescription: "It

is done every day." Partiality suggests that so small a deviation will never be regarded—"Is it not a little one?" Interest reminds him that by his refusal his "craft will be in danger." Compromise is sure that "when he bows himself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord will pardon his servant in this thing." All these fearful voices are urging his compliance. But the Abdiel-conscience triumphs—help is invoked where it can never be invoked in vain, and he spurns the temptation away. Is he not a hero? Earth may despise such a victory, but he can afford that scorning when, on account of him, "there is joy in heaven." O, there are, day by day, vanishing from the world's presence, those of whom she wotteth not; whose heritage has been a heritage of suffering; who, in the squalors of poverty, have gleaned a hallowed chastening; from whom the fires of sickness have scaled their earthliness away, and they have grown up into such transcendent and archangel beauty, that Death, God's eagle, sweeps them into heaven. Murmur not, then, if, in the inscrutable allotments of Providence, you are called to suffer, rather than to do. There is a time to labor, and there is a time to refrain. The completeness of the Christian character consists in energetic working, when working is practicable, and in submissive waiting, when waiting is necessary. You believe that beyond the waste of waters there is a rich land to be discovered,

and, like Columbus, you have manned the vessel and hopefully set sail. But your difficulties are increasing. The men's hearts are failing them for fear; they wept when you got out of sight of land; the distance is greater than you thought: there is a weary and unvaried prospect of only sky and sea; you have not spoken a ship nor exchanged a greeting; your crew are becoming mutinous, and brand you mad; officers and men crowd round you, savagely demanding return. Move not a hair's breadth. Command the craven spirits to their duty. Bow them before the grandeur of your courage, and the triumph of your faith:

"Hushing every muttered murmur,
Let your fortitude the firmer
Gird your soul with strength;
While, no treason near her lurking,
Patience in her perfect working,
Shall be queen at length."

Ha! What is it? What says the watcher?
LAND in the distance! No; not yet—but there's
a hopeful fragrance in the breeze; the sounding-
line gives shallower and yet shallower water; the
tiny land-birds flutter round, venturing on timid
wing to give their joyous welcome. Spread the
canvas to the wind; by-and-by there shall be the
surf-wave on the strand; the summits of the land
of promise visible; the flag flying at the harbor's
mouth, and echoing from grateful hearts and

manly voices, the swelling spirit-hymn, "So he bringeth us to our desired haven."

We are taught by the Prophet's history *the evil of undue disquietude about the aspect of the times*. The followers of Baal had been stung to madness by their defeat on Carmel, and Jezebel, their patroness, mourning over her slaughtered priests, swore by her idol-gods that she would have the Prophet's life for theirs. On this being reported to Elijah, he seems to be paralyzed with fear, all his former confidence in God appears to be forgotten, and the remembrance of the mighty deliverances of the past fails to sustain him under the pressure of this new trial. Such is poor human nature. He before whom the tyrant Ahab had quailed—he whose prayer had suspended the course of nature, and sealed up the fountains of heaven; he who, in the face of all Israel, had confronted and conquered eight hundred and fifty men—terrified at the threat of an angry woman, flees in precipitation and in terror, and, hopeless for the time of his own safety, and of the success of his endeavors for the good of Israel, wanders off into the wilderness, and sighs forth his feelings in the peevish and melancholy utterance: Let me die. "It is enough—now, O, Lord God, take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers." This desertion of duty, failure of faith, sudden cowardice, unwarranted despondency, petulance, and murmuring, are characteristics

of modern no less than ancient days. There is one class of observers, indeed, who are not troubled with any disquietude; to whom all wears the tint of the rose-light, and who are disposed to regard the apprehensions of their soberer neighbors as dyspeptic symptoms, or as incipient hypochondriacism. Whenever the age is mentioned, they go off in an ecstasy. They are like the Malvern patients, of whom Sir Lytton Bulwer tells, who, after having made themselves extempore mummies in the "pack," and otherwise undergone their matutinal course of hydropathy, are so intensely exhilarated, and have such an exuberance of animal spirits, that they are obliged to run a considerable distance for the sake of working themselves off. Their volubility of praise is extraordinary, and it is only when they are thoroughly out of breath, that you have the chance to edge in a syllable. They tell us that the age is "golden," auriferous in all its developments, transcending all others in immediate advantage and in auguries of future good. We are pointed to the kindling love of freedom, to the quickened onset of inquiry, to the stream of legislation broadening as it flows, to the increase of hereditary mind, to the setting further and further back of the old land-marks of improvement, and to the inclosure of whole acres of intellectual and moral waste, thought formerly not worth the tillage. We would not for one moment be under-

stood to undervalue these and other signs, equally and yet more encouraging. On the other hand, though no alarmists, we would not be insensible to the fears of those who tell us that we are in danger; that our liberty, of which we boast ourselves, is strangely like licentiousness; that our intellectual eminence may prove practical folly; that our liberality verges on indifferentism; and that our chiefest dignity is our yet-unhumbled pride, that *φρόνημα σαρκός*, which, in all its varieties, and in all its conditions, is "enmity against God." A very cursory glance at the state of things around us will suffice to show that with the dawn of a brighter day there are blent some gathering clouds.

Amid those who have named the Master's name, there is much which calls for caution and for warning. Political strife, fierce and absorbing, leading the mind off from the realities of its own condition; a current of worldly conformity setting in strongly upon the churches of the land; the ostentation and publicity of religious enterprises prompting to the neglect of meditation and of secret prayer; sectarian bitterness in its sad and angry developments; the multiform and lamentable exhibitions of practical Antinomianism which abound among us—all these have, in their measure, prevented the fulfillment of the Church's mission in the world.

. . If you look outside the pale of the Churches,

viewed from a Christian stand-point, the aspect is somewhat alarming. Crime does not diminish. The records of our offices of police and of our courts of justice are perfectly appalling. Intemperance, like a mighty gulf-stream, drowns its thousands. The Sabbath is systematically desecrated, and profligacy yet exerts its power to fascinate and to ruin souls. And then, deny it as we will, there is the engrossing power of Mammon. Covetousness—the sin of the heart, of the Church, of the world—is found everywhere; lurking in the guise of frugality, in the poor man's dwelling; dancing in the shape of gold-fields and Australia before the flattered eye of youth; shrined in the marts of the busy world, receiving the incense and worship of the traders in vanity; arrayed in purple, and faring sumptuously every day, in the mansion of Dives; twining itself round the pillars of the sanctuary of God; it is the great world-emperor still, swaying an absolute authority, with legions of subordinate vices to watch its nod, and to perform its bidding.

Then, besides this iniquity of practical ungodliness, there is also the iniquity of theoretical opinion. There is Popery, that antiquated superstition, which is coming forth in its decrepitude, rouging over its wrinkles, and flaunting itself, as it used to do, in its well-remembered youth. There are the various ramifications of the subtle spirit of Unbelief: *Atheism*, discarding

its former audacity of blasphemy, assuming now a modest garb and mendicant whine, asking our pity for its idiosyncrasy, bewailing its misfortune in not being able to believe that there is a God; *Rationalism*, whether in the transcendentalism of Hegel, or in the allegorizing impiety of Strauss, or in the pantheistic philosophy of Fichté, eating out the heart of the Gospel, into which its vampire-fangs have fastened; *Latitudinarianism*, on a sentimental journey in search of the religious instinct, doling out its equal and niggard praise to it wherever it is found, in Fetichism, Thug-gism, Mohammedism, or Christianity; that species of active and high-sounding skepticism, which, for want of a better name, we may call a *Credo-phobia*, which selects the confessions and catechisms as the objects of its especial hostility, and which, knowing right well that if the banner is down, the courage fails, and the army will be routed or slain, "furious as a wounded bull, runs tearing at the creeds;" these, with all their offshoots and dependencies (for their name is Legion) grouped under the generic style of Infidelity, have girt themselves for the combat, and are asserting and endeavoring to establish their empire over the intellects and consciences of men. And as this spirit of Unbelief has many sympathies with the spirit of Superstition, they have entered into unholy alliance—"Herod and Pilate have been made friends together"—and hand joined in

hand, they are arrayed against the truth of God. O, rare John Bunyan! Was he not among the prophets? Listen to his description of the last army of Diabolus before the final triumph of Immanuel. "Ten thousand DOUBTERS, and fifteen thousand BLOODMEN, and old *Incredulity* was again made general of the army."

In this aspect of the age its tendencies are not always upward, nor its prospects encouraging, and we can understand the feeling which bids the Elis of our Israel "sit by the wayside watching, for their hearts tremble for the ark of God." We seem to be in the mysterious twilight of which the prophet speaks, "The light shall not be clear nor dark, but one day *known unto the Lord*, not day nor night." Ah! here is our consolation. It is "known unto the Lord;" then our faith must not be weakened by distrust, nor our labor interrupted by fear. "It is known unto the Lord;" and from the mount of Horeb he tells us that in the secret places of the heritage there are seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal. It is "known unto the Lord;" and while we pity the Prophet in the wilderness asking for a solitary death, death under a cloud, death in judgment, death in sorrow, he draws aside the vail, and shows us heaven preparing to do him honor, the celestial escort making ready to attend him, the horses being harnessed into the chariot of fire.

Sirs, if there be this opposition, be it ours to "contend" the more "earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Many are persuading us to give up and abandon our creeds. We ought rather to hold them with a firmer grasp, and infuse into them a holier life. We can imagine how the infidel would accost an intelligent and hearty believer. "Be independent; don't continue any longer in leading-strings, taking your faith from the *ipse dixit* of another; use your senses, which are the only means of knowledge; cast your confessions and rituals away; a strong man needs no crutches." And we can imagine the reply. "Brother, the simile is not a happy one—my creed is not a crutch—it is a highway thrown up by former travelers to the land that is afar off. 'Other men have labored,' and of my own free-will I 'enter into their labor.' If thou art disposed to clear the path with thy own hatchet, with lurking serpents underneath and knotted branches overhead, God speed thee, my brother, for thy work is of the roughest, and while thou art resting—fatigued and '*considering*'—thou mayest die before thou hast come upon the truth. I am grateful to the modern Macadamizers who have toiled for the coming time. Commend me to the King's highway. I am not bound in it with fetters of iron. I can climb the hill for the sake of a wider landscape. I can cross the stile, that I may slake my thirst

at the old moss-covered well in the field. I can saunter down the woodland glade, and gather the wild heart's-ease that peeps from among the tangled fern; but I go back to the good old path where the pilgrim's tracks are visible, and, like the shining light, 'it grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.'" Sirs, this is not the time for us to be done with creeds. They are, in the various churches, their individual embodiments of what they believe to be truth, and their individual protests against what they deem to be error. "Give up our theology!" says Mr. James, of Birmingham; "then farewell to our piety. Give up our theology! then dissolve our churches; for our churches are founded upon truth. Give up our theology! then next vote our Bibles to be myths. And this is clearly the aim of many, the destruction of all these together; our piety, our churches, our Bibles." This testimony is true. There can not be an attack upon the one without damage and mischief to the other.

"Just as in old mythology
What time the woodman slew,
Each poet-worshiped forest-tree—
He killed its Dryad too."

So as the assault upon these expressions of Christianity is successful, the spiritual presence enshrined in them will languish and die. "Hold fast," then, "the form of sound words." Amid the war of sentiment and the jangling of false

philosophy, though the sophist may denounce, and though the fool may laugh, let your high resolve go forth to the moral universe; "I am determined to know nothing among men save Christ and him crucified."

There is another matter to which, if you would successfully join in resistance to the works of evil, you must give earnest heed, and that is the desirableness, I had almost said the necessity—I will say it, for it is my solemn conviction, and why should it not be manfully out-spoken?—the *necessity* of public dedication to the service of your Master—Christ. You will readily admit that confession is requisite for the completeness of discipleship; and you can not have forgotten how the apostle has linked it to faith. "Confess with thy mouth, and believe with thine heart." To such confession, in the present day, at all events, *church-fellowship* is necessary. You can not adequately make it in social intercourse, nor by a consistent example, nor even by a decorous attendance with outer-court worshipers. There must be public and solemn union with the Church of Christ. The influence of this avowed adhesion ought not to be forgotten. A solitary "witness" of obedience or faith is lost, like an invisible atom in the air; it is the union of each particle, in itself insignificant, which makes up the "cloud of witnesses" which the world can see. Your own admirable Society exemplifies

the advantage of association in benevolent and Christian enterprise, and the Churches of the land, maligned as they have been by infidel slanderers, and imperfectly—very imperfectly—as they have borne witness for God, have yet been the great breakwaters against error and sin, the blest Elms to the desert wayfarer, the tower of strength in the days of siege and strife. Permit us to urge this matter upon you. Of course we do not pretend to specify—that were treason against the noble catholicity of this Society—though each of your lecturers has the Church of his intelligent preference, and we are none of us ashamed of our own; but we do mean to say, that you ought to join yourselves to that Church which appears to your prayerful judgment to be most in accordance with the New Testament, there to render whatever you possess of talent, and influence, and labor. This is my testimony, sincerely and faithfully given; and if, in its utterance, it shall, by God's blessing, recall one wanderer to allegiance, or constrain one waverer to decision, it will not have been spoken in vain.

Yet once more upon this head. There must be deeper piety, more influential and transforming godliness. An orthodox creed, valuable Church privileges—what are these without personal devotedness? They must be faithful laborers—men of consecrated hearts—who are to do the work

of the Lord. Believe me, the depth of apostolic piety, and the fervor of apostolic prayer, are required for the exigencies of the present and coming time. That Church of the future, which is to absorb into itself the regenerated race, must be a living and a holy Church. Scriptural principles must be enunciated by us all, with John the Baptist's fearlessness, and with John the Evangelist's love. It is a mistake to suppose that fidelity and affection are unfriendly. The highest achievements in knowledge, the most splendid revelations of God, are reserved in his wisdom for the man of perfect love. Who but the beloved disciple could worm out of the Master's heart the foul betrayer's name? Whose heart but his was large enough to hold the Apocalypse, which was flung into it in the Island of Patmos? There must be this union of deepest faithfulness and deepest love to fit us for the coming age; and to get it, we must just do as John did: we must lie upon the Master's bosom until the smile of the Master has burned out of our hearts all earthlier and coarser passion, and has chastened the bravery of the hero by the meekness of the child.

The great lesson which is taught us in the Prophet's history is that which was taught to him by the revelation on Horeb, that *the Word is God's chosen instrumentality for the Church's progress, and for the world's recovery*. There were other lessons, doubtless, for his personal benefit.

He had deserted his duty and was rebuked; he had become impatient and exasperated, and was calmed down; craven-hearted and unbelieving, he was fortified by the display of God's power; dispirited and wishing angrily for death, he was consoled with promise, and prepared for future usefulness and duty. But the grand lesson of all was, that Jehovah, when he works, works not with the turbulence and passion of a man, but with the stillness and grandeur of a God. "He was not in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice." And so it is still. "The whirlwind" of battle, "the earthquake" of political convulsion and change, "the fire" of the loftiest intellect, or of the most burning eloquence, are valueless to uplift and to regenerate the world. They may be, they very often are, the forerunners of the moral triumph, but God's power is in his Gospel, God's presence is in his Word. Here it is that we are at issue, at deep and deadly issue, with the pseudo-philosophers and benevolent "considerers" who profess to be toiling in the same cause as ourselves. They discrown Christ; they ignore the influences of the Holy Spirit; they proclaim the perfectibility of their nature in itself; they have superseded the Word as an instrument of progress; and, of their own masonry, are piling up a tower, if haply it may reach unto heaven. This is the great problem of the age. Do not let us deceive ourselves,

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There are men, earnest, thoughtful, working, clever men, intent upon the question. Statesmanship has gathered up its political appliances; civilization has exhibited her humanizing art; philanthropy has reared educational, and mechanics', and all other sorts of institutes; amiable dreamers of the Pantheistic school have mapped out in cloud-land man's progress, from the transcendental up to the divine; communism has flung over all the mantle of its apparent charity, in the folds of which it has darkly hidden the dagger of its terrible purpose—nay, every man, nowadays, stands out a ready-made and self-confident artificer, each having a psalm, or a doctrine, or a theory, which is to recreate society and stir the pulses of the world. And yet the world is not regenerated, nor will it ever be, by such visionary projects as these. Call up History. She will bear impartial witness. She will tell you that, before Christ came with his Evangel of purity and freedom, the finer the culture, the baser the character; that the untamed inhabitant of the old Hercynian Forest, and the Scythian and Slavonic tribes, who lived north of the Danube and the Rhine, destitute entirely of literary and artistic skill, were, in morals, far superior to the classic Greek and all-accomplished Roman. Call up Experience; she shall speak on the matter. You have increased in knowledge; have you, *therefore*, increased in piety? You have acquired a

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keener æsthetic susceptibility; have you gotten with it a keener relish for the spiritually true? Your mind has been led out into higher and yet higher education; have you, by its nurture, been brought nearer to God? Experience throws emphasis into the testimony of History, and both combine to assure us that there may be a sad divorce between Intellect and Piety, and that the training of the mind is not necessarily inclusive of the culture and discipline of the heart. Science may lead us to the loftiest heights which her inductive philosophy has scaled; art may suspend before us her beautiful creations; nature may rouse a "fine turbulence" in heroic souls; the strength of the hills may nerve the patriot's arm, as the Swiss felt the inspiration of their mountains on the Mortgarten battle-field; but they can not, any or all of them, instate a man in sovereignty over his mastering corruptions, or invest a race with moral purity and power. If the grand old demon, who has the world so long in his thrall, is, by these means, ever disturbed in his possession, it is only that he may wander into desert places, and then return fresher for the exercise, and bringing seven of his kindred more inveterate and cruel. No! if the world is to be regenerated at all, it will be by the "still, small voice;" that clear and marvelous whisper, which is heard high above the din of striving peoples, and the tumult of sentiment and passion; which

runs along the whole line of being, stretching its spiritual telegraph into every heart, that it may link them all with God. All human speculations have alloy about them; that Word is perfect. All human speculations fail; that Word abideth. The Jew hated it; but it lived on, while the veil was torn away from the shrine which Shekinah had forsaken, and while Jerusalem itself was destroyed. The Greek derided it, but it has seen his philosophy effete, and his Acropolis in ruins. The Roman threw it to the flames, but it rose from its ashes, and swooped down upon the falling eagle. The reasoner cast it into the furnace, which his own malignity had heated "seven times hotter than its wont;" but it came out without the smell of fire. The Papist fastened serpents around it to poison it, but it shook them off and felt no harm. The infidel cast it overboard in a tempest of sophistry and sarcasm, but it rode gallantly upon the crest of the proud waters; and it is living still, yet heard in the loudest swelling of the storm; it has been speaking all the while; it is speaking now. The world gets higher at its every tone, and it shall ultimately speak in power, until it has spoken this dismantled planet up again into the smiling brotherhood of worlds which kept their first estate, and God, welcoming the prodigal, shall look at it as he did in the beginning, and pronounce it to be very good.

It is as they abide by this Word, and guard

sacredly this precious treasure, that nations stand or fall. The empires of old, where are they? Their power is dwarfed or gone. Their glory is only known by tradition. Their deeds are only chronicled in song. But, amid surrounding ruin, the Ark of God blesses the house of Obed-Edom. We dwell not now on our national greatness. That is the orator's eulogy and the poet's theme. We remember our religious advantages—God recognized in our Senate, his name stamped on our currency, his blessing invoked upon our Queen, our Gospel ministry, our religious freedom, our unfettered privilege, our precious Sabbath, our unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible. "God hath not dealt with any nation as he hath dealt with us," and for this same purpose our possessions are extensive, and our privileges secure—that we may maintain among ourselves, and diffuse amid the peoples, the Gospel of the blessed God. Alas! that our country has not been true to her responsibility, nor lavish of her strength for God. It would be well for us, and it is a startling alternative, if the curse of Meroz were our *only* heritage of wrath—if our only guilt were that we "came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But we have not merely been indifferent—we have been hostile. The cupidity of our merchants, the profligacy of our soldiers and sailors, the impiety of our travelers, have hindered the work of the

Lord. Our Government has patronized paganism; our soldiery have saluted an idol; our cannon have roared in homage to a senseless stone—nay, we have even pandered to the prostitution of a continent, and to the murder of thousands of her sons, debauched and slain by the barbarities of their religion—and, less conscientious than the priests of old, we have flung into the national treasury the hire of that adultery and blood. O! if the righteous God were to make inquisition for blood, upon the testimony of how many slaughtered witnesses might he convict pampered and lordly Britain! There is need—strong need—for our national humiliation and prayer. He who girt us with power can dry up the sinews of our strength. Let but his anger be kindled by our repeated infidelities, and our country shall fall. More magnificent than Babylon in the profusion of her opulence, she shall be more sudden than Babylon in her ruin; more renowned than Carthage for her military triumphs, shall be more desolate than Carthage in her mourning; princelier than Tyre in her commercial greatness, shall be more signal than Tyre in her fall; wider than Rome in her extent of territorial dominion, shall be more prostrate than Rome in her enslavement; prouder than Greece in her eminence of intellectual culture, shall be more degraded than Greece in her darkening; more exalted than Capernaum in the fullness of her religious privilege, shall be more

appalling than Capernaum in the deep damnations of her doom.

Young men, it is for you to redeem your country from this terrible curse. "The holy seed shall be the substance thereof." As you, and those like you, are impure or holy, you may draw down the destruction, or conduct it harmlessly away. You can not live to yourselves. Every word you utter makes its impression; every deed you do is fraught with influences—successive, concentric, imparted—which may be felt for ages. This is a terrible power which you have, and it clings to you; you can not shake it off. How will you exert it? We place two characters before you. Here is one—he is decided in his devotedness to God; painstaking in his search for truth; strong in benevolent purpose and holy endeavor; wielding a blessed influence; failing oft, but ceasing never; ripening with the lapse of years; the spirit mounting upon the breath of its parting prayer; the last enemy destroyed; his memory green for ages; and grateful thousands chiseling on his tomb: "HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH." There is another—he resists religious impressions; outgrows the necessity for prayer; forgets the lessons of his youth, and the admonitions of his godly home; forsakes the sanctuary; sits in the seat of the scorner; laughs at religion as a foolish dream; influences many for evil; runs to excess of wickedness; sends, in some instances, his vic-

times down before him; is stricken with premature old age; has hopeless prospects, and a terrible death-bed; rots from the remembrance of his fellows; and angel hands burning upon his gloomy sepulcher the epitaph of his blasted life: "AND THAT MAN PERISHED NOT ALONE IN HIS INIQUITY."

Young men, which will you choose? I affectionately press this question. O! choose for God. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things"—science, art, poetry, friendship—"shall be added unto you." I do unfeignedly rejoice that so goodly a number of you have already decided.

I have only one fitness to address you—but it is one which many of your lecturers can not claim—and that is, a fitness of sympathy. Your hopes are mine; with your joys, at their keenest, I can sympathize. I have not forgotten the glad hours of opening morning, when the zephyr has a balmier breath, and through the richly-painted windows of the fancy, the sunlight streams in upon the soul. I come to you as one of yourselves. Take my counsel. "My heart's desire and prayer for you is that you may be saved."

There is hope for the future. The world is moving on. The great and common mind of Humanity has caught the charm of hallowed Labor. Worthy and toil-worn laborers fall ever and anon in the march, and their fellows weep their loss, and then, dashing away the tears which

had blinded them, they struggle and labor on. There has been an upward spirit evoked, which men will not willingly let die. Young in its love of the beautiful, young in its quenchless thirst after the true, we see that buoyant presence :

"In hand it bears, 'mid snow and ice,
The banner with the strange device:
EXCELSIOR !"

The one note of high music struck from the great harp of the world's heart-strings is graven on that banner. The student breathes it at his midnight lamp—the poet groans it forth in those spasms of his soul, when he can not fling his heart's beauty upon language. Fair fingers have wrought in secret at that banner. Many a child of poverty has felt its motto in his soul, like the last vestige of lingering Divinity. The Christian longs it when his faith, piercing the invisible, "desires a better country, that is, an heavenly." Excelsior! Excelsior! Brothers, let us speed onward the youth who holds that banner. Up, up, brave spirit!

"Climb the steep and starry road
To the Infinite's abode."

Up, up, brave spirit! Spite of Alpine steep and frowning brow, roaring blast and crashing flood, up! Science has many a glowing secret to reveal thee? Faith has many a Tabor-pleasure to inspire. Ha! does the cloud stop thy progress?

Pierce through it to the sacred morning. Fear not to approach the Divinity ; it is his own longing which impels thee. Thou art speeding to thy coronation, brave spirit ! Up, up, brave spirit ! till, as thou pantest on the crest of thy loftiest achievement, God's glory shall burst upon thy face, and God's voice, blessing thee from his throne, in tones of approval and of welcome, shall deliver thy guerdon : " I have made thee a little lower than the angels, and crowned thee with glory and honor ! "

JOHN BUNYAN.

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It were impossible to gaze upon the Pyramids, those vast sepulchers, which rise, colossal, from the Libyan desert, without solemn feeling. They exist, but where are their builders? Where is the fulfillment of their large ambition? Enter them. In their silent heart there is a sarcophagus with a handful of dust in it, and that is all that remains to us of a proud race of kings.


Histories are, in some sort, the pyramids of nations. They entomb in olden chronicle, or in dim tradition, peoples which once filled the world with their fame, men who stamped the form and pressure of their character upon the lives of thousands. The historic page has no more to say of them than that they lived and died. "Their acts and all that they did," are compressed into scantiest record. No obsequious retinue of circumstances, nor pomp of illustration, attend them. They are handed down to us, shriveled and solitary, only in the letters which spelled out their

names. It is a serious thought, sobering enough to our aspirations after that kind of immortality, that multitudes of the men of old have their histories in their epitaphs, and that multitudes more, as worthy, slumber in nameless graves.

But although the earlier times are wrapt in a cloud of fable; though tradition, itself a myth, gropes into mythic darkness; though Æneas and Agamemnon are creations rather than men, made human by the poet's "vision and faculty divine;" though forgetfulness has overtaken actual heroes, once "content in arms to cope, each with his fronting foe;" it is interesting to observe how rapid was the transition from fable to evidence, from the uncertain twilight to the historic day. It was necessary that it should be so. "The fullness of times" demanded it. There was an ever-acting Divinity caring, through all change, for the sure working of his own purpose. The legendary must be superseded by the real; tradition must give place to history, before the advent of the Blessed One. The cross must be reared on the loftiest platform, in the midst of the ages, and in the most inquisitive condition of the human mind. The deluge is an awful monument of God's displeasure against sin, but it happened before there was history, save in the Bible, and hence there are those who gainsay it. The fall has impressed its desolations upon the universal heart, but there are scoffers who "contradict it against them-

selves." But the atonement has been worked out with grandest publicity. There hangs over the cross the largest cloud of witnesses. Swarthy Cyrenian, and proud son of Rome, lettered Greek and jealous Jew, join hands around the sacrifice of Christ—its body-guard as an historical fact—fencing it about with most solemn authentications, and handing it to after ages, a truth, as well as a life, for all time. In like manner we find that certain periods of the world—epochs in its social progress—times of its emerging from chivalric barbarism—times of reconstruction or of revolution—times of great energy or of nascent life, seem, as by Divine arrangement, to stand forth in sharpest outline; long distinguishable after the records of other times have faded. Such, besides the first age of Christianity, was the period of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the Puritans; and such, to the thinkers of the future, will be the many-colored and inexplicable age in which we live. The men of these times are the men on whom history seizes, who are the studies of the after-time; men who, though they must yield to the law by which even the greatest are thrown into somewhat shadowy perspective, were yet powers in their day; men who, weighed against the world in the balance, caused "a downward tremble" in the beam. Such times were the years of the seventeenth century in this country. Such a man was JOHN BUNYAN.

Rare times they were, the times of that stirring and romantic era. How much was crowded into the sixty years of Bunyan's eventful life! There were embraced in it the turbulent reign of the first Charles, the Star-chamber, and the High Commission, names of hate and shuddering; Laud with his Papistry, and Strafford with his scheme of Thorough; the long intestine war; Edgehill, and Naseby, and Marston, memories of sorrowful renown; a discrowned monarch, a royal trial, and a royal execution. He saw all that was venerable and all that was novel changing places, like the scene-shifting of a drama; bluff cavaliers in seclusion and in exile; douce burghers acting history, and molded into men. Then followed the Protectorate of the many-sided and wondrous Cromwell; brief years of grandeur and of progress, during which an Englishman became a power and a name. Then came the Restoration, with its reaction of excesses; the absolutism of courtiers and courtesans; the madness which seized upon the nation when vampires like Oates and Dangerfield were gorged with perjury and drunk with blood; the Act of Uniformity, framed in true succession to take effect on St. Bartholomew's day, by which "at one fell swoop," were ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy Gospel; the Conventicle Act, two years later, which hounded the ejected ones from the copse and from the glen; which made it treason for a



vesper-hymn to rise from the forest-minster, or a solemn litany to quiver through the midnight air; the great plague, fitting sequel to enactments so foul, when the silenced clergy, gathering in pestilence immunity from law, made the red cross the sad badge of their second ordination, and taught the anxious, and cheered the timid, at the altars from which hirelings had fled. Then followed the death of the dissolute king; the accession of James, at once a dissembler and a bigot; the renewal of the struggle between prerogative and freedom; the wild conspiracy of Monmouth; the military cruelties of Kirke and Claverhouse, the butchers of the army; and the judicial cruelties of Jeffreys, the butcher of the bench; the martyrdoms of Elizabeth Gaunt, and the gentle Alice Lisle; the glorious acquittal of the seven bishops; the final eclipse of the house of Stuart, that perfidious, and therefore fated race; and England's last revolution, binding old alienations in marvelous unity at the foot of a parental throne. What a rush of history compressed into a less period than threescore years and ten! These were indeed times for the development of character, times for the birth of men.

And the men were there; the wit, the poet, the divine, the hero, as if genius had brought out her jewels, and furnished them nobly for a nation's need. Then Pym and Hampden bearded tyranny, and Russell and Sydney dreamed of

freedom. Then Blake secured the empire of ocean, and the chivalric Falkland fought and fell. In those stirring times Charnock, and Owen, and Howe, and Henry, and Baxter, wrote, and preached, and prayed. "Cudworth and Henry More were still living at Cambridge; South was at Oxford, Prideaux in the close at Norwich, and Whitby in the close of Salisbury. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Beveridge at St. Peter's, Cornhill. Men," to continue the historian's eloquent description, "who could set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought and such energy of language, that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer." But twelve years before the birth of Bunyan, all that was mortal of Shakspeare had descended to the tomb. Waller still flourished, an easy and graceful versifier; Cowley yet presented his "perverse metaphysics" to the world; Butler, like the parsons in his own *Hudibras*,

"Proved his doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;"

Dryden wrote powerful satires and sorry plays
"with long-resounding march and energy divine;"
George Herbert clad his thoughts in quaint and
quiet beauty; and, mid the groves of Chalfont, as

if blinded on purpose that the inner eye might be flooded with the "light which never was on sea or shore," our greater Milton sang.

In such an era, and with such men for his coteremporaries, John Bunyan ran his course, "a burning and a shining light" kindled in a dark place, for the praise and glory of God.

With the main facts of Bunyan's history you are most of you, I presume, familiar; though it may be doubted whether there be not many, his warm and hearty admirers withal, whose knowledge of him comprehends but the three salient particulars: that he was a Bedfordshire tinker, that he was confined in Bedford jail, and that he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." It will not be necessary, however, to-night, to do more than sketch out, succinctly, the course of his life, endeavoring—Herculean project—to collate, in a brief page, Ivimey, and Philip, and Southey, and Offor, and Cheever, and Montgomery, and Macaulay; a seven-fold biographical band, who have reasoned about the modern, as a seven-fold band of cities contended for the birth of the ancient Homer.

He was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in the year 1628. Like many others of the Lord's heroes, he was of obscure parentage, "of a low and inconsiderable generation," and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. There are expressions in his works

descriptive of his manner of life, which can not be interpreted, as Macaulay would have it, in a theological sense, nor resolved into morbid self-upbraidings. He was an adept and a teacher in evil. In his seventeenth year, we find him in the army; "an army where wickedness abounded." It is not known accurately on which side he served, but the description best answers certainly to Rupert's roystering dragoons. At twenty he married, receiving two books as his wife's only portion: "The Practice of Piety," and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." By the reading of these books, and by his wife's converse and example, the Holy Spirit first wrought upon his soul. He attempted to curb his sinful propensities, and to work in himself an external reformation. He formed a habit of church-going, and an attachment almost idolatrous to the externalisms of religion. The priest was to him as the Brahman to the Pariah; "he could have lain down at his feet to be trampled on, his name, garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch him." While thus under the thralldom which superstition imposes, he indulged all the license which superstition claims. He continued a blasphemer and a Sabbath-breaker, running to the same excess of riot as before. Then followed in agonizing vicissitude a series of convictions and relapses. He was arrested, now by the pungency of a powerful sermon, now by the reproof of an

abandoned woman, and anon by visions in the night, distinct and terrible. One by one, under the lashes of the law, "that stern Moses, which knows not how to spare," he relinquished his besetting sins: swearing, Sabbath-breaking, bell-ringing, dancing; from all these he struggled successfully to free himself while he was yet uninfluenced by the evangelical motive, and with his heart alienated from the life of God. New and brighter light flashed upon his spirit from the conversation of some godly women at Bedford, who spoke of the things of God and of kindred hopes and yearnings "with much pleasantness of Scripture," as they sat together in the sun. He was instructed more perfectly by "holy Mr. Gifford," the Evangelist of his dream; and in "the Comment on the Galatians" of brave old Martin Luther he found the photograph of his own sinning and troubled soul. For two years there were but glimpses of the fitful sunshine dimly seen through the spirit-storm, perpetual and sad. Temptations of dark and fearful power assailed and possessed his soul. Then was the time of that fell combat with Apollyon, of the fiery darts and hideous yells, of the lost sword and the rejoicing enemy. Then also he passed, distracted and trembling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. At length, by the blessed vision of Christ "made of God unto him wisdom, and

righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," the glad deliverance came; the clouds rolled away from his heart and from his destiny, and he walked in the undimmed and glorious heaven. From this time his spiritual course was, for the most part, one of comfort and peace. He became a member of the Baptist Church under Mr. Gifford's pastorate, and when that faithful witness ceased his earthly testimony, he engaged in earnest exhortations to sinners, "as a man in chains speaking to men in chains," and was shortly urged forward, by the concurrent call of the Spirit and the bride, to the actual ministry of the Gospel. His ministry was heartfelt, and therefore powerful, and was greatly blessed of God. In 1660 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles," and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favor as to move the pity of Sir Matthew Hale, beneath whose ermine throbbed a God-fearing heart like that which beat beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. His own words are: "So being again delivered up to the jailor's hands, I was had home to prison." *Home to prison!* Think of that, young men! See the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affectation of indifference to suffering, no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man "that has the herb heart's-ease in his

bosom;" the triumph of a kingly spirit, happy in its own content, and throned over extremest ill.

Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts; if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child, or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife, then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the daytime, is the heroine-wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her leal and womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind, and therefore best-beloved. There, on the table, is the "Book of Martyrs," with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength which empowered each manly heart, and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen

by casual guest or surly warder, there stands, with heart of grace and consolation strong, the Heavenly Comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, "the prisoners heard them." The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good-night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did make him write." He has felt all the fullness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling, as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain, and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not

a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains; the light of heaven is around him; the river is the one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb; breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair; from the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendors; the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon; the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God: this is the land that is afar off, and **THAT** is the King in his beauty; until prostrate beneath the insufferable splendor, the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness, in an ecstasy of prayer and praise. Now, think of these things; endearing intercourse with his wife and children, the ever-fresh and ever-comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write: "I was had home to prison."

In 1672, Richard Carver, a member of the Society of Friends, who had been mate of the vessel in which King Charles escaped to France, after

his defeat at Worcester, and who had carried the king on his back through the surf, and landed him on French soil, claimed, as his reward, the release of his co-religionists who crowded the jails throughout the land. After some hesitation, Charles was shamed into compliance. A cumbersome deed was prepared, and, under the provisions of that deed, which was so framed as to include sufferers of other persuasions, Bunyan obtained deliverance, having lain in the prison complete twelve years.

From the time of his release his life flowed evenly on. Escaped alike from Doubting Castle and from the net of the flatterer, he dwelt in the Beulah land of ripening piety and immortal hope. The last act of the strong and gentle spirit brought down on him the peace-maker's blessing. Fever seized him in London on his return from an errand of mercy, and, after ten days' illness, long enough for the utterance of a whole treasury of dying sayings, he calmly fell asleep.

"Mortals cried, a man is dead;
Angels sang, a child is born."

And in honor of that nativity "all the bells of the celestial city rang again for joy." From his elevation in heaven, his whole life seems to preach to us his own Pentecostal evangel, "There is room enough here for body and soul, but not for body, and soul, and sin."

There are various phases in which Bunyan is presented to us, which are suggestive of interesting remark, or which may tend to exhibit the wholeness of his character before us, and upon which, therefore, we may not unprofitably dwell.

As a WRITER, he will claim our attention for a while. This is not the time to enter into any analysis of his various works, nor of the scope and texture of his mind. That were a task rather for the critic than the lecturer; and although many mental anatomists have been already at work upon it, there is room for the skillful handling of the scalpel still. His fame has rested so extensively upon his marvelous allegories, that there is some danger lest his more elaborate works should be depreciated or forgotten; but as a theologian, he is able and striking, and as a contributor to theological literature he is a worthy associate of the brightest Puritan divines. His terse, epigrammatic aphorisms, his array of "picked and packed words," the clearness with which he enunciates, and the power with which he applies the truth, his intense and burning earnestness, the warm soul that is seen beating, in benevolent heart-throbs, through the transparent page, his vivacious humor, flashing out from the main body of his argument, like lightning from a summer sky, his deep spirituality, chastening an imagination princely almost beyond compare: all these combine to claim for him a high place

among that band of masculine thinkers, who were the glory of the Commonwealth, and whose words, weighty in their original utterance, are sounds which echo still. The amount of actual good accomplished by his writings it, would be difficult to estimate. No man since the days of the Apostles has done more to draw the attention of the world to the matters of supremest value, nor painted the beauty of holiness in more alluring colors, nor spoken to the universal heart in tenderer sympathy, or with more thrilling tone. In how many readers of the "Grace Abounding" has there been the answer of the heart to the history. What multitudes are there to whom "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved" has been as "yonder shining light," which has led through the wicket gate, and by the house of the Divine Interpreter, to the blessed spot "where was a cross with a sepulcher hard by," and at the sight of that cross the burden has fallen off, and the roll has been secured, and jubilant, and sealed, and shining, they have gone on to victory and heaven. How many have reveled in silent rapture in his descriptions of "the Holy City," until there have floated around them some gleams of the "jasper light," and they felt an earnest longing to be off from earth; that land of craft, and crime, and sorrowfulness—


"And wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with that eternal day."

O! to thousands of the pilgrims that have left the city of Destruction—some valiant and hopeful, others much afraid and fearing—has Bunyan come in his writings, to soothe the pang, or to prompt the prayer, to scare the doubt or to solve the problem; a Great-heart guide, brave against manifold ill-favored ones; a faithful Evangelist, ever pointing the soul to the Savior.

Of the "Pilgrim's Progress," it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sweet sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when "mingles the brown of life with sober gray;" nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions no less than to our understanding. We have seen them all, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of the story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him on pilgrimage; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate; we gaze with him on the sights of wonder; we climb with him the difficult hill; the blood rushes to our cheek warm and proud, as we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the

heart again, amid the "hydras and chimeras dire" of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle; we walk with him amid the pleasantness of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake, and, behold, it is a dream.

There must be marvelous power in a book that can work such enchantment, wrought withal with the most perfect self-unconsciousness on the part of the enchanter himself. "The joy that made him write," was, in no sense, the prospect of literary fame. With the true modesty of genius he hesitated long as to the propriety of publication, and his fellow-prisoners in the jail were impaneled as a literary jury, upon whose verdict depended the fate of the story which has thrilled the pulses of the world. In fact, his book fulfilled a necessity of his nature. He wrote because he must write: the strong thoughts within him labored for expression. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was written without thought of the world. It is just a wealthy mind rioting in its own riches



for its own pleasure; an earnest soul painting in the colors of a vivid imagination its olden anguish, and reveling in exultation at the prospect of its future joy. And while the dreamer thus wrote primarily for himself—a “prison amusement” at once beguiling and hallowing the hours of a weary bondage—he found to his delight, and perhaps to his surprise, that his vision became a household book to thousands; worldlings enraptured with its pictures, with no inkling of the drift of its story; Christians pressing it to their hearts as a “song in the night” of their trouble, or finding in its thrilling pages “a door of hope” through which they glimpsed the coming of the day.


It has been often remarked that, like the Bible, its great model, the “Pilgrim’s Progress” is, to a religious mind, its own best interpreter. It is said of a late eminent clergyman and commentator, who published an edition of it with numerous expository notes, that having freely distributed copies among his parishioners, he some time afterward inquired of one of them, if he had read the “Pilgrim’s Progress.” “O, yes, sir!” “And do you think you understand it?” “Yes, sir, I understand it, and I hope before long I shall understand the notes as well.”

One of the most amusing and yet conclusive proofs of the popularity of this wonderful allegory is to be found in the liberties which have

been taken with it, in the versions into which it has been rendered, and in the imitations to which it has given rise. Mr. Offor, in his carefully-edited and invaluable edition of Bunyan's works, has enumerated between thirty and forty treatises, mostly allegorical, whose authors have evidently gathered their inspiration from the tinker of Elstow. The original work has been subjected to a thousand experiments. It has been done into an oratorio for the satisfaction of play-goers; done into verse at the caprice of rhymsters; done into elegant English for the delectation of drawing-rooms; done into catechisms for the use of schools. It has been quoted in novels; quoted in sermons innumerable; quoted in Parliamentary orations; quoted in plays. It has been put upon the Procrustes' bed of many who have differed from its sentiments, and has been mutilated or stretched as it exceeded or fell short of their standard. Thus there has been a Supralapsarian supplement, in which the interpreter is called the Enlightener, and the House Beautiful is Castle Strength. There has been a Popish edition, with Giant Pope left out. There has been a Socinian parody, describing the triumphant voyage, through hell to heaven, of a Captain Single-eye and his Unitarian crew; and last, not least note-worthy, there has been a Tractarian travesty, in which the editor digs a cleansing-well at the wicket-gate, omits Mr. Worldly Wise-

man, ignores the town of Legality, makes no mention of Mount Sinai, changes the situation of the cross, gives to poor Christian a double burden, transforms Giant Pope into Giant Mohammedan, Mr. Superstition into Mr. Self-indulgence, and alters, with careful coquetry toward Rome, every expression which might be distasteful to the Holy Mother. Most of those who have published garbled or accommodated editions have done their work silently, and, with some sense of shame, balancing against the risk of present censure the hope of future advantage; but the editor of the last-mentioned mutilation dwells with ineffable complacency upon his deed, and evidently imagines that he has done something for which the world should speak him well. He defends his insertions and omissions, which are many, and which affect important points of doctrine, in a somewhat curious style. "A reasonable defense," he says, "is found in the following consideration: The author, whose works are altered, wished, it is to be assumed, to teach the truth. In the editor's judgment, the alterations have tended to the more complete setting forth that truth, that is, to the better accomplishment of the author's design. If the editor's views of the truth, then, are correct, he is justified in what he does; if they are false, he is to be blamed for originally holding them, but can not be called dishonest for making his author speak what he

believes, that, with more knowledge, the author would have said." Exquisite logic! How would it avail in the mouth of some crafty forger, at the bar of the Old Bailey! "I am charged with altering a check, drawn for my benefit, by making £200 into £1200. I admit it, but a reasonable defense may be found in the following consideration. The gentleman whose check I altered wished, it is to be assumed, to benefit me and my family. In my judgment, the alteration has tended to the better accomplishment of the gentleman's design. If my views in this matter are correct, I am justified in what I have done; if they are incorrect, I may be blamed for originally holding them, but can not be called dishonest for doing what, with more knowledge of my circumstances and his own, the gentleman himself would have done." Out upon it! Is there one shade of sentiment, from the credulousness which gulps the tradition and kisses the relic, to the negativism of "the everlasting No," which might not lay the flattering unction to its soul, that, "with more knowledge" Bunyan would have been ranged under its banner. Rejoicing as I do in substantial oneness of sentiment with the glorious dreamer, I might yet persuade myself into the belief that, with more knowledge, he would have become an Evangelical Arminian, and would hardly have classed the election doubters among the army of Diabolus; but shall I, on



this account, foist my notions into the text of his writings? or were it not rather an act from which an honest mind would shrink with lordly scorn? I can not forbear the utterance of an indignant protest against a practice which appears to me subversive of every canon of literary morality, and which, in this case, has passed off, under the sanction of Bunyan's name, opinions from which he would have recoiled in indignation, which war against the whole tenor of his teaching, and which might almost disturb him in his grave; and especially is my soul vexed within me that there should have been flung, by any sacrilegious hand, over those sturdy Protestant shoulders, one solitary rag of Rome.

Though the "Pilgrim's Progress" became immediately popular, the only book save the Bible on the shelf of many a rustic dwelling, and though it passed in those early times through twelve editions in the space of thirty years, the "inconsiderable generation" of its author long prevented its circulation among the politer classes of the land. There was no affectation, but a well-grounded apprehension in Cowper's well-known line:

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer."

At length, long the darling of the populace, it became the study of the learned. Critics went down into its treasure-chambers and were aston-

ished at their wealth and beauty. The initiated ratified the foregone conclusion of the vulgar; the Tinker's dream became a national classic; and the pontificate of literature installed it with a blessing and a prayer.

No uninspired work has extorted eulogies from a larger host of the men of mark and likelihood. That it redeemed into momentary kindness a ferocious critic like Swift; that it surprised, from the leviathan lips of Johnson, the confession that he had read it through and wished it longer; that Byron's banter spared it, and that Scott's chivalry was fired by it; that Southey's philosophical analysis, and Franklin's serene contemplation, and Mackintosh's elegant research, and Macaulay's artistic criticism should have resulted in a symphony to its praise; that the spacious intellect and poet-heart of Coleridge reveled with equal gladness in its pages; that the scholarly Arnold, chafed by the attritions of the age, and vexed by the doubt-clouds which darkened upon his gallant soul, lost his trouble in its company, and looked through it to the Bible, which he deemed it faithfully to mirror: all these are cumulative testimonies that it established its empire over minds themselves imperial, and constrained their acknowledgment of its kingly power.

It would, we suspect, be of no account with Bunyan now that critics conspire to praise him;

that artists, those bending worshipers of beauty, have drawn sumptuous illustrations from his works; or that his statue, the tinker's effigy, standing in no unworthy companionship with statesmen, and heroes, and men of high degree, should decorate the British House of Commons. But if the faithful in glory have earthly sympathies and recognitions still; if, from the region where they "summer high in bliss upon the hills of God," they still look down lovingly upon the world which has missed and mourned them; if their inviolate joy might be enhanced from aught below: it might surely thrill the heart of the Dreamer with a deeper ecstasy, that his Pilgrim yet walks the earth, a faithful witness for Jesus; that it has guided thousands of the perplexed, and cheered thousands of the fearing; and that it has testified to multitudes of many a clime and color, "in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God." How blissful the thought to him whose "*nil nisi cruce*" determination was manifest through the whole of his life, that no book but God's own has been so honored to lift up the cross among the far off nations of mankind. The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens. It has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah; and it has drawn tears from dark eyes in the cinnamon



gardens of Ceylon. The Bechuanas, in their wildwoods, have rejoiced in its simple story; it has been as the Elim of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings, and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream; and, crowning triumph! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron, and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have "wept" over it, "for themselves and for their children."

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, advances the strange opinion, that spiritual subjects are not fit subjects for poetry; and he dogmatizes in his usual elephantine style of writing, upon the alleged reason. He says: "The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression." Such an unworthy definition of poetry might answer for an age of lampooners, when merry quips and fantastic conceits passed muster as sparks from the Heaven-kindled fire. We prefer that of Festus, brief and full:

"Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them."

And the greatest truths are those which link us to the invisible, and show us how to realize its wonders. If, then, there be within each of us a gladiator soul, ever battling for dear life in an arena of repression and scorn; a soul possessed with thought, and passion, and energy invincible, and immortal hope, and yearnings after the far off and the everlasting, which all the tyranny of the flesh can not subdue; if there be another world which sheds a holy and romantic light upon every object and upon every struggle of this; a world where superior intelligences (intelligences with whom we may one day mingle) shine in undimmed beauty, and where God, the all-merciful (a God whom we may one day see), is manifested without a cloud; if, by the Word and Spirit divine, there can be opened the soul's inner eye; that sublime faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;" to the visions of which our nature becomes a treasury of hidden riches, and which instates us in the heirship of "the powers of the world to come;" then there can be poetry in this world only because light from heaven falls on it, because it is a subtle hieroglyph full of solemn and mystic meanings, because it cradles a magnificent destiny, and is the type and test of everlasting life. It must be so. All conceptions of nature, or of

beauty, or of man, from which the spiritual element is excluded, can be, at best, but the first sweep of the finger over the harp-strings, eliciting, it may be, an uncertain sound, but failing to evoke the soul of harmony which sleeps in the heart of the chords. Macaulay shall answer Johnson: "In the latter half of the seventeenth century there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost;' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Religious epics these! the one painting the lapse and the doom of our race in all shapes of beauty or of grandeur; the other, borrowing nothing from voluptuous externalisms, dealing only with the inner man in his struggles and yearnings after God. We want to see, in this age of ours, more and more of the genius that is created by piety; of a literature informed with the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. Critics have predicted the decay of poetry with the spread of civilization; and literary men speak with diffident hope of its "ultimate recovery from the staggering blows which science has inflicted;" and, in truth, if its inspiration be all of earth, there may be some ground for fear. As mere secular knowledge has no antiseptic power, so mere earthly beauty has no perennial charms. But draw its subjects from higher sources; let it meddle divinely with eternal things, and it can never die.

"O say not that poesy waxeth old,
That all her legends were long since told!
It is not so! It is not so!
For while there's a blossom by summer drest
A sigh for the sad, or a smile for the blest,
Or a changeful thought in the human breast,
There'll be a new string for her lyre, I trow.
Do you say she is poor, in this land of the free?
Do you call her votaries poor as she?
It may be so! It may be so!
Yet hath she a message more high and clear,
From the burning lips of the heaven-taught seer;
From the harp of Zion that charms the ear;
From the choir where the seraph-minstrels glow."

Not, of course, that the monotone should be the measure of every life-song; rather should it flow after Scriptural precept and precedent: now in "psalms," grand, solemn, stately, the sonorous burst of the full soul in praise; now in "hymns," earnest, hopeful, winning, the lyrics of the heart in its hours of hope or pensiveness; and now in "songs" light and hearty, the roundelay, the ballad, the carol of a spirit full of sunshine, warbling its melodies out of its own exuberance of joy. Nor, of course, that literary men should write only on Christian themes. We would have them illustrate the goodness of nature, the inductions of science, the achievements of art. They should speak to us in the language of the sweet affections, give soul and sentiment to the harmony of music, and strike the chords of the resounding lyre. They should take, in comprehensive and sympa-

thetic survey, all nature and all man. But they must submit to the baptism of Christianity, and be leavened with her love divine, ere they can be chroniclers of the august espousals, or honored guests at the happy bridal of the beautiful and true.

Young men, lend your energies to this hallowed consummation. You are not poets, perhaps, and according to the old "*Poeta non fit*" adage, you are not fit to be. If you have the "divine afflatus," by all means give it forth; but if you have not, do not strain after it to the neglect of nearer and more practicable things. One would not wish to see a race of Byronlings, things of moustache and turn-down collar, moody Manfreds of six feet three, with large loads of fine phrensy and infinitesimal grains of common sense. And it is woeful enough to meet the weird-youth of a later day, with his jargon of "subjective" and "objective," who looms dimly upon us through the blended smoke of mist and meerschauum, and who goes floundering after transcendental nonsense until he is nearly run over in Cheapside. It is given to very few of us to live ethereal lives, or to be on familiar terms with thunder. But if you are not the writers, you are the readers of the age. You have an appreciation of the beautiful, an awakened intelligence which pants hard after the true. Terminate, I beseech you, in your own experience, the sad divorce


which has too often existed between intellect and piety. Take your stand, unswerving, heroic, by the altar of truth; and from that altar let neither sophistry nor ridicule expel you. Let your faith rest with a manly strength, with a child's trust, with a martyr's gripe, upon the immutable truth as it is in Jesus. Then go humbly, but dauntlessly to work, and you can make the literature of the time. Impress your earnest and holy individuality upon others, and in so far as you create a healthier moral sentiment and a purer taste, the literature of the future is in your hands. The literature of any age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies. A healthy appetite will recoil from garbage and carrion. Pestilent periodicals and a venal press are the indices of the depraved moral feeling which they pamper. Work for the uplifting of that moral feeling, and by the blessing of God upon the efforts of the fair brotherhood who toil for Him, the dew of Hermon shall descend upon the hill Parnassus, and there shall be turned into the fabled Helicon a stream of living waters. Religion shall be throned in her own queenly beauty, and literature shall be the comeliest handmaid in her virgin train. I do most earnestly wish for every one of you, that reason may be clear, and conscience calm; that imagination may be buoyant but not prodigal; that all which Fancy pictures Faith may realize, so that when you wander amid fair

nature's landscapes, through the deep ravine or fertile dell; when you see the sun glass itself in the clear lake, or the sportive moonlight fling over the old mountains a girdle of glory, there may be a conscious sparkle in the eye, and the Æolian murmur of a joy too deep for words, "My Father made them all;" or when, in some sunny mood of mind, your thoughts go out after the "distant Aidenn," and Fancy pictures it palpable and near with its dreamless rest, and its holy fellowships, and its bliss ever brightening in the nearer vision of the Throne; it may come to you inspiring as a sweet dream of home, and you may hear the whisper of the Spirit witness,

"Be thou faithful unto death, and it is thine."

There is no feature more noticeable in Bunyan's character than the *devout earnestness with which he studied the Divine Word* and the *reverence which he cherished for it* throughout the whole of his life.

In the time of his agony, when "a restless wanderer after rest," he battled with fierce temptation, and was beset with Antinomian error, he gratefully records, "the Bible was precious to me in those days;" and after his deliverance it was his congenial life-work to exalt its honor, and to proclaim its truths. Is he recommending growth in grace to his hearers?—The Word is to be the aliment of their life. "Every grace is nourished by the Word, and without it there is no thrift in



the soul." Has he announced some fearless exposition of truth?—Hark how he disarms opposition and challenges scrutiny! "Give me a hearing: take me to the Bible, and let me find in thy heart no favor if thou find me to swerve from the standard." Is he uplifting the Word above the many inventions of his fellows? Mark the racy homeliness of his assertion: "A little from God is better than a great deal from men. What is from men is often tumbled over and over; things that we receive at God's hand come to us as things from the minting-house. Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of Heaven upon them." Is his righteous soul vexed with the indifference of the faithful, or with the impertinences of the profane?—How manfully he proclaims his conviction of a pressing want of the times! "There wanteth even in the hearts of God's people, a greater reverence for the Word of God than to this day appeareth among us; and this let me say, that want of reverence for the Word is the ground of all the disorders that are in the heart, life, conversation, or Christian communion."

If ever Bunyan saw with a seer's insight, and spoke with a prophet's inspiration, he has in this last quoted sentence foreseen our danger, and uttered a solemn warning for the times in which we live. There never was an age in which reverence for the Word needed more impressive in-

culcation. There never was an age when there were leagued against it fiercer elements of antagonism. Not that infidelity proper abounds; the danger from this source is over. Some rare specimens of this almost extinct genus do occasionally flounder into sight, like the ichthyosaurus of some remote period, blurring out their blasphemies from congenial slime; but men pity their foolishness or are shocked with their profanity. That infidelity is the most to be dreaded which moves like the virus of a plague, counterfeiting, by its hectic glow, the flush of health and beauty, unsuspected till it has struck the chill to the heart, and the man is left pulseless of a living Faith, and robbed of the rapture of life, a conscious paralytic who "brokenly lives on." This kind of skepticism, a skepticism which apes reverence, and affects candor, which, by its importunity, has almost wearied out some of the sturdy guardians of the truth, which seems to have talked itself into a prescriptive right, like other mendicants, to exhibit its sores among the highways of men, has, it is not to be denied, done its worst to infect society, and to wither the living energy of religion in multitudes of souls. It may be that some among yourselves have not altogether escaped the contagion. Could I place the young men of London in the confessional to-night, or could their various feelings be detected, as was the concealed demon at the touch of

Ithuriel's spear, I might find not a few who would tell that stranger doubts had come to them which they had not forborne to harbor; that distrust had crept over them; that unbelief was shaping out a systematic residence in their souls; that they had looked upon infidelity, if not as a haven of refuge amid the conflicts of warring faiths, at least as a theater which gave scope for the ideal riot of fancy, or the actual riot of sense, in indulgences and excesses far fitter for earth than heaven?

And there are, unhappily, many around us, at the antipodes of sentiment from each other, and yet all after their manner hostile to the Divine Word, who fan the kindled unbelief, and whose bold and apparently candid objections are invested to the unsettled mind with a peculiar charm.

The Jew, with prejudice as inveterate as ever, rejects the counsel of God against himself, and crushes the Law and the Prophets beneath a load of rabbinical traditions, the Mishna and Gemara of his Talmuds. The Papist still gives to the decretals of popes and the edicts of councils co-ordinate authority with the Scriptures, and locks up those Scriptures from the masses, as a man should imprison the free air, while men perish from asphyxia around him. The Rationalist spirits away the inspiration of the Bible, or descants upon it as a fascinating myth, to be reviewed like any other poem, by ordinary criti-

cism, or postpones it to the proud reason of Eichhorn and Paulus, or Strauss and Hegel, or Belsham and Priestley. The Mystic professes to have a supplemental and superior revelation drafted down into his own heart. Printing furnishes unprecedented facilities for the transmission of thought, and man's perdition may be cheapened at the stall of every peddler. And finally, some ministers of religion, yielding to the clamor of the times, have lowered the high tone of scriptural teaching, and have studiously avoided the terminology of the Bible. What wonder with influences like these, that upon many over whom had gathered a penumbra of doubt before, there should deepen a dark and sad eclipse of faith; or that, loosing off from their moorings and forsaking quiet anchorage, they should drift, rudderless and wild, into the ocean of infidelity and evil?

Brothers, nothing will avail to preserve you amid the strife of tongues, but to cherish, as a habit ingrained into the soul—as an affection infibred with your deepest heart—continual reverence for the Divine Word. We do not claim your feudal submission to its sovereignty. It recks not a passive and unintelligent adhesion. Inquire by all means into the evidences which authenticate its divinity. Bring keenest intellects to bear upon it. Try it as gold in the fire. Bring its august and important matters to the


scrutiny. Satisfy yourselves by as searching a process as you can, that the Eternal has really spoken it, and that there looms from it the shadow of a large immortality; but do this *once for all*. Don't be "*ever* learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Life is too short to be frittered away in endless considerations and scanty deeds. There can be no more pitiable state than that of the eternal doubter, who has bid the sad "*vale, vale, in æternum vale,*" to all the satisfactions of faith, and who is tossed about with every wind of doctrine—a waif upon the wreckage of a world. Settle your principles early, and then place them "*on the shelf,*" secure from subsequent assault or displacement. Then, in after years, when some rude infidel argument assails you, and busied amid life's activities you are unable, from the absorption of your energies elsewhere, to recall the train of reasoning by which you arrived at your conclusion, you will say, "*I tried this matter before, I threw these doctrines into the crucible, and they came out pure—the assay was satisfactory—the principles are on the shelf,*" and when the Sanballats and Tobiahs gather malignantly below, you will cry with good Nehemiah, girt with the sword, and wielding the trowel the while, and therefore fit for any emergency, "*I am doing a great work, I can not come down; why should the work stop while I come down to you?*" O it will be to you

a source of perennial comfort that in youth, after keen investigation of the Bible—the investigation, not of frivolity or prejudice, but of candor, and gravity, and truth-loving, and prayer—you bowed before it as God's imperishable utterance, and swore your fealty to the monarch-word. Depend upon it, the Bible demands no inquisition, and requires no disguises. It does not shrink before the light of science, nor crouch abashed before the audit of a scholarly tribunal. Rather does it seem to say, as it stands before us in its kingliness, all pride humbled and all profanity silenced in its majestic presence, Error fleeing at its approach, Superstition cowering beneath the lightning of its eye, "I will arise, and go forth, for the hour of my dominion is at hand."

There is yet one matter on which I would fain add my testimony, though it is not needed. I would fain be one among the "cloud of witnesses," who have testified against the clamor for a new version of the Bible. "No man having tasted the old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith, the old is better." Doubtless certain words in the authorized version might be more felicitously rendered; certain philological emendations might be made; certain passages might be made less amenable to criticism; but no improved translation could set the essential doctrines of Christianity in clearer light, nor give to the articles of our precious faith a more triumphant

vindication, nor point the weeping sinner more directly to the cross of Jesus, nor give to the inquiring after truth a speedier answer, or a safer rest. And what are the petty advantages we should gain, compared with the invaluable benefits which we should inevitably lose? "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" What could compensate for the dismay which would be struck to the hearts of thousands, and the incertitude which would be instilled into the minds of thousands more—for the upheaval of old associations and memories—for the severance of that which is the closest bond of international union wherever Anglo-Saxons wander—for the abolition of any recognized standard of arbitration and appeal—and for the resolution of all religious opinion into an elemental chaos, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan." Sirs, this cry for a new translation of the Bible, has come from the wrong quarter. Doubtless there are some earnest and godly students of the Divine Word who look for such an advance in some far time to come, but who candidly confess that "now, all is most unfit for it." But theirs are not the voices which swell the present clamor. Unspiritual professors who feel as warmly for an Elzevir Virgil; critics who glide through it as they glide through Shakspeare, and who deem the inspiration of the one quite equal to the inspiration of the other; skeptics who doubt the

possibility of a Book-revelation, but whose doubts would be resolved were that revelation other than it is; weak men who would be thought important, and bold men who would be reckless with impunity. What have all these to do with it? Who made them rulers and judges on a matter which involves the dearest interests of millions? This is a question too vital to be settled by dark pundits in cloisters, or by solemn triflers in magazines, or by dilettanti members of Parliament. Put it to the people. Let the masses of pious men give a voice: those to whom the "word is spirit and life," who have been quickened into energy by its transforming power; who thank God for it as for daily bread; who strengthen in the true soul-growth by its nourishment; who exhibit its pure precepts in their lives; to whom it is the great charter at once of their present freedom and of their future hope: ask them if they are tired of the old Bible. Poll the sacramental host of God's elect upon the matter, and you will find few of them who will hesitate to brand the fancied improvement, if not as an actual sacrilege, at least as an unwarrantable interference with the sacredness of a spiritual home. Put the case to yourselves. Fancy an officious stranger entering into your dwelling, suggesting alterations in the interior arrangements, depreciating the furniture, and anxious about remodeling the whole. "That bed is coarse and hard.



It must have been in use a century. Modern skill will cast one in a shapelier mold." "Ah, I have pillowed on it through many a fevered dream, and it is hallowed to me because from it the angels carried my first-born to a Sabbatic rest in heaven." "That chair is clumsy and antiquated, and out of date. Send it out of sight."

"Touch it not—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair."

Rude and insolent! What does he know of the sensibilities on which he tramples, of the clustering thoughts and memories, the spells of sweetest wizardry, which give to each and every object its sanctity and charm? Steps are on the stair, but they are not for common ears, and familiar faces are present to the household more than are counted by the stranger. The strongest affection in the national heart is this fond love of home, and it is this which has secured the integrity of the rustic roof-tree, no less than of temple-fane and palace-hall. It may be a mean and homely dwelling; there may be a clumsy stile at the garden-gate; the thatch may be black with the grime of years; there may be no festoon of jasmine over the trellised window; but it is sacred, for it is *home*.

"And if a caitiff false and vile,
Dares but to cross that garden-stile;
Dares but to fire that lowly thatch;
Dares but to force that peasant's latch,

The thunder-peal the deed will wake,
Will make his craven spirit quake;
And a voice from people, peer, and throne,
Will ring in his ears, Atone, Atone!"

If the Bible be the spiritual home of the believer if it minister efficiently to the necessities of his entire man; if witnesses from opposing points have testified in its favor; if from the Ultima Thule of skepticism Theodore Parker is eloquent in its praise; if from the torrid zone of Popery Father Newman declares that "it lives in the soul with a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego; and all that there is about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible;" if it has come down to us hallowed with the memories of eld, and wet with the last tearful blessing of parents passed into the skies; if it has sustained our own spirits in extremest trouble, made our life-work easy to us, beguiled the toil of this world, and inspired the hope of the world that is to come; what wonder that the jealous Christianity of the land, roused by the threatened desecration, should speak in tones of power, and should say to the mistaken men who would tamper with it, "Hands off there! proud intruders, let that Bible alone!"

And you, O ye highly-privileged possessors and guardians of the truth! guard well your sacred

trust, clasp it as your choicest treasure, lift it high in your temples, hide it deep in your hearts; it is "the word of the Lord, and that word endureth forever."

As a PREACHER OF THE TRUTH, Bunyan had a high reputation in his day. Sympathy, earnestness, and power, were the great characteristics of his successful ministry. He preached what he felt, and his preaching therefore corresponded to the various stages of his personal experience. At first, himself in chains, he thundered out the terrors of the law, like another Baptist, against rich and poor together; then, happy in believing, he proclaimed salvation, and the unparalleled blessedness of life by Christ, "as if an angel stood at his back to encourage him," and then, with advancing knowledge, he disclosed the truth in its rounded harmony—"the whole counsel of God." Instances of conversion were frequent under his ministry—many churches were founded by his labors. Dr. Owen assured King Charles that for the tinker's ability to prate, he would gladly barter his own stores of learning; and in his annual visit to London, twelve hundred people would gather at seven in the morning of a winter's working day, to hear him. Nor can we wonder that his ministry should have had "favor both with God and man," when we listen to his own statements of the feelings with which he

regarded it. "In my preaching I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn." "I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my children were born, my heart hath been so wrapped up in the glory of this excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honored of God by this, than if He had made me the emperor of the Christian world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it." This is what we want now. We will not despair of the speedy conversion of the world if you give us an army of ministers who have—burned into their hearts—this passionate love for souls.

There are those, indeed, who tell us that the mission of the pulpit is fulfilled. They acknowledge that in the former ages, in the times of immaturity, when men spelled out the truth in syllables, it did a noble work. But the world has outgrown it, they tell us. It is an anachronism now. Men need neither its light nor its warning. The all-powerful press shall direct them; from the chair of criticism they shall learn wisdom; the educational institute shall aid them in heavenward progress; they shall move upward and onward under the guidance of the common mind. But the divine institution of the ministry

is not to be thus superseded. It has to do with eternity, and the matters of eternity are paramount. It has to deal with the most lasting emotions of our nature; with those deep instincts of eternal truths which underlie all systems, from which the man can never utterly divorce himself, and which God himself has graven on the soul. This opposition to the pulpit, however the inefficiency of existing agencies may have contributed to it, however the memories of olden priestcraft may have given it strength, can not be explained, but as originating in the yet unconquered enmity of the carnal mind to God. The teaching of the political theorizer, of the infidel demagogue, of the benevolent idealist, why are they so popular? The teaching of the religious instructor, why is it so repulsive to the world? The main secret will be found in the fact that the one exalt, the other reprove, our nature; the one ignore, the other insist upon, the doctrine of the fall. If you silence the ministry, you silence the only living agency which, of set purpose, appeals to the moral sense of man, and brings out the world's conscience in its answer to moral obligation, and to the truths of the Bible. The minister divides an empire over the other faculties. He may speak to the intellect, but the philosopher will rival him. He may charm the imagination, but the poet is his master. He may rouse the passions, the mob-orator will do it better; but in

his power over conscience he has a government which no man shares, and, as a czar of many lands, he wields the scepter over the master-faculty of man. It is absolutely necessary in this age of manifold activities and of spiritual pride, that there should be this ever-speaking witness of man's feebleness and God's strength. That witness dares not be silent amid the strife of tongues; and however the clamor may tell—and it does tell and it ought to tell, upon the time-serving and the indolent, upon the vapid and the insincere—it is an unanswerable argument for the mission of the ministry itself; just as the blast which scatters the acorns, roots the oak more firmly in the soil. Standing as I do to-night, in connection with an association which I dearly love, and which has been so highly honored as an instrument of good, I must yet claim for the pulpit the foremost place among the agencies for the renovation of the world. Neither the platform nor the press can supersede it. So long as they work in harmony with its high purpose, and aim at the elevation of the entire man, it will hail their helpings with glad heart and free, but God hath set it on the monarchy, and it may not abdicate its throne.

One great want of the times is a commanding ministry, a ministry of a piety at once sober and earnest, and of mightiest moral power. Give us these men, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,"

who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery, nor hiding them 'neath piles of rubbish. Give us these men! men of sound speech, who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, as if the mind blushed at its own credulity; not distilling it into an essence so subtile, and so speedily decomposed, that a chemical analysis alone can detect the faint odor which tells it has been there; but who will preach it apostle-wise, that is, "first of all," at once a principle shrined in the heart, and a motive mighty in the life—the source of all morals, and the inspiration of all charity—the sanctifier of every relationship, and the sweetener of every toil. Give us these men! men of dauntless courage, from whom God-fear has banished man-fear, who will stand unblenched before the pride of birth, and the pride of rank, and the pride of office, and the pride of intellect, and the pride of money, and will rebuke their conventional hypocrisies, and demolish their false confidences, and sweep away their refuges of lies. Give us these men! men of tenderest sympathy, who dare despise none, however vile and crafty, because the "one blood" appeals for relationship in its sluggish or fevered flow—who deal not in fierce reproofs nor haughty bearing, because their own souls have just been brought out of prison—by whom the sleeper will not be harshly chided, and who will

mourn over the wanderer, "My brother, ah! my brother!" Give us these men! men of zeal untiring, whose hearts of constancy quail not, although dull men sneer, and proud men scorn, and timid men blush, and cautious men deprecate, and wicked men revile; who, though atrophy wastes the world, and paralysis has settled on the Church, amid hazard and hardship, are "valiant for the truth upon the earth,"

"And think
What others only dreamed about, and do
What others did but think, and glory in
What others dared but do."

Give us these men! in whom Paul would find congenial reasoners, whom the fervent Peter would greet with a welcome sparkle in the eye, to whom the gentle John would be attracted as to twin-souls which beat like his own, all lovingly. Give us these men! and you need speak no more of the faded greatness and prostrate might of the pulpit; the true God-witnesses shall be reinstated in their ancient moral sovereignty, and "by manifestation of the truth, shall commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Young men, I bespeak your prayers for a ministry like this as for one of the greatest necessities of the age, and I would pray that God may raise up some among yourselves who may feel the stirrings of the Divinity within, and be called by His grace to be diligent reapers in the vast Home

Harvest-field, or with beautiful feet upon the slopes of some distant mountain, to publish "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill toward men."

One main reason of Bunyan's repute among the people was *his thorough humanness*. He was no bearded hermit, sarcastic in his seclusion, upon a world which he had forsaken, or which he never knew. He was no dark ascetic, snarling at his fellows from some cynical tub, or self-righteous in his maceration, inveighing against pleasures which were beyond his reach, and which he had toiled in vain to enjoy. He was a brave, manly, genial, brotherly soul; full of sympathy with the errors and frailties of men, mingling in the common grief and in the common cheerfulness of life. See him as he romps with the children in their noisy mirth, himself as great a child as they. Listen to him as he spins out of his fertile brain riddles to be guessed by the pilgrims, such as "keep Old Honest from nodding." Mark the smile that plays over his countenance as he writes how Ready-to-halt and Much-afraid footed it right merrily, in dance of joy, for the destruction of Giant Despair. Observe the ineffable tenderness with which he describes Feeblemind and Fearing. See in his real life the wealth of affection which he lavishes upon his sightless child. O, it is charming, this union of the tender and the faithful in a master-mind, this outflow of all graceful

charities from a spirit which bares its breast to danger, and which knows not to blench or quail! Beautiful are these gushes of sensibility from a manly soul, as if from some noble mountain, with granite heart and crest of cedar, there should issue a crystal rill, brightening the landscape with its dimpled beauty, or flashing archly beneath the setting sun.

Strength and gentleness are thus combined, in grandest harmony, only under the humanizing rule of Christianity. We might expect, under the old stoical morality, to find patient endurance and dauntless bravery—the perfection of an austere manhood—Roman virtue and Spartan pride. Under the precepts of a philosophy which never compromised with human weakness, we do not wonder at a Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, or a Miltiades on the plains of Marathon, at a high-souled Epaminondas, or a meditative Numa, at an Aristides consenting to his own ostracism, or a Brutus pronouncing the death-doom of his son. They are the natural efflorescence of such culture and such soil. And, in truth there is a hardy endeavor, an heroic self-abandonment, a capacity for deed and suffering, in some of these brave old heathen, that would make many a modern Christian dwindle into the shadow of a man. But it was reserved for Christianity, by the inspiration of her faith and love, to exhibit human nature in its “highest embodied possi-

bility," to show the bravery of heroes chastened by the meekness of children—beneficence employing power—an endurance more resolute than stoicism ever knew, combined with an all-embracing tenderness that would "clasp the universe to keep it warm." In Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character in harmonious wholeness, at once the "*righteous* man," high in the practice of all social virtues, stern in his inflexible adhesion to the utter right, and the "*good* man," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose name men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow, as if a sunbeam glinted in, and for whom some, in their strength of tenderness, would even dare to die.

It would seem, indeed, to be God's usual method to prepare men for extensive usefulness by the personal discipline of trial. Hence, when we see Bunyan encompassed by terrible temptations, and immured in bondage; Luther, in the fortress on the Wartburg, pining in sore sickness, and battling, in fancy, with embodied evil; Wesley wandering to Georgia and back, led through doubt and darkness to the long-deferred moment which ended his "legal years," and then welcomed on his evangelistic journeys with ovations of misrepresentation and mud—we remember that this protracted suffering is but the curriculum of heavenly discipline by which, learning of Him who is lowly, they are shriven of self and pride,

and which superadds to the fortitude which bears all, and to the courage which dares all, the meekness and gentleness of Christ. You will remember a notable instance of the teaching of the Master on this matter in the history of the disciples. On one occasion, monopolists of their Redeemer's presence, misers of that wealth divine which could have enriched every man of the five thousand, and have been none the poorer for the sumptuous dole, they exhibited a sad lack of needful sympathy, and impatiently murmured: "Send the multitude away." Mark the sequel. "Straightway he constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and go before him to the other side, while he sent away the people." They must be sent away like the multitudes, that they might know what such banishment meant, and feel, by bitter experience, the pangs of an absent Lord. Stormfully howled the wind on Tiberias lake that night; deep would be the disquietude as the vexed waves tossed the vessel, and the eyes of the watchers, straining wistfully through the darkness, saw no star of hope nor glimpse of Savior. But there came blessing to the world out of that storm. They would be better apostles for that night's anxious vigil; more thoroughly human in their sympathy; better able to proclaim to the benighted nations the overcoming might of love. If you look from the Master's teaching to the Master's example, who fails to remember

that for this purpose he became "touched with the feeling of our infirmity," and was tempted, that he might succor the tempted; that hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and pain came upon him; that he felt the pangs of desertion when those whom he trusted forsook him, and the pangs of bereavement when those whom he loved had died; that he sorrowed with human tears over a freshly opened grave, and feared with human apprehensions under the shadow of impending trial.

Brothers, he must be no fiery recluse who shall preach the people into a new crusade. The great work of the world's uplifting nowadays is not to be wrought by the stern prophet of wrath, moving among men with the austerity as well as with the inspiration of the wilderness, but by the mild and earnest seer, who comes, like the Son of Man, "eating and drinking;" of genial soul, and blithe companionship, and divinest pity; who counsels without haughtiness, and reproves without scorn; and who bears about with him the reverent consciousness that he deals with the majesty of man. Neither the individual nor the aggregate can be lectured out of vice nor scolded into virtue. There is a relic of humanness, after all, lingering in every heart, like a dear gage of affection, stealthily treasured amid divorce and estrangement, and the far wards where it is locked up from men, can be opened only by the living sym-

pathy of love. Society is like the prodigal, whom corrective processes failed to reform, and whom jail discipline only tended to harden, and whom enforced exile only rendered more audacious in his crime; but adown whose bronzed cheek a tear stole in a far-off land at some stray thought of home, and whose heart of adamant was broken by the sudden memory of a dead mother's prayer. Let us recognize this truth in all our endeavors for the benefit of men. It is quite possible to combine inflexibility of adhesion to the right with forbearing tenderness toward the wrong-doer. Speak the truth, by all means; let it fall upon the hearts of men with all the imparted energy by which the Spirit gives it power; but speak the truth in love, and, perchance, it may subdue them by its winsome beauty, and prompt their acknowledgment that it is altogether lovely. Such an one, holding truth in the heart, speaking it lovingly from the lip, exhibiting its power in the beneficent workings of the life—such an one will be the chief benefactor of his species; though eloquence may pour no eulogy on his merits, and though the common annals of fame may pass him by.

Such an one in his teachings will be equally remote from lax indifferentism and from cynical theology. He will not dare a hair's-breadth deviation from the Bible; but he will not graft upon it his own moroseness, nor mutilate it into

his own deformity. Such an one will not complain that he has no neighbors. He will find neighbors, ay, even in the heart of London. He will be a kind husband and a tender father; but his hearth-stone will not bound his sympathy. He will be a patriot; he will be a philanthropist. His love, central in his home and in his country, will roll its far ripples upon all men. He will see in the poorest man a brother, and in the worst man a nature of divine endowment, now sunk in darkness, which he is to labor to illumine and to save. Such an one will not call earth a howling wilderness. He will not slander this dear old world because some six thousand years ago an injury befell it, which disfigured it sadly, and has embittered its subsequent history. Against that which did the wrong he will cherish intensest hatred; he will purge it from himself; he will root it out of others, if he can. He will love the world as a theater for the display of noble energies, of rich benevolence, of manly strength, of godlike piety; and he will work in it with an honest heart and loving purpose, until the finger beckons him into the wealthier heaven.

Young men, the age of chivalry is not over. The new crusade has already begun. The weapons are not shaped by mortal skill, nor is the battle with garments rolled in blood. Strong-souled, earnest men; knights, of the true order of Jesus, are leagued in solemn covenant, and are

already in the field. "Theirs are the red colors, and for a scutcheon they have the holy lamb and golden shield." "Good-will to man" is their inspiring banner-text. "Faith working by love" is broidered on their housings. Not to prance in the tilt-yard, amid the sheen of bright lances and bright eyes, don they their armor. They have too serious work on hand to flaunt in a mimic pageant, or to furnish a holiday review. They have caught the spirit of their Master. As with eyes dimmed by their own sympathy, he looked upon the fated Jerusalem, they have learned to look upon a fallen but ransomed race. They war for its rescue from the inexorable bondage of wrong. Ignorance, improvidence, intemperance, indifference, infidelity; these are the giants which they set lance in rest to slay. I would fain, like another Peter the Hermit, summon you into the ranks of these loving and valiant heroes. The band will admit you all. In this, the holier chivalry, the churl's blood is no bar to honor. The highest distinctions are as open to the peasant's offspring as to the scion of the Plantagenets and Howards. Go, then, where glory waits you. The field is the world. Go where the abjects wander, and gather them into the fold of the sanctuary. Go to the lazarettos where the moral lepers herd, and tell them of the healing balm. Go to the squalid haunts of crime, and float a Gospel-message upon the feculent air. Go wherever there

are ignorant to be instructed, and timid to be cheered, and helpless to be succored, and stricken to be blessed, and erring to be reclaimed. Go wherever faith can see, or hope can breathe, or love can work, or courage can venture. Go and win the spurs of your spiritual knighthood there.

"O! who would not a champion be,
In this the lordlier chivalry?
Uprouse ye now, brave brother band,
With honest heart and working hand.
We are but few, toil-tried, but true,
And hearts beat high to dare and do;
O! there be those that ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory!
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And watchers weep, and martyrs bleed;
Work, brothers, work! work, hand and brain,
We'll win the golden age again.
And love's millennial morn shall rise,
In happy hearts and blessed eyes;
We will, we will, brave champions be,
In this, the lordlier chivalry."

It remains only that we present Bunyan before you as a CONFESSOR FOR THE TRUTH. One would anticipate that a character like his would be sustained in its bravery during the hour of trial, and that, like Luther, whom in many points he greatly resembled, he would witness a good confession before the enemies of the Cross of Christ. A warrant was issued for his apprehension in the dreary month of November. The intention of the

magistrate was whispered about beforehand, and Bunyan's friends, alarmed for his safety, urged him to forego his announced purpose to preach. Nature pleaded hard for compliance, and urged the claims of a beloved wife and four children, one of them blind. Prudence suggested that, escaping now, he might steal other opportunities for the preaching of the truth. He took counsel of God in prayer, and then came to his decision. "If I should now run, and make an escape, it will be of a very ill savor in the country; what will my weak and newly-converted brethren think of it? If God, of his mercy, should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope, if I should fly, the world may take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel." At Samsell, in Bedfordshire, the people assembled; there were about forty persons present. Some of the timid sort advised, even then, that the meeting should be dismissed. Bravely, he replied, "No, by no means! I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted; our cause is good! we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's word is so good a work, that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." Accordingly he was cast into prison. After seven weeks' imprisonment the session was held at Bedford, and Bunyan was arraigned at the bar. This was his sentence: "You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three

months following; and then if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, you must be banished the realm; and after that, if you should be found in the realm, without the special license of the king, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly." So spoke the rude and arbitrary Justice Kelynge, who, like Scroggs and Jeffreys, enjoys the distinction, rare among English judges, of being in infamy immortal. Bunyan answered, inspired with Lutheran and Pauline courage, "I am at a point with you; if I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God." His spirit blenched not with the lapse of time, though he lay twelve years in that foul dungeon, the discovery of whose abominations, a century afterward, first started John Howard in his "circumnavigation of charity." Toward the close of his imprisonment, we hear the dauntless beatings of the hero-heart: "I have determined—the Almighty God being my help and my shield—yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eye-brows, rather than violate my faith and my principles." O, rare John Bunyan! thy "frail life" has become immortal; the world will not let thee die. Thou art shrined in the loving memory of thousands, while thy judges and persecutors are forgotten, or remembered only with ridicule and shame. "The righteous shall be in everlasting

remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

Our lot is cast in gentler times than these. No indictments are preferred against us now for "devilish and pernicious abstinence from church-going." Felons are not now let loose in honor of a monarch's coronation, while men of God are hailed to closer durance. Phoenix-like, out of the ashes of the martyr-fires, arose religious freedom. The flames of outward persecution have well-nigh forgotten to burn. And yet the offense of the cross has not ceased. The profession of the Gospel does not always bring peace, but a sword. Trouble is yet the heritage "of all that will live godly in Christ Jesus," and there is strong need in all of us, for the exhibition of the main element in a confessor's character: nobleness of religious decision. We must have convictions of duty wrought so strongly into our souls, that neither opposition nor difficulty, nor even disaster, shall make us falter in the course which we have intelligently chosen. For lack of these sincere and abiding convictions, many have erred from the faith, and have manifested an instability of character that is truly deplorable. Many young men have run well for a season, have formed large plans of usefulness, and have been full of promise in all that was of good report and lovely; but a fatal indecision has blighted the promise, and rendered the plans abortive; and their course has

reminded us of Emerson's ludicrous account of the American roads, starting fair and stately, between avenues of branching pines, but narrowing gradually as they proceed, and at last ending in a squirrel track, and running up a tree. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any of us, in this matter, approximate to the standard. Let us ask ourselves, if we had lived in the days of the Master, should "we have left all and followed him?" As we looked at him in the garb of a peasant, and a Nazarene, of ignoble origin and vagrant life, opposed by all recognized authorities, calm in his single-handed strength, alone against the world, shocking every ancient prejudice, and pronouncing the doom of a ritual, gorgeous in its ceremonial, and infibred, by the ties of ages, round the hearts of men, what should we have thought of such a questionable man? Should we have dared to come to him, even by night, while living, much less to have gone boldly and begged his body when dead? Should we have foregone, for his sake, the chief seat of synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts, and for the pleasure of his divine discourse, and for the hopes immortal but unseen, have cast ourselves on his fidelity, even for daily bread? Let us look into the glass of our own consciousness, that we may be humbled and reprov'd. And, in the present, with the light of his teaching and of

his example, how are we living? Would it please us that the hidden man of the heart should be unveiled to our neighbor's scrutiny? Do we the right always, because it is the right, without thought of profit, and at the sure risk of ill? Do we rejoice to be brought in contact with *a man*, that we may put our own manhood to the proof? Can we resolve to work ever for the good of this bad world, not bating from weariness, nor deterred by ingratitude, nor palsied with fear? Dare we speak honestly and act bravely, though loss and shame should follow speech and deed? Is there in us no division of activity against itself; are our thought and action mutually representative of each other? In one word, are we sincere? Do we serve one Master? with no reserve of our endowments? with every fragment of our influence? at every moment of our time? O! let us search our hearts on this matter. There is a great deal more of this sincere and decisive godliness wanted in the world, and you are to furnish it. I assume, of course, that you are decided for God; that the great change has taken place in you, and that you are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. If it be not so with you, seek first, for yourselves, the kingdom of God. It will be a terrible thing if the "*Perdidi diem*" of the regretful Roman should deepen into a "*Perdidi vitam*" for you; if your life be but an

accumulation of remorseful memories ; or if there be one torturing thought of unforgiven sin, which, like Poe's raven,

“Never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above your chamber door,
And its eyes have all the seeming, of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er it streaming, throws its shadow on the
floor ;
And your soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted, nevermore.”

But I rejoice to know that many of you are already the Lord's, living in the conscious enjoyment of religion, and anxious to make the world the better for your presence. To you we make our appeal. Of you—the Christian young men of London—of the United Kingdom rather—it is asked that you cast out of yourselves the false, and the selfish, and the defiling, and that you be sincere workers for the glory of God and for the benefit of men. We ask it in the name of Truth, that you may man her bulwarks and tell her to the generation following. We ask it in the name of Christianity, that you may join her in her brave battle with world, and flesh and devil. We ask it in the name of Society, that she may not be convulsed by the crimes of the lawless, nor by the phrensy of the despairing. We ask it in the name of our common Country, bewildered as she is by the burdens which oppress her, and

distracted as she is by the contentions of her children. We ask it in the name of Humanity, struggling to deliver herself from a thousand wrongs. We ask it in the name of multitudes, sharing your own manhood, who are passing down to darkness, wailing as they go—"No man hath cared for my soul." We ask it in the name of the Redeemer, who has shed for you His own most precious blood, and who waits, expecting, to see of the travail of His soul.

Delay not, I charge you, to obey the summons. Never heed the opposition with which you may have to contend. The joy of conquest is richer than the joy of heritage. Remember that every promise to the Apocalyptic churches is "To him that overcometh." If at any time your purpose falter or your courage fail, hie you to the Interpreter's house for comfort. Gaze again upon that sight inspiring, which made Christian eager for his perilous journey. Look at that "stately palace, beautiful to behold." See the men in golden garments on the top. Mark the cravens crouching at the gate below. See the scribe at the table, with the book and the ink-horn before him. Take the measure of the men in armor who keep the doorway from the enterers in. Watch the man of stout countenance, girt with sword and helmet for the battle: see him as he maintains the fearful strife, and wounded, but

unyielding, cuts his way to victory: listen to the pleasant voice which heartens the champion into hope and valor:

"Come in! come in!
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

That vision is for you. Your names are in the muster-roll. Your path to the house of many mansions is beset by strong men armed. Quit yourselves like men. Take to yourselves the whole armor of God, and then press forward manfully forever. Every conflict brings you nearer to the recompense. Already the harpsongs of the cloud of witnesses encourage you. A soft accompaniment floats down to each of you, for your own ear and heart alone; the gentle cheering, wafted from on high, of the mother who nursed your infancy, or the father "whose knee you clomb, the envied kiss to share." Above all, His voice whose will is duty, and whose smile is Heaven, speaks to you from His highest throne—Fight, I'll help thee; Conquer, I'll crown thee.

I can not bid you farewell without expressing my gratification in being permitted, however imperfectly, to address you, and my best wishes for the Association to which most of you belong. I rejoice to hail this and kindred Societies as preparing us for that diviner future which shall yet

burst on this ransomed world. Wearily have the years passed, I know: wearily to the pale watcher on the hill who has been so long gazing for the daybreak: wearily to the anxious multitudes who have been waiting for His tidings below. Often has the cry gone up through the darkness, "Watcher, what of the night?" and often has the disappointing answer come, "It is night still; here the stars are clear above me, but they shine afar, and yonder the clouds lower heavily, and the sad night-winds blow." But the time shall come, and perhaps sooner than we look for it, when the countenance of that pale watcher shall gather into intenser expectancy, and when the challenge shall be given, with the hopefulness of a nearer vision, "Watcher, what of the night?" and the answer comes, "The darkness is not so dense as it was; there are faint streaks on the horizon's verge; mist is in the valleys, but there is a radiance on the distant hill. It comes nearer, that promise of the day. The clouds roll rapidly away, and they are fringed with amber and gold. It is, it is the blessed sunlight that I feel around me—MORNING!"

IT IS MORNING!

And, in the light of that morning, thousands of earnest eyes flash with renewed brightness, for

they have longed for the coming of the day. And, in the light of that morning, things that nestle in dust and darkness cower and flee away.

Morning for the toil-worn artisan! for oppression and avarice, and gaunt famine, and poverty are gone, and there is social night no more. Morning for the meek-eyed student! for scowling doubt has fled, and sophistry is silenced, and the clouds of error are lifted from the fair face of Truth for aye, and there is intellectual night no more. Morning for the lover of man! for wrongs are redressed, and contradictions harmonized, and problems solved, and men summer in perpetual brotherhood, and there is moral night no more. Morning for the lover of God! for the last infidel voice is hushed, and the last cruelty of superstition perpetrated, and the last sinner lays his weapons down, and Christ the crucified becomes Christ the crowned. Morning! Hark how the earth rejoices in it, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky—"Sing with us, ye heavens! The morning cometh, the darkness is past, the shadows flee away, the true light shineth now."

Morning! Hark how the sympathetic heavens reply, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended!"

IT IS MORNING!

"The planet now doth, like a garment, wear the beauty of the morning." And the light climbeth onward, and upward, for there is a sacred noon beyond. That noon is HEAVEN.

"AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

THE HUGUENOTS.

THE HUGUENOTS.

FROM the Reformation may be dated a new era in the history of history. As presented to us in the writings of the older historians, history consisted, for the most part, of the bare recital of events, unaccompanied by philosophical reflections, or by any attempt to discover the mutual relations and tendencies of things. After the Reformation, the adherents of the rival churches, each from his own stand-point, moralized upon that wondrous revolution, and upon the circumstances, political and social, which introduced and attended it. That which had been chronicle became thus controversy. Writers not only narrated events, but fringed them with the hues of their own thought, and impressed upon them the bias of their own opinions, and, as one result of this there sprang up the Philosophy of History. Men began to think that if the Reformation, and the events connected with it, might be canvassed in their sources and issues, all national changes, all events

upon the mighty stream of tendency, might be legitimately subjected to similar criticism. Gradually this survey of the past took a loftier stand, and spread over a wider range. The causes of the rise and fall of empires; the elements of national prosperity or decline; the obsolescence or adaptation of various forms of government; the evidences of growth and transition among the peoples of mankind; all in their turn were made matters of historical inquiry. Thus history, at first narrative and then polemical, has become, in our day, a record of progress, a triumphal eulogy of the growth of civilization.

But both writers and readers of history form an unworthy estimate of its province, if they restrict it within such limits. They only realize its mission who see in its transitions the successive developments of Providence, ever working without pause and without failure the counsel of the Divine will. It is not enough, if we would study history aright, that we should follow in the track of battle, and listen to the wail of the vanquished, and to the shouts of conquerors; it is not enough that we should philosophically analyze the causes of upheaval and remodeling; it is not enough that we regard it as a school for the study of character, and gaze, with an admiration that is almost awe, upon "the world's foster-gods," the stalwart nobility of mankind; it is not enough that we should regard it as a

chaos of incident, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan;" we realize the true ideal of history only when we discover God in it, shaping its ends for the evolution of his own design, educing order from its vast confusions, resolving its complications into one grand and marvelous unity, and making it a body of completeness and symmetry, with himself as the informing soul.

Let this faith be fastened on our spirits, and history becomes a beautiful study. The world is seen linked to Christ—an emerald rainbow round about his throne. In his great purpose its destiny of glory is secure. There is sure warrant for the expectation of that progress of which the poet-watchers have so hopefully sung; progress, unintermitting, through every disaster of the past, heralding progress, yet diviner, in every possibility of the future. The eye of sense may trace but scanty foreshadowings of the brightness; there may be dark omens in the aspects of the times; clouds may gather gloomily around, and the wistful glance, strained through the darkness, may discern but faint traces of the coming of the day; but it *shall* come, and every movement brings it nigher; for "the word of the Lord hath spoken it," and that word "endureth forever."

In our study of the history of France, or, indeed, of any other nation, we must remember certain peculiarities, which, though apparently of

small account, are influential elements in national progress, and means toward the formation of national character. Each race, for example, has its distinctive temperament, which it transmits from generation to generation. The character which Cæsar gave of the Gallic tribes two thousand years ago, is, in its most noticeable features, their character still. "They are warlike, going always armed, ready on all occasions to decide their differences by the sword; a people of great levity, little inclined to idleness; hospitable, generous, confiding, and sincere." This transmission of qualities, while it fosters the pride of a nation, stamps upon it an individuality, and prevents the adoption of any general changes, which have no affinity with the national mind.

In like manner, the traditions of a nation are potent influences in national culture. The memory of its heroes, and of the battle-fields where their laurels were won; of its seers of science, its prophets of highest-mounted mind; of its philosophers, the high-priests of nature; of its poets, who have played upon the people's heart, as upon a harp of many tunes; of its great men, who have excited wonder; of its good men, who have inherited love; all the old and stirring recollections of the romantic past, which pride the cheek and brighten the eye; all these are substantive tributaries to an empire's education, and aid us in forming our estimate of its career and destiny.

But more potent than either of the causes ~~we~~ have mentioned, are those external agencies which from time to time arise in the course of events, to stamp a new form and pressure on the world. The sacred isolation of the Hebrew commonwealth; the schools of Greece; the military of Rome; the advent of the Redeemer; the Mohammedan imposture; Feudalism with its blended barbarity and blessing; the Crusades; the invention of printing; the Reformation: all these were not only incidents, but **POWERS**, exerting each of them an appreciable influence upon the character of the nations of mankind. In tracing the history of the Huguenots, therefore, we are not merely following the fortunes of a proscribed people, nor reciting a tale of individual suffering—we are depicting the history of France, we are evolving the subtle cause of that mysterious something, which has been, through a long course of years, an element of national disquiet, which has alternately impelled the attack of passion, or furthered the schemes of tyranny, and under which that sunny and beautiful land has groaned in bondage until now.

The doctrines of the Reformation took early root in France. The simultaneous appearance of its confessors in different countries, is one among the many collateral proofs of its Divine origin. Movements which men originate are local and centralized, arranged in concert, and gathering

ripeness from correspondence and sympathy. When God works there is no barrier in geographical boundaries, nor in the absence of intercourse. He drops the truth-seed, and it falls into world-wide furrows. When the hour is ripe—full-grown, heroic, and ready, there springs forth the MAN. Events had long been preparing the way for the mighty change. In the Church, whether through ignorance or faithlessness, pagan ceremonies had been grafted upon the “reasonable service” of the worship; discipline had become rather a source of immorality than a guard to holiness; the traffic in indulgences had shaken the foundations of every social and moral bond; and the masses of the people were irritated at the pretensions of a religion which had its tariff of vice, a price for every crime, and at the rapacity of a priesthood which never said, “It is enough.” Former protests against encroachment and error, though crushed by the strong hand of power, were not utterly forgotten. The voices of Claude and Vigilantius yet echoed in the hearts of many; traditions of Albigensian confessors, and of saints in Vaudois valleys, were in numerous homes; the martyr songs of the Lollard and the Hussite lingered—strange and solemn music—in the air. By and by, in cotemporaneous blessing came the revival of learning, and the invention of printing. The common mind, waking from its long, deep slumber, felt itself hungry after knowledge, and

more than three thousand works were given to appease its appetite in the course of seventy years. The sixteenth century dawned upon nations in uneasiness and apprehension. Kings, warriors, statesmen, scholars, people, all seemed to move in a cloud of fear, or under a sense of mystery, as if haunted by a presentiment of change. Everything was hushed into a very agony of pause, as nature holds her breath before the crash of the thunder. Men grew strangely bold and outspoken. Reuchlin vindicated the claims of science against the barbarous teaching of the times. Ulrich von Hütten, who could fight for truth if he had not felt its power, flung down the gage of battle with all the knightly pride of chivalry. Erasmus, the clear-headed and brilliant coward, lampooned monks and doctors, until, cardinals, and even the Pope himself, joined in the common laughter of the world. All was ready; the forerunners had fulfilled their mission, and the Reformation came.

In 1517, Tetzel, the indulgence-peddler, very unwittingly forced Luther into the van of the battle, and the ninety-five propositions were posted on the cathedral at Wittemberg. In 1518, Bernardin Samson, another craftsman in the sorry trade, performed in Switzerland the same kind office for

Ulrich Zwingli; and in 1521, while Luther was marching to the Diet of Worms, Lefevre, in a green old age, and Farel, in a generous youth, proclaimed the new evangel in the streets and temples of one of the cities of France. The city of Meaux was the first to receive the new doctrine, and Briçonnet, its bishop, a sincere protester against error—though not made of the stern stuff which goes to the composition of heroes—published and circulated widely an edition of the four Gospels in the French language. So rapid was the spread of the truth, so notable the amendment in morals throughout the provinces which were pervaded by it, so loud were the complaints among the monks and priests, of lessened credit and diminished income, that the dignitaries both of Church and State became alarmed and anxious; and as the readiest way of putting the testimony to silence, they began to proscribe and imprison the witnesses.

The doctors of the Sorbonne had already declared Luther's doctrine to be blasphemous and insolent, "such as should be answered less by argument than by fire and sword." The parliament, though no friend to monkish rule, could not understand why, when people were satisfied with one form of government, they should want two forms of religion. The court, remembering that the Pope had an army at his back which would have astonished St. Peter not a little, even

in his most martial moments, and wishing to secure the aid of that army in the wars of Italy, favored the spirit of persecution. Louisa of Savoy, queen-regent in the absence of her son, who was then a prisoner at Madrid, asked the Sorbonne, in 1523, "by what means could the damnable doctrines of Luther be soonest extirpated from the most Christian kingdom;" and the clergy, not to be outdone in zeal, held councils, at which cardinals and archbishops presided, in which they accused the reformer of "execrable conspiracy," exhorted the king "to crush the viper's doctrines," and proposed to visit yielding heretics with penance and prison, and to hand over obstinate ones to the tender mercies of the public executioner.

This combination of purpose soon resulted in acts of atrocity and blood. The names of Leclerc, Pavanes, and the illustrious Louis de Berquin, deserve to be handed down to posterity as the proto-martyrs of the Reformation in France. In 1585 there was a solemn procession through the streets of Paris. Never had such a pomp of relics been paraded before the awe-struck faithful. The veritable head of St. Louis, a bit of the true cross, one of the nails thereof, the real crown of thorns, and the actual spear-head which had pierced the body of the Savior—all were exhibited to an innumerable crowd of people, who swarmed upon the house-tops, and sat perched upon every

available balcony or abutment of stone. The shrine of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, was carried very appropriately by the corporation of butchers, who had prepared themselves for the occasion by a fast of several days' duration. Cardinals and archbishops abounded, until the street was radiant with copes, and robes, and miters, like a field of the cloth of gold. In the midst of the procession came the king, bareheaded, as became a dutiful son of the Church, and carrying a lighted taper, for the blessed sun was not sufficient, or its light was too pure and kind. High mass was celebrated, and then came the choicest spectacle of the raree-show. Six Lutherans were burned. With their tongues cut out, lest their utterances of dying heroism should palsy the arm of the hangman, or affect the convictions of the crowd, a movable gallows was erected, which alternately rose and fell; now plunging them into the fire, and now withdrawing them for a brief space from the flame, until, by the slow torture, they were entirely consumed. Such was the villainous punishment of the estrapade; a refinement of cruelty which Heliogabalus might have envied, and which even the Spanish Inquisition had failed to invent for its Jewish and Saracen martyrdoms. The executions were purposely delayed until Francis was returning to the Louvre. He gazed upon his dying subjects, butchered for no crime, and the eyes of ecclesiastical and courtly

tigers in his train, glared with savage gladness at the sight of Lutheran agony.

Shortly after came the yet more horrible butcheries of Mérindol and Cabrières, by which the Vaudois of Provence, a whole race of the most estimable and industrious inhabitants of France, were exterminated because of their religion. Men, women, and children were slain in indiscriminate massacre, some in the phrensy of passion, others, more inexcusably, after a show of trial, and therefore in cold blood. Their cities were razed to the ground, their country turned into a desert, and the murderers went to their work of carnage with the priests' baptism on their swords, and were rewarded for its completion by the prayers and blessings of the clergy.

The usual results of persecution followed. In the fine old classical fable, the dragon's teeth were sown in the field, and the startling harvest was a host of armed men. It is a natural tendency of persecution to outwit itself. A voice is hushed for the while, but eloquent though it may have been in its life, there issues from the sepulcher of the slain witness more audible and influencing oratory. A community is broken up, and companies of worshipers are scattered in many lands of exile; but though there be dispersion of families, unlike the banishment of Babel, there is no confusion of tongues; each, in his far-off wandering becomes a center of truth and

blessing, until "their sound has gone forth through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

There is something in the inner consciousness of a religious man which assures him that it must be so. You may practice on a corpse without let or hinderance. Wrap it in grave clothes, it will not complain; perpetrate indignities upon it, it will be sealed in silence; let it down into the cold earth, no rebuke will protest against its burial. But life is a more intractable thing. With a touch of the old Puritan humor, it abides not the imposition of hands; it *will* move at liberty and speak with freedom. Cast among barbarous peoples, where men babble in strange speech around him, the man who has divine life in his soul will somehow make it felt; the joy of his bounding spirit will speak and sparkle through the eye, if it can not vibrate on the tongue; the new song *will* thrill from the lips, though there be only the echoes to answer it; how much more when there is the neighborhood of sensitive and impressible men!

Hence, you will not wonder that it happened to the Reformed as it happened to the Israelites of old: "The more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew." The progress of the Reformation during the closing years of the reign of Francis I., and during that of his son and successor, Henry II., was rapid and continual.

Several large provinces declared for the new doctrines, and "some of the most considerable cities in the kingdom—Bourges, Orleans, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, and 'the brave' Rochelle—were peopled with the Reformed." It was calculated that, in a few years, they amounted to nearly one-sixth of the entire population, and almost all classes ranged beneath the Reformation banner. The provincial nobles were nearly all secretly inclined to it. Merchants who traveled into other countries witnessed the development, under its influence, of industrial progress, and the display of the commercial virtues, and brought home impressions in its favor. The people of the *tiers-état*, who had received a literary education, perceived its intellectual superiority, and on that account were prejudiced to give it welcome. "Especially," says Florimond de Reimond, a Roman Catholic writer, with a simplicity that is amusing, but with an ingenuousness that does him credit—"Especially painters, watchmakers, goldsmiths, image-makers, booksellers, printers, and others, who in their crafts *have any nobleness of mind*, were most easily surprised." There were, indeed, scarcely any classes which collectively adhered to Rome, except the higher ecclesiastics, the nobles of the court, and the fanatic and licentious mob of the good city of Paris. This was the purest and most flourishing era of the Reformation in France. They of the Religion,

as they were afterward called, meddled not with the diplomacy of cabinets, with the intrigues of faction, nor with the feuds of the rival houses of the realm. "Being reviled, they reviled not again; being persecuted, they threatened not, but committed themselves to Him who judgeth righteously," and the record of their constancy and triumph is on high.


THE Reformation in France may be considered as having been fully established at the time of the first Synod. This was held at Paris, in 1559. From this assembly, to which eleven churches sent deputies, were issued the "Confession of Faith" and the "Articles of Discipline," which, with little alteration, were handed down as the doctrinal and ecclesiastical standards of the Protestants of France.

The reign of Henry II. was mainly distinguishable for the Edict of Chateaubriand, which made heresy a civil as well as an ecclesiastical offense, and for the massacre of the Rue St. Jacques, and the arrest and sentence of the celebrated Anne Dubourg. The martyrdom of this distinguished and pious councilor, which the king's death by the lance of Montgomery did not suspend, inspired many with the persuasion that the faith professed by such a man could not be a bad

one, "melted the students of the colleges into tears," and more damage accrued to Rome from that solitary martyr-pile, than from the labors of a hundred ministers, with all their sermons.


Meanwhile, the affairs of the kingdom were daily involved in newer and more embarrassing complications. The new king, Francis II., the husband of the unhappy Mary Stuart, was imbecile in mind, and had a sickly constitution of body. The factions of the realm, which had been partially organized in the preceding reign, practiced upon his youth and feebleness, that he might aid them in their struggles for power. There were, at this time, three notable factions in the field, and it may be well for a moment to suspend our interest in the narrative, that the *dramatis personæ* may appear upon the scene.

The leaders of the various parties were all remarkable men. The real heads of the Catholic party were the two celebrated brothers of the house of Guise. Claude de Lorraine, the ancestor of the family, came to seek his fortune in France "with a staff in his hand, and one servant behind him;" but his immediate descendants were all in high places, and wielded, some of them, a more than regal power. Francis, Duke of Guise, the eldest son, was a skillful and high-spirited soldier, whose trusty blade had carved its way to renown in many a well-fought field. He possessed a sort of barbaric generosity, but was irascible, unscrupulous.



pulous, and cruel. He pretended to no learning save in martial tactics, and held his religion as a sort of profitless entail, which, with his name, he had inherited from his father. "Look," said he to his brother, after the massacre at Vassy, "at the titles of these Huguenot books." "No great harm in that," replied the clerkly Cardinal; "that is the Bible." "The Bible!" rejoined the Duke, in extreme surprise; "how can that be? This book was only printed last year, and you say the Bible is fifteen hundred years old." Knowing little, and caring less, about religious controversies, a man of ceaseless energy and ready sword, he was the strong hand which the crafty head of the Cardinal wielded at his will.

His brother, Charles of Lorraine, Cardinal and Archbishop of Rheims, of courtly address and pleasing elocution, sagacious in foresight, and skillful in intrigue, was the soul of all the projects which, ostensibly for the honor of the Holy Church, were really for the advancement of the fortunes of the House of Lorraine. He was a man of no personal valor, but influential enough to make a jest of his own cowardice. The pope of that time—for, in spite of presumed infallibility, popes and cardinals do not always see eye to eye—was uneasy at his ambition, and was accustomed to call him "the pope on the other side the mountains;" and, in fact, it was the dream of his restless life to see the crown of France



upon his brother's brow, and the tiara of the supreme pontificate encircling his own.

The chiefs of the Politiques, as they were called, the middle party in the state, who counseled mutual concession and forbearance, were the Chancellor l'Hôpital and the Constable de Montmorency. The chancellor was one of those statesmen of whom France had reason to be proud. A man of stern integrity, and of high principle, he worked his way through various offices of trust into one of the highest positions in the Parliament of Paris. As superintendent of the royal finances, by his good management of affairs, and by his inflexible resistance to the rapacity of court favorites, he husbanded the national resources, and replenished the exhausted treasury. Wise in counsel, tolerant in spirit, and with views broader than his age, he was the unfailing advocate of religious freedom. For his efforts in this behalf, he was ultimately deprived of his seals, and ran in danger of being included in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. So great was his peril that the Queen-mother sent a troop of horse, with express orders to save him. When they told him that those who made out the list of proscription had forgiven him, "I was not aware," was his sublime reply, "that I had done anything to merit either death or pardon."

The Constable de Montmorency was a rough-hewn, valiant knight, rude in speech and blunt

in bearing, of an obstinate disposition, and of a small soul. He had two articles in his creed: the first, that he was the first Christian baron; and the second, that the kings whom he served were Catholics. From these he deduced the very substantial corollary that it was his duty to show no quarter to heresy wherever it was found. Hence it is almost wonderful that he should have allied himself with the Moderates in counsel, but the Chatillons, the chief Huguenot family, were his nephews, and he had a sort of old-fashioned loyalty toward the princes of the blood. The Abbé Brantôme has transmitted to us the particulars of his extraordinary piety; he fasted regularly every Friday, and failed not to repeat his paternosters every morning and every night. It is said, however, that he occasionally interjected some matters which were not in the Rubric. "Go and hang such a man for me; tie that other to a tree; make that one run the gauntlet; set fire to everything all round for a quarter of a league;"—and then, with exemplary precision, would begin again just where he had left off, and finish his aves and credos as if nothing had happened.

The individual whom circumstances rather than merit had thrown into the position of one of the leaders of the Huguenot party, was Antoine de Bourbon, the husband of the heroic Jeanne D'Alber, and, through her, titular King of Navarre.

Indolent and vacillating—a mere waif flung upon the wave—a Calvinist preachment or a Romish auto-da-fê were equally in his line, and might both rejoice in the honor of his patronizing presence. Destitute both of energy and principle, his character shaped itself to the shifting occurrences of each successive day, or to the wayward moods of each successive companion. The purpose of his life, if that may be so called which attained no definiteness, and resulted in no action, was to exchange his nominal sovereignty for a real one, over any country, and upon any terms. He was one of those whom the words of the poet accurately describē:

“So fair in show, but ah! in act
So overrun with vermin troubles,
The coarse, sharp-cornered ugly Fact
Of Life collapses all his bubbles;
Like a clear fountain, his desire
Exults and leaps toward the light;
In every drop it says ‘Aspire,’
Striving for more ideal hight;
And as the fountain, falling thence,
Crawls baffled through the common gutter,
So, from his bravery’s eminence,
He shrinks into the present tense
Unkinged by sensual bread and butter.”

To say that he abjured his faith were to do him too much honor. The pope’s legate, the cardinals, the princes of Lorraine, and the Spanish ambassador, angled for him as for an enormous

gudgeon, and they baited the hook with crowns. Tunis in Africa was suggested as a somewhat desirable sovereignty. Sardinia, which was represented fertile as Arcadia, and wealthy as Aladdin's cave, might be had on easy terms. Nay, Scotland dangled from the glittering line, and the poor befooled hungerer after royalty put up his conscience to perpetual auction, and, like others of such unworthy traffickers, "did not increase his wealth by its price." The Reformation owes nothing to Antoine of Bourbon. By him the selfish and the worldly were introduced into its claims, and, shorn of its spiritual strength, it dwindled in after-reigns into a politico-religious partisanship, linking its high destinies with the personal ambitions of the rufflers of the camp and court, a menial at the levée of ministers, a sycophant in the audience-rooms of kings. Shame on thee, Antoine of Navarre! renegade and companion of persecutors! the *likeness* of a kingly crown is decoration enough for a puppet-head like thine. Pass quickly out of sight! for we are longing to look upon a MAN.

Behold him! Of ordinary stature, his limbs well-proportioned, his countenance calm and tranquil, and with a lambent glory resting on it, as if he had come recently from some Pisgah of divine communion; his voice agreeable and kindly, though, like Moses, slow of speech; his complexion good, betokening purity amid courtly

licentiousness, and temperance in an age of excesses; his bearing dignified and graceful; a skillful captain, an illustrious statesman, magnanimous in good fortune, unruffled in disaster; a patriot whom no ingratitude could alienate; a believer whose humble piety probed its own failings to the quick, but flung the mantle of its charity over the errors of others. Behold a MAN! That is Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, the military hero of the Reformation, whose only faults seem to have been excessive virtues, who was irresolute in battle, because too loyal to his king, who was lacking in sagacity, because, his own heart all transparent, he could scarcely realize the perfidy of others; Gaspard de Coligny, who lived a saint; Gaspard de Coligny, who died a martyr; one of the best, if not the greatest of Frenchmen. France engraves upon her muster-roll of worthies no braver or more stainless name.

While the rival leaders were contending for power, another influence, which all by turns feared and courted, was that of the queen-mother, the many-sided Catharine de Medicis. It is humiliating to our common nature to dwell upon the portraiture which, if history says sooth, must be drawn of this remarkable woman. Her character is a study. Remorseless without cruelty, and sensual without passion; a diplomatist without principle, and a dreamer without faith; a wife without affection, and a mother without feeling:

we look in vain for her parallel. She stands "grand and gloomy, in the solitude of her own originality." See her in her oratory! devouter Catholic never told his beads. See her in the cabinet of Ruggieri the astrologer! never glared fiercer eye into Elfland's glamour and mystery; never were filter and potion (alas! not all for healing) mixed with firmer hand. See her in the council-room! royal caprice yielded to her commanding will; soldiers faltered beneath her falcon glance who never cowered from sheen of spears, nor blenched at flashing steel; and hoary-headed statesmen who had made politics their study, confessed that she outmatched them in her cool and crafty wisdom. See her in disaster! more philosophical resignation never mastered suffering; braver heroism never bared its breast to storm. Strange contradictions are presented by her, which the uninitiated can not possibly unravel. Power was her early and her life-long idol, but when within her grasp she let it pass away, enamored rather of the intrigue than of the possession; a mighty huntress, who flung the game in largess to her followers, finding her own royal satisfactions in the excitement of the chase. Of scanty sensibilities, and without natural affection, there were times when she labored to make young lives happy, episodes in her romantic life, during which the woman's nature leaped into the day. Toiling constantly for the advancement of her sons, she

shed no tear at their departure, and sat intriguing in her cabinet, while an old blind bishop and two aged domestics were the only mourners who followed her son Francis to the tomb. Skeptical enough to disbelieve in immortality, she was prudent enough to provide, as she imagined, for any contingency; hence she had her penances to purchase heaven, and her magic to propitiate hell. Queenly in her bearing, she graced the masque or revel, smiling in cosmetics and perfumes; but *Vincenza* daggers glittered in her boudoir, and she culled for those who crossed her schemes flowers of the most exquisite fragrance, but their odor was death. Such was Catharine de Medicis, the sceptered sorceress of Italia's land, for whom there beats no pulse of tenderness, around whose name no clinging memories throng, on whom we gaze with a sort of constrained and awful admiration; as upon an embodiment of power—but power cold, crafty, passionless, cruel—the power of the serpent, which can not fail to leave impressions on the mind, but impressions of basilisk eye, and iron fang, and deadly gripe, and poisonous trail.

The first false step of the Protestants was the enterprise known as the conspiracy of Amboise. Exasperated by petty persecutions, and goaded by the remembrance of their wrongs, they plotted to expel the Guises from the land, and to restore the real government to the king. Terrible was the vengeance which succeeded. Twelve hundred

conspirators were put to death without investigation or trial, until the Loire was choked with the corpses of those who had been flung into its waters to drown. The immediate results of this ill-concerted scheme were to establish the Duke of Guise as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, with a powerful army at his bidding, and to enable the cardinal to fulminate an edict against heresy, by which it might be judged and doomed at an Episcopal tribunal. This roused the Huguenots to passion, and in some parts of the provinces to arms.

Then followed the Fontainebleau assembly, at which, in presence of the king and nobles, Coligny presented the petition of the Reformed, asking for the free performance of Protestant worship. "Your petition bears no signature," said Francis. "True, sire," was the admiral's reply; "but if you will allow us to meet for the purpose, I will undertake, *in one day*, to obtain fifty thousand signatures in Normandy alone." Such an assertion, from such lips, was no unholy gasconade, but indicated a threatening and deep reality of danger. As the result of the debates which followed, as no one seemed able to grasp the great idea of liberty of conscience, it was agreed that a national council should be summoned to determine upon the religious faith of France. The princes of Lorraine had prepared for this convocation arguments that were somewhat peculiar.

One was the assassination of the princes of Bourbon; the other was the banishment of every one who refused to sign a creed of the cardinal's devising—"A creed," says Jean de Serres, "that no man of the religion would have either approved or signed for a thousand lives." The first of these projects failed, from some touch of humaneness or cowardice which arrested the kingly dagger; the second failed because a pale horse, in the meanwhile, stood before the palace gate, and the rider passed the warders without challenge, and summoned the young king to give account at a higher tribunal. The death of Francis was, in fact, a revolution. For a while the court became Calvinist, feasting in Mid-Lent upon all the delicacies of the season, making sport of images and indulgences, of the worship of the saints, and of the authority of the pope. Another intrigue, however, restored the Guises to power, and their return was marked by the edict of 1561, which showed at once the animosity and the caution of the princes of Lorraine. The private worship of the Huguenots was sanctioned, but their public celebrations were forbidden, and they were promised a national council to adjust all differences of religion. This council met in the convent of Poissy, on the 9th of the following September. The boy-king, Charles IX., sat upon the throne. Six cardinals, with him of Lorraine at their head, and doctors, whose name was Legion, appeared

as the Catholic champions. Twelve ministers and twenty-two deputies from the Calvinistic churches were, by and by, admitted, rather as culprits than as disputants. The Genevese prized the safety of Calvin so highly, that they required securities for his protection, in the absence of which, the more courtly and eloquent Beza appeared in his stead. The discussion, like all others, failed utterly of the purpose which it was intended to effect. A dispute arose about the laws of the combat, and about the very issue that was put upon its trial. What were to be the questions of debate? "The whole round of the doctrines," said the Huguenots. "The authority of the Church, and the Real Presence of the sacrament," said the creatures of the cardinal. What was to be the test? "Holy Scripture as interpreted by tradition, and by the Fathers and Councils," said the followers of the Papacy. "Holy Scripture alone," was the sturdy reply of the Reformed. Who are to adjudge the victory? "The civil government," said Beza and his friends. "The Church authorities," was the Romanist rejoinder. Why dispute at all when all the conditions of controversy seem so hopelessly involved? Both parties agree in the answer: "Not to overcome our antagonists, but to encourage our friends." We shall not wonder, after this, that the colloquy at Poissy came to a speedy and resultless conclusion. The Huguenots were

at this time estimated by the chancellor to amount to one-fourth of the population, and though such calculations are of necessity uncertain, it is evident that they were no obscure sectaries, but a compact and powerful body, who could demand privilege in worship and redress from wrong.* The Guises, however, were incessant in their hostility; and after the secession of the frivolous Antoine of Navarre, who, with the proverbial animosity of the renegade, was rancorous in his hatred of his former friends, they sought aid for the extirpation of heresy from the forces of Spain. As the Duke of Guise was marching to Paris in support of this enterprise, he heard the bells of the little town of Vassy, in the province of Champagne, summoning the faithful to their prayers. With an oath, he exclaimed, "They shall soon Huguenotize in a very different manner," and he ordered them to be attacked. Unarmed as they were, they could only defend themselves with stones. It is said that one of these stones struck the duke upon the face, and that, in his anger, he let loose upon them all the fury of his armed retainers. Sixty were left dead upon the spot, and two hundred more were severely, some mortally, wounded. The news of this onslaught was carried speedily to Paris, and the duke on his entry had a trium-

* An edict was passed in January, 1562, which permitted them to meet for worship without the walls of any city of France.

phal ovation from the popalace, whom the priests had taught to regard him as the Judas Maccabeus of his country—the Heaven-sent and Heaven-strengthened defender of their endangered faith. Encouraged by his success, he seized upon the persons of the queen-mother and her son, and kept them in strict, but in gentle captivity. Then the whole land was roused. The butchery of those unarmed worshipers was the red rain which made the battle-harvest grow. Fearfully was the slaughter of those slain witnesses avenged; for from the massacre at Vassy, and from the seizure of the king, may be dated the commencement of the sad wars of religion; and of all wars there are none so fierce and so terrible as those of intestine strife, when fanaticism sounds the clarion, and nerves the frantic hand.

“When rival nations, great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Rush in ranks at war's alarms,
And feel a temporary hate;
The hostile storms but rage awhile,
And the tired contest ends;
But O! how hard to reconcile
The foes that once were friends.”

It is not our province to dwell largely upon the sad period which followed, nor to enter here into the vexed question as to how far the use of

the sword is, under any circumstances, defensible for the maintenance of religion. War is a terrible scourge, one of the direst and most appalling of the effects of sin. There is no more Christianity in the consecration of banners than there is in the baptism of bells—they who battle for the glory of renown, or for the lust of dominion—*sin*. The conqueror, who fights for conquest merely, is but a butcher on a grander scale: but when it becomes a question of life and liberty, of hearthstone and altar, of babes and home, it is a somewhat different matter; and one can hardly fancy a sublimer sight than “the eternal cross, red with the martyr’s blood, and radiant with the pilgrim’s hope, high in the van of men determined to be free;” though even in the sternest necessity that can compel to arms, so deceitful is the human heart, so easily can it mistake pride for patriotism, and baptize the greed of glory with the inspirations of religion, that we must ever feel that the camp should not be the chosen school for godliness, and that they have deepest need to claim a Savior’s intercession who have to meet their Maker with sword-hilt stained with slaughter, and with the hands uplifted in the dying litany, all crimsoned with a brother’s blood. The sentiments of Agrippa d’Aubigné, an historian of the sixteenth century, (whose name has again become illustrious in the field of historic literature in the person of Dr. Merle d’Aubigné,

his lineal descendant,) are worthy of being mentioned here: "It is ever worthy of note, that whenever the Reformed were put to death under the form of justice, however unjust and cruel the proceedings, they presented their necks, and never made use of their hands. But when public authority and the magistrates, tired of kindling the piles, had flung the knife into the hands of the mob, and by the tumults and wholesale massacres of France had deprived justice of her venerable countenance, and neighbor murdered neighbor by sound of trumpet and by beat of drum, who could forbid these unhappy men opposing force to force, and sword to sword, and catching the contagion of a just resentment from a resentment destitute of all justice! Let foreign nations decide which party has the guilt of civil war branded on their forehead."

Both parties asked for aid from other nations in the struggle. Spearmen from Spain, and soldiers from Italy, obeyed the summons of the pontiff to the new crusade; Germans and English enrolled for the assistance of the Huguenots; and the Swiss, with mercenary impartiality, stood ready for the cause which had the longest purse and readiest pay. Both sides put forth manifestoes, both professed to be moved with zeal for the glory of God, and both swore fealty to their lawful sovereign. At the commencement of hostilities the Huguenots gained some advantages,

but they wasted their time in useless negotiation, while their adversaries acted with vigor. They labored, indeed, under the misfortune of being led by the Prince of Condé, who, though a brave soldier, was of the blood-royal of France, and might one day, if he did not commit himself too far, be lieutenant-general of the kingdom. It is a grievous thing, in a struggle for principle, to be cursed with a half-hearted commander. Fancy the sturdy Puritans of our own country, led to battle by some gay Duke of Monmouth, instead of "trusting in God, and keeping their powder dry," at the bidding of Ireton and Cromwell!

The death of Antoine of Navarre, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Rouen, the fall of Marshal St. André on the field of Dreux, and the assassination of the Duke of Guise, which to the soured temper of the homicide seemed but a legitimate act of reprisal, were the occasions of that suspension of hostilities which resulted in the hollow treaty of Amboise. It satisfied neither party, and was at best only an armed truce, during which frightful enormities were committed on both sides. War speedily broke out again, and the Catholics triumphed on the plains of St. Denis, though the Constable de Montmorency, the last of the triumvirs, died of a wound which he had received upon the field. Again, during the progress of the conflict, did the Huguenots appear

to prevail; and again did the matchless cunning of the queen-mother triumph over the unstable leader, and he signed the peace of Longjumeau, "which," says Mezeray, "left his party at the mercy of their enemies, with no other security than the word of an Italian woman." The treaty never existed, save on paper; the foreign mercenaries were still retained in the kingdom; the pulpit resounded with the doctrine that no faith should be kept with heretics; the streets of the cities were strewed with the corpses of the Huguenots, ten thousand of whom in three months of treaty were barbarously slain. The officer of the Prince de Condé, while carrying the terms of peace, was arrested and beheaded, in defiance of the king's safe-conduct; and the prince and the admiral, fleeing from an enemy whom no ties could restrain, nor oaths could bind, flung themselves into the city of Rochelle. Thither came the heroic Queen of Navarre with an army of four thousand men; thither flocked also the most renowned captains of the party; so that, at the commencement of the third war of religion, the Huguenots had at command a more considerable force than ever, and Coligny repeated the aphorism of Themistocles: "My friends, we should have perished, if we had not been ruined." On the bloody fields of Jarnac and Montcontour, where the Duke of Anjou, afterward Henry III., won his first spurs of fame, their ruin seemed to be com-

plete; for their army was well-nigh exterminated, and of their leaders, the Prince of Condé and D'Andelot, the brother of Coligny, were slain; and the admiral himself was carried, weary and wounded, from the field. But nothing could daunt the spirit of this brave soldier, and while the victors were quaffing their nectar of triumph, and carousing in the flush of victory, he appeared before the gates of Paris at the head of a still stronger and better disciplined army. Again, peace was concluded, and the Reformed, in appearance, obtained more favorable terms. The leaders came to Paris, and were received with fair show of amity by the king and court; but it was only a brief interval of repose, soon to be succeeded by dismay and confusion, for even then the dark Italian and the fanatic Spaniard were brooding over the fierce tragedy to follow.

For the honor of humanity, let us pass rapidly over the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that premeditated and most infamous atrocity. On the 24th August, 1572, at the noon of night, fit time for deeds of blood, the queen-mother and her two guilty sons were shivering in all the timidness of cruelty in the royal chamber. They maintained a sullen silence, for conscience had made cowards of them all. As they looked out uneasily into the oppressed and solitary night, a pistol-shot was heard. Remorse seized upon the irresolute monarch, and he issued orders to arrest the tra-

gedy. It was too late, for the royal tigers at his side, anticipating that his purpose might waver, had already commanded the signal, and even as they spoke the bell of St. Germain aux Auxerrois tolled, heavy and dooming, through the darkness. Forth issued the courtly butchers to their work of blood. At the onset the brave old admiral was massacred, the Huguenots in the Louvre were dispatched by halberdiers, with the court ladies looking on. Armed men, shouting "For God and the king," traversed the streets, and forced the dwellings of the heretics. Sixty thousand assassins, wielding all the weapons of the brigand and the soldier, ran about on all sides, murdering, without distinction of sex or age, or suffering, all of the ill-fated creed; the air was laden with a tumult of sounds, in which the roar of arquebus and the crash of hatchet mingled with blaspheming taunt and dying groan.

"For hideously mid rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter."

The populace, already inflamed by the sight of blood, followed in the track of slaughter, mutilating the corpses, and dragging them through the kennels in derision. The leaders, the Dukes of Guise, Nevers, and Montpensier, riding fiercely from street to street, like the demons of the storm, roused the passion into phrensy by their

cries — "Kill, kill! Blood-letting is good in August. By the king's command. Death to the Huguenot! Kill!" On sped the murder, until city and palace were gorged. Men forgot their manhood, and women their tenderness. In worse than Circean transformation, the human was turned into the brutal, and there prowled about the streets a race of ghouls and vampires, consumed with an appetite for blood. The roads were almost impassable from the corpses of men, women, and children—a new and appalling barricade; "The earth was covered thick with other clay, which her own clay did cover." Paris became one vast Red Sea, whose blood-waves had no reflux tide. The sun of that blessed Sabbath shone with its clear kind light upon thousands of dishonored and desolate homes; and the air, which should have been hushed from sound until the psalm of devotion woke it, carried upon its startled billows the yells of fierce blasphemers, flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits, like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The massacre was renewed in the provinces; for seven long days Paris was a scene of pillage; fifteen thousand in the capital, and one hundred thousand throughout the whole of France, are supposed to have perished, many by the edge of

the sword, and many more by the protracted perils of flight and of famine.

Consider all the circumstances of St. Bartholomew's massacre; the confederacy which plotted it in secret; the complicity of the king and court; the snares laid for the feet of the Huguenots; the solemn oaths of safety under whose attestation they were allured to Paris; the kisses by which, like the Redeemer whom they honored, they were betrayed to ruin; "the funeral meats which coldly furnished forth the marriage tables;" the dagger of wholesale murder, whetted upon the broken tables of the Decalogue, and put by priests and nobles into the hands of a maddened crowd; the long continuance of the carnage, the original as it was of the Reign of Terror; and, lastly, the uplifting of red hands in thanksgiving, the ringing of joy-bells at Madrid and Rome, and the baptism of all this horrible butchery by the insulted name of religion; and we can not avoid the conclusion that nothing in the annals of human history involves such flagrant violations both of earthly and heavenly law, that there is a combination of atrocious elements about it for which we look elsewhere in vain, and that it stands in unapproachable turpitude, the crime without a shadow and without a parallel.

We dwell upon the wars of religion and the tragedy of St. Bartholomew, not to keep alive

olden animosities, but to induce our thankfulness that we live in kindlier times; to inspire a more reverent appreciation of the priceless heritage of religious freedom; and not least, to impress upon our hearts the truth that banded armies and battle's stern array are no meet missionaries of "the truth as it is in Jesus." O, never, we may boldly say it, never did the cruelties of war, nor the tortures of tyranny, advance one iota the cause of our holy religion. The Crusader's lance reclaimed no Saracen from his error. The scimitar of the Moslem might establish a military domination, but the fear of it wrought no spiritual change. Covenanters still gathered in the dark ravine, and raised the perilous psalm, though the sleuth-hound tracked them through the wild wood, and some whom the soldiers of Claverhouse had slaughtered were missing from each successive assembly. With the torture and the stake in prospect, the coward lip might falter, and the recreant hand might sign the recantation, but the heart would be Protestant still. Christianity is a spiritual kingdom, and no carnal weapons glitter in her armory. To her zealous but mistaken friends who would do battle for her, she addresses the rebuke of her Master, "Put up thy sword into its sheath again, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A beautiful and healing presence! she comes to soothe, not to irritate—to unite, not to estrange; and, spurning adventitious

aids, and disdaining to use common methods of aggrandizement, she relies for triumph upon her own kingly truth, and upon that Divine Spirit who has promised to give it power. O, believe me, Christianity forges no fetters for conscience; she rejoices not, but shudders at the stream of blood! While, on the one hand, it were insult to the sincerity of faith to proffer boon in requital for devotion; on the other, it were foul felony of the crown-rights of man to rob even a beggar of a single motive for his worship, and that were an unworthy espousal, which would wed the destiny of heaven to the intrigues of earth, and "hang the tatters of a political piety upon the cross of an insulted Savior."

Alas! that in our fallen nature there should be such a strange disposition to make persecution coeval with power. Calvin raised no voice in the Genevan council against the sentence which adjudged Servetus to the stake. The fanatic Roundhead, in his day of power, searching the baronial hall for hidden cope and missal, was, to the full, as brutal and unlovely, and, because he had clearer light, more criminal than was the roystering cavalier. The Pilgrim fathers, men honored for conscience' sake now as much as they were despised a century ago, were not long established in their Goshen home, when, remindless of their own sharp discipline, they drove out the Quakers into the Egypt of the wilderness beyond. The

fact is, that persecution generates persecution; the lash and the fetters debase as well as agonize the races of the captive and the slave. Hence, wars have been waged, cities sacked, property pillaged, lives massacred, all, in the judgment of the perpetrators of the crimes, "for the glory of God." Hence, history presents us with so many lustrations of blood offered at the shrine of some pagan Nemesis in the sacred name of Liberty. Hence, also, there is yet among the marvelous inconsistencies of the world, a nation with the cry of freedom ever on its lips, defiant of all others in its rude and quarrelsome independence, and at its feet, with heart all wildly beating, and eye all dim with tears, there crouches an imploring sufferer, type of thousands like him, whose only crime is color, who dare not lift himself up openly and in the face of the sun, and say, "I myself also am a MAN."

While, however, we admit this tendency, and watch over its beginnings in ourselves; while we confess that in the sad wars of religion there were Michelades as well as Dragonades, Huguenot reprisals as well as Romanist massacres, we ought not to omit to notice one essential difference which should be ever kept in mind: when Protestants persecute, they persecute of their own "malice aforethought," and in direct opposition to the rescripts of their holy religion; in the other system, persecution is no exotic growth, but

springs indigenous and luxuriant from the system itself. Persecution, in the one case, is by Protestants, not of Protestantism; in the other case, it is not so much by Romanists, as of Popery. I rejoice to believe that there are multitudes of high-hearted and kindly Roman Catholics who are men, patriots, ay, and Christians too, in spite of their teachings in error. And I am proud of my country and of my humanity, when, in the breach and in the battle, on the summit of Barossa or in the trenches at Sebastopol, I see nationality triumph over ultramontaniam, and the inspiration of patriotism extinguish the narrowness of creed. But if the spirit of persecution be not in the heart of the Catholic, it is in the *book* of Popery, in the decretal, in the decision of the council, in the fulmination of the Pope. The Church of Rome can only save her charity at the expense of her consistency. Let her erase the "*Semper eadem*" which flaunts upon her banner. There is an antiquated claim of infallibility, too, put forward on her behalf sometimes, which she had better leave behind her altogether. But she can not change. When she erases penal statutes from her registers, and coercion and treachery from her creed; when we see her tolerant in the countries where she lords it in ascendancy, as she would fain have us think her in our own, where, thank God, she yet only struggles for the mastery; when she no longer contemplates haughty and insolent aggres-

sion; when lady tract-distributers are no longer incarcerated, and when Madiais are free; when papal protection comes not in the form of grape-shot over Tahitian women; when metallic arguments are no longer threatened from French corvettes against King George of Tonga; when all these marvels come to pass (and when they do, there's hope of the millennium)—then, possibly, we may listen more willingly to the advances of Popery; but until then, it is the duty of us all, while careful to preserve our own charity—wanting neither gags, nor gibbets, nor penalties, nor prisons, discarding all the questionable modes in which the earth has sometimes helped the woman, allowing the fullest liberty to hold and to diffuse opinion, robbing of no civil right, and asking for no penal bond—to take our stand, as did our brave and pious fathers, by the precious altars of our faith, and to cry in the homesteads of our youth, and in the temples of our God, “All kindness to our Romanist fellow-subjects, but a barred door to Popery, and NO PEACE WITH ROME.”

Horrible as was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the subsequent celebrations of it were yet more revolting. Rome and Madrid were intoxicated with joy. Pope Gregory and his cardinals went to church, amid the jubilee of citizens, and the booming of cannon, to render God thanksgiving for the destruction of the Church's enemies. A medal was struck to commemorate the event

to the faithful, and a picture of the massacre embellished the walls of the Vatican. Protestant Europe was struck with astonishment and horror. Germany began to hold the name of Frenchman in abhorrence. Geneva appointed a day of fasting and prayer, which continues to this day. Knox, in the Scottish pulpit, denounced vengeance for the deed, with all the boldness of the Hebrew prophet; and when the French ambassador made his appearance at the court of Queen Elizabeth, she allowed him to pass without a word of recognition through files of courtiers and ladies clad in the deepest mourning.

Shortly after these events, Charles IX. miserably died, consumed with agonies of remorse, and whether from corrosive sublimate, or from some new and strange malady, with blood oozing out of every pore of his body. Henry III., his brother and successor, was a strange medley of valor and effeminacy, of superstition and licentiousness. His youth of daring was followed by a voluptuous and feeble manhood. He was crafty, cowardly, and cruel. One of the chief actors in St. Bartholomew's tragedy, he afterward caused the assassination of his *confrere*, the Duke of Guise, who was poniarded in the royal presence-chamber. When revolt was ripe in his provinces, and treason imperiled his throne, he would break off a council assembled on gravest matters, that he might sigh over the shipwreck

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of a cargo of parrots, or deplore in secret the illness of some favorite ape. The leaguers hated him, and preached openly regicide and rebellion. The Huguenots distrusted him, and Henry of Navarre routed his armies on the field of Coutras. Gifted with high talents, and of kingly presence, he shrank into the shadow of a man—a thing of pomatums and essences—the object of his people's hate and scorn. His reign was a continual succession of intrigue and conspiracy between all the parties in the realm; and in 1589, he fell by the knife of Jacques Clement, who was canonized by the Pope for the murder; and the Vicar of Christ, seated in full consistory at Rome, dared the blasphemous avowal, that the devotion of this assassin formed no unworthy comparison with the sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer. In Henry III. terminated the "bloody and deceitful" race of Valois, "who did not live out half their days." Francis I. died unregretted; Henry II. was killed by the lance of Montgomery; Francis II. never came of age; Charles IX. expired in fearful torments; Henry III. was murdered by a Dominican friar; the Duke d'Alençon fell a victim to intemperance; Francis and Henry, successive Dukes of Guise, fell beneath the daggers of assassins. The heads of the persecutors came not to the grave in peace. It is not without an intelligible and solemn purpose, that retribution should thus have dogged the heels of tyranny.

O, strange and subtle affinity between crime and punishment! Lacratelle, in his "History of the Wars of Religion," has accumulated the proofs that nearly all the actors in the massacre of St. Bartholomew suffered early and violent deaths. In the earlier persecutions of the Reformed, the clergy instigated the cutting out of the tongues of the victims, to stifle their utterances of dying heroism. See the sad example followed by the frantic populace against the clergy, two hundred and fifty years afterward, in the reign of terror. In the time of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Loire was choked with common victims; in the time of Carrier of Nantes, it ran with noble blood! Henry, Duke of Guise, kicked the corpse of Coligny on the day of St. Bartholomew, with the exclamation, "Thou shalt spit no more venom." Sixteen years passed over, and the monarch of France, spurning the slain body of this very Duke of Guise, exclaimed, "Now, at length I am a king." Charles IX. in the phrensy of cowardice, or in the contagion of slaughter, pointed an arquebus at the flying Huguenots; two hundred years after, Mirabeau brought from the dust of ages that same arquebus, and pointed it at the throne of Louis XVI. Beza spoke truly when he said, "The Church is an anvil upon which many a hammer hath been broken." "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and though "the heathen have raged, and

the kings of the earth taken counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed," drifted corpses on the Red Sea shore, Babylon's monarch slain in his own palace, scattered vessels of a proud armada, wise men taken in their own craftiness, the downfall of a fierce oppressor, the crash of a desolated throne, tiny things working deliverance, the perfection of praise ordained from the lips of babes: all these have proved that "He that sitteth in the heavens doth laugh; the Lord doth have them in derision." The bush in the wilderness has been often set on fire; flames have been kindled on it by countless torches, flaring in incendiary hands; but the torches have gone out in darkness, the incendiaries have perished miserably, and

"The bush itself has mounted higher
And flourished, unconsumed, in fire."

HENRY OF NAVARRE succeeded to the throne, but found himself in the peculiar position of a king who had to conquer his kingdom. The leaguers refused allegiance, and set up as king the old Cardinal of Bourbon, under the name of Charles X. The Duke of Mayenne had convened the states-general in Paris, and was ready to be the Catholic champion, and many of the nobles attached to the party of the court, refused to march

under a Huguenot leader. The Protestant captains remained faithful and were less exacting. The chief of them, the Duke de Bouillon, de Chatillon, the son of Coligny, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Lanoue, the illustrious Duplessis Mornay, and the still more illustrious Baron de Rosny, afterward Duke of Sully, rallied round him and inspired his small army of seven thousand men. At the head of this army, scanty in numbers, but sturdy in valor, and having the new obligation of loyalty added to the old obligation of religion, Henry joined battle with his adversaries and triumphed both at Arques, and on the memorable field of Ivry. A few days before the latter battle, Schomberg, general of the German auxiliaries, demanded the arrears of payment for his soldiers. The finances fell short, and the matter was reported to the king. In the first moment of impatience, he said, "They are no true men who ask for money on the eve of a battle." Repenting of his ill-timed vivacity, he hastened before he went into action to offer reparation. "General," said he, in the presence and hearing of his troops, "I have offended you; this battle will perhaps be the last of my life. I know your merit and your valor, I pray you pardon and embrace me." Schomberg replied, "It is true, Sire, that your Majesty wounded me the other day; but to-day you have killed me; for I shall feel proud to die on this occasion in your service." In the hour

of danger Henry called to mind the instructions of his pious mother. Raising his eyes to heaven, he invoked God to witness the justice of his cause. "But, Lord," said he, "if it has pleased thee to ordain otherwise, or if thou seest that I shall be one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me my life and crown together, and may my blood be the last that shall be shed in this quarrel." Then riding through the ranks cheerful as a lover speeding to his bridal, he thus addressed his soldiers, "You are Frenchmen, I am your king, and yonder is the enemy." Pointing to a white plume which he had fastened in his helmet, "My children," he said, "look well to your ranks. If the standards fall, rally round my white plume, it will show you the short road to glory." Animated by strains like these, the soldiers fought like heroes, the leaguers were utterly routed, and the French historians say that this single field of Ivry has covered Henry of Navarre with a wreath of immortal fame. It has indeed immortalized him, though in a manner on which they would hardly calculate, for it has throned his memory in the clarion stanzas of Macaulay's undying song:

"O, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land,
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand.
 And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's impurpled flood,
 And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

"The king has come to marshal us, all in his armor drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high:
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line a deafening shout, 'God save our Lord the King.'
 An' if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray;
 Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

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"A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre:
 Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein,
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and broken mail.

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"But we of the religion have borne us best in fight,
 And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white;
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
 Up with it high! unfurl it wide! that all the host may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
 Church such woe;
 Then on the ground while trumpets sound their loudest point of
 war,
 Fling the red shreds—a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

"Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the
brave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!"

After this spirit-stirring eulogy, it may seem rather an anti-climax to question whether the cause of the Huguenots has, in the long run, been furthered or damaged by the patronage of Henry of Navarre. Indeed, it was in many respects a grievous misfortune to the interests of Protestantism in France that it was allied for so many years to the fortunes of the house of Bourbon. It was deserted and betrayed by them all. Anthony of Navarre forsook it in hope of a sovereignty; his brother, Louis of Condé, for the chance of becoming lieutenant-general; the younger Condé, to save his life on St. Bartholomew; Henry IV., not content with one apostasy, was recreant twice, first for the preservation of his life, and then for the preservation of his crown; and the three following Bourbons "persecuted this way unto the death." Surely, if they of the Reformed had been docile scholars, apt to learn the lessons of experience and wisdom, they would

have profited earlier by the admonition, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." The abjuration of Protestantism by Henry IV. has found some earnest and zealous defenders. It is said, that by adhering to the Reformed Church, he would have prolonged war, dismembered France, been a king without a crown and without a kingdom, abdicated in favor of the Guise, and delivered up the defenseless Huguenots to the blind fury of the Leaguers and their party. On the other hand, by returning to the Romish communion, he would have restored peace, secured toleration, established an empire, and transmitted a dynasty. With what reason, say they, in the prospect of such consequences, could he persist in the maintenance of a creed, to which he had only given, at any time, a traditional and thoughtless adhesion? Such apologists are worse than any accusers. Henry of Navarre, with all his faults, was a truer man than these defenders make him. He was no hypocrite when he led his gallant troops at Coutras and at Ivry; and to suppose that for long years he conducted one of the deadliest wars which France has ever known without one honest enthusiasm or a solitary religious inspiration, is to fasten upon him the brand of a colossal blood-guiltiness for which history would scarcely find a parallel. Some ascribe his apostasy to a humane and politic foresight; others, quite as plausibly,

to the absence of commanding principle, the power of seductive influences, and a weakness for sensual pleasure. But whether prompted by godless expediency, or by fatal flexibility to the influences of evil, it was a great sin. It deserves sharp and stern reprobation. Taking the best view of it, it exalted human sagacity above God's great laws of truth and right, which can not be violated with impunity. Taking the worst view of it, it was an impious blasphemy against all sacred things; in the strong, but just words of a modern French historian, "a lie from beginning to end." But honesty is the best policy, as well as the noblest practice; and it may be questioned fairly whether the abjuration was not, *à la Talleyrand*, "worse than a crime—a blunder;" whether the political results of it were not fraught as much with mischief as with blessing. It conciliated the Catholics, but by presenting religion as a profession which might be changed like a garment, it tended to sap the foundations of all piety, and prepared the way for those godless philosophizing ideas which cursed the France of the future with a blaspheming and destructive infidelity. It gave the Huguenots a comparative and mistrusted toleration, but it robbed them of their severer virtues, and imperiled their consistency by the contagion of its scandalous example. It secured to himself a reign of seventeen years, but they were years of vice and terror, abruptly

terminated by the assassin's dagger. It rescued France from the rivalry of a disputed succession, but it entailed upon her two centuries of misrule and despotism. It transmitted the crown to seven of his posterity in succession; but one was a monkish hypochondriac, one has left an infamous and execrated name, three were deposed by their tumultuous subjects, and one perished on the scaffold. Louis XIV. seems to be the only exception to the fatality which, like a weird-spirit of disaster, waited upon the house of Bourbon; and even he—a despot and a debauchee, a prodigal and a persecutor—entailed ruin, if he did not suffer it, upon his name and race. So true are the maxims of the Holy Book: "A lying tongue is but for a moment, but the lip of truth shall be established forever." "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

We have said that there was in the character of Henry of Navarre a fatal flexibility to evil influences, and we are inclined to think that if we regard him as too indolent to rebel against the pressure of present advisers, constant only in fickleness, we shall explain many of the seeming inconsistencies of his conduct and of his reign. He seems to have had mingled with the bravery and intellect which he undoubtedly possessed, a marvelous ductility which yielded to well-nigh every touch of interest or passion. He never

seems to have said "No," to any one. "My son," said Jeanne d'Albret, "swear fealty to the cause of the Reformed." The oath was taken. "My brother," said Charles IX., "don't bury yourself in the country, come to court." Henry came. "Don't you think you had better marry Marguerite of Valois?" No objections. "The mass or the massacre," thundered out the assassins on the day of St. Bartholomew. "O the mass, by all means." "Follow after pleasure," whispered Catharine de Medicis; "kings and princes are absolved from too strict adhesion to the marriage vow." Henry too readily obeyed. "Let us form an alliance," said Henry of Valois, although he had told the States at Blois that they were not to believe him, even if he promised with most sacred oaths that he would spare the heretics. "With all my heart," was the reply of Navarre. "Become Catholic," shouted the nobles of the court, "and we will swear allegiance." "Wait a bit," was the answer of the king. "Abjure," was the soft whisper of the all-powerful Gabrielle d'Estrées; "the pope can annul your marriage, and then ours shall be love and gladness." Henry abjured. "Sire, we look to you for protection," respectfully said the Reformed. "O, of course; only if I should seem to favor the Catholics, remember the fatted calf was killed for the prodigal, and you are the elder son." "Sire, don't you think it rather hard upon the Jesuits

sessions here; every thing connected with the present life is fleeting; plans formed in oversight and executed in wisdom are, by adverse circumstances, rendered abortive and fruitless; gourds grow for our shade, and we sit under them with delight; the mildew comes, and they are withered; friends twine themselves around our affections, and as we come to know them well and love them, they are sure to die; and upon crumbling arch, and ruined wall, and battlemented hight, and cheeks all pale that but a while ago blushed at the praise of their own loveliness, old Time has graven in the word of the preacher, that there is nothing unchangeable in man except his tendency to change. But it is a characteristic of the future life, that it is that which abideth; the lapse of time affects not those who live eternally; theirs is immortal youth; no enemy, however organized and mighty, can avail to deprive them of it; no opposition, however subtile and powerful, can wrest it from him with whom it is secure. Where is it hidden? With Christ; the safest place in the universe, surely, for anything belonging to Christ's people. Where he is, in that land irradiated with his presence, and brightening under the sunshine of his love; on that mountain whose sacred inclosure God's glory pavilions, and within which there shall in no wise enter anything that shall hurt or destroy. Where is this hidden? In God, in the great heart of God, who

is never faithless to his promise, and whose perfections are pledged to confer it upon persevering believers. O, we will not fear. Unbelief may suggest to us its thoughts of suspicion and warning; fear may shrink back appalled from a way so untried and dangerous; passion may stir our unruly elements in our too carnal minds, and presumptuously fight against our faith; our ancient enemy may do his best to aggravate into intenser force the giant war; but we will not fear; our life shall be given to us, for it is hidden with Christ in God. Even now, in the prospect, we feel a joy of which the world wotteth not—heart-warm, fervent, entrancing, a joy which we may suffer to roam unchecked in its raptures because it is based upon the truth divine.

III. We pass on, thirdly, to the Christian's prospects. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

These words imply two things: first, enjoyment; and secondly, manifestation.

They imply, first, enjoyment. We observed before, that revelation has not been minute in her discoveries of the better land; we have the outlines of the purpose before us, but the details are withheld; and yet enough is revealed not merely to fulfill, but to exalt our highest hopes. The similitudes under which the recompense is pre-

sented in Scripture can not fail to fill us with anticipations of the most delightful kind. It is brought before us, you remember, as an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled; as a paradise ever vernal and blooming; and, best of all, amid those trees of life there lurks no serpent to destroy; as a country through whose vast region we shall traverse with untired footsteps, and every fresh revelation of beauty will augment our knowledge, and holiness, and joy; as a city whose every gate is of jewelry, whose every street is a sun-track, whose wall is an immortal bulwark, and whose ever-spreading splendor is the glory of the Lord; as a temple through which gusts of praise are perpetually sweeping the anthems of undying hosannas; above all, as our Father's house where Christ is, where our elder brother is, making the house ready for the younger ones, where all we love is clustered, where the outflowings of parental affection thrill and gladden, and where the mind is spell-bound, for aye, amid the sweet sorceries of an everlasting home. Is there no enjoyment in images like these? Does not the very thought of them make the fleet blood rush the fleeter through the veins? And yet these and far more are the prospects of the Christian: knowledge without the shadow of an error, and increasing throughout eternity; friendship that never unclasps its hand, or relaxes from its embraces; holiness without spot or wrinkle, or any

such thing; the presence of God in beatific and imperishable vision, combine to make him happy each moment, and to make him happy forever.

Then these words imply manifestation as well as enjoyment. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." The world says, "You talk about your life being hidden; the fact is, it is lost; it is only a gloss of yours to say it is hidden." But it is not lost, it is only hidden; and when Christ, who has it, shall appear, "then shall ye also appear," to the discomfiture of scoffers and to the admiration of all them that believe; "then shall ye also appear with him in glory." The worldling looks at Christians now, and, in some of his reflective moods, he finds a great difference between them, but it is a difference he can hardly understand. With his usual short-sightedness, and with his usual self-complacency, he imagines the advantage to be altogether upon his own side; he looks at the outside of the man, and judges foolish judgment. Perhaps he glances at his garments, and they are tattered, it may be, and homely, and he turns away with affected disdain. Ah! he knows not that beneath that beggar's robe there throbs a prince's soul. Wait a while; bide your time; stop until the manifestation of the sons of God. With what different feelings will earth's despised ones be regarded at the bar of judgment and before the throne divine! How will they appear

when they are confessed, recognized, honored, in the day when he is ashamed of the wicked, and when the hell beneath and the hell within will make them ashamed of themselves? "Beloved," says the rejoicing apostle, "now are we the sons of God;" that is something, that is no mean gift, that is no small bestowment, to have that in hand; "now are we the sons of God." "Salvation," it is as if the apostle had said, "is a small thing, a thing unworthy of a God;" it is a small thing to take a captive out of a dungeon, and turn him loose upon the cold world's cruel scorn; it is a grand thing to take a captive out of a dungeon, and set him on a throne; and that is done with all those who believe on Jesus: being justified by faith, they have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. "And if children," (for they have received the adoption of sons,) "then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." O! salvation is not to be named in connection with the grand, the august, the stately splendor, the sonship, which is given unto those who put their trust in Christ. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; but it doth not yet appear what we shall be;" so transcendent, so surpassing is the recompense, that we can not conceive it now; "it doth not yet appear what we shall be;" it doth not yet appear even to ourselves; we shall be as much astonished at the splendor of the recompense as any one beside. O! when we are launched into

the boundless, when the attentive ear catches the first tones of heaven's melody, when there bursts upon the dazzled eye the earliest glimpse of beatific vision, how shall we be ready almost to doubt our own identity—"Is this I? It can not be the same. Is this the soul that was racked with anxiety and dimmed with prejudice, and stained with sin? Is this the soul whose every passion was its tempter, and that was harassed with an all-absorbing fear of never reaching heaven? Why, not an enemy molests it now; not a throb shoots across it now; those waters that used to look so angry and so boisterous, how peacefully they ripple upon the everlasting shore; and this body, once so frail and so mortal, is it, can it be, the same? Why, the eye dims not now; the cheek is never blanched with sudden pain; the fingers are not awkward now; but, without a teacher, they strike the harp of gold, and transmit along the echoes of eternity the song of Moses and the Lamb. This is conjecture, you say; not, we hope, unwarranted; but even now, dark as our glimpse is, unworthy as our conceptions are of the promised recompense, there is enough to exalt us into the poet's ecstasy, when, throned upon his own privilege, he sings:

"On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown."

IV. And now, then, you are ready for the duty, I am sure. "For your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." "Set your affection on things above." O! how solemnly it comes, with all this exceeding weight of privilege to back it! It silences the question urged, it overrides gainsaying; it is emphatic and solemn, and to the Christian resistless. "Set your affections on things above." For a Christian to be absorbed in the gainfulness of the world, or fascinated by its pleasures, is at once a grievous infatuation and a sin. It is as if a prince of high estate and regal lineage were to demean himself in the haunts of beggars, to the loss of dignity and imperiling the honor of his crown. What have you, the blood-royal of heaven, to do with this vain and fleeting show? Arise, depart; this is not your rest; it is polluted. And yet how many of you have need of the exhortation this morning, "Set your affections on things above?" Have you not—now let the spirit of searching come unto you—have you not, by your cupidity, avarice, and huckstering lust of gain, distanced the world's devotees in what they had been accustomed to consider their own peculiar walk? Have you not trodden so near the line of demarcation between professor and profane, that you have almost trodden on it, and almost trodden it out? Have you not, strangely enamored of

visions of distant joy, postponed as uninfluential and unworthy, the joy that abideth, or, like the man in the allegory, raked up with a perseverance that in aught else might have been laudable, the straws beneath your feet, while above your head there glittered the diadem of glory? O, awake! arise! this is not your rest; it is polluted. "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." If riches be your possession, be thankful for them; do all the good with them you can; if friends make music in your dwelling, regard them as rose-leaves scattered upon life, and by and by to drop from life away. Seek for bags that wax not old, friends that neither weep nor change in the unintermitting reunions of heaven's own glory.

How does this prospect of glory breathe encouragement to the soul in the sad season of bereavement! "He that believeth in Jesus," this is the promise, "though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on Jesus shall never die." Still sounds that great utterance of the Master running along the whole line of being, heard over the graves of the loved, amid rustling leaf, and fading flower, and withering grass, and dying man, "He that liveth and believeth in Jesus shall never die." Orphan, believest thou this? Widow, from whom the desire of thine eyes has been taken away with a stroke, believest thou this? Ah! some of us have got

friends safe-housed above the regions of the shadow and the storm, but we would not bring them back again. We would sing for them the hallowed pæan :

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,
Joy for thee! happy friend; thy bark hath passed
The rough sea's foam.
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled,
Home, home!
Thy peace is won, thy heart is filled!
Thou art gone home."

But we can listen to the voice which they find time to whisper to us in some of the rests of the music, "Be ye therefore followers of us who now, through faith and patience, are inheriting the promises."

Some of you have not got, perhaps, to the realization of this promise yet. There is a mis-giving within; there is a yet unsettled controversy between your Maker and yourself. You have not seen Jesus; you have not heard the pardoning voice or felt the power of the reconciling plan. O! come to Christ. To-day the Holy Spirit of Christ is here, waiting to take of the precious things of Christ, and to show them unto you; waiting this morning to do honor to Jesus. Hallow the consecration of this house by the consecration of the living temple of your hearts. God is no longer the unknown God, to be viewed with servile apprehension, or followed with slavish.

dread; he is God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. Redemption is no longer a theorem to be demonstrated, a problem to be solved, a riddle to be guessed by the wayward and the wandering; it is the great fact of the universe that Jesus Christ hath, by the grace of God, tasted death once for every man. Mercy is no longer a fitful and capricious exercise of benevolence; it is the very power, and justice, and truth of God. A just God: look that out in the Gospel dictionary, and you will find it means a Savior. Heaven is no longer a fortress to be besieged, a city to be taken, a high impregnable elevation to be scaled; it is the grand metropolis of the universe, to which the King, in his bounty, has thrown up a royal high-road for his people, even through the blood of his Son. O, come to Jesus with full surrender of heart, and all these blessings shall be yours. Some do not hold this language; they belong to this world, and are not ashamed to confess it. "Bring fresh garlands; let the song be of wine and of beauty; build fresh and greater barns, where I may bestow my fruits and goods." But then cometh the end. "The rich man died and was buried, and in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torment; and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom; he cried and said"—the only prayer that I know of, the whole Bible through, to a saint or angel, and that by a damned spirit, and never answered—"I pray thee, father Abra-

ham, that thou wouldst send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." Listen to it, the song of the lost worldling in hell. Who will set it to music? Which heart is tuning for it now? Sinner, is it thine? Is it thine? Don't put that question away. Ask yourselves and your consciences in the sight of God, and then come, repent of all your sins, flee for refuge to the hope that is laid before you in the Gospel, trusting in serene and child-like reliance upon Christ. Only believe, and yours shall be the heritage in the world to come.

THE APOSTLE'S GROUND OF TRUST.*

"But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ."—PHILIPPIANS iii: 7, 8.

THERE can be no sense of bondage in the soul when the tongue utters words like these. Albeit they flow from the lips of a prisoner, they have the true ring of the inner freedom, of the freedom which can not be cribbed in dungeons. They are the expressions of a far-sighted trust which yields to no adverse circumstances, which endures, as seeing him who is invisible, in the confidence of quiet power. There was a very tender relationship subsisting between Paul and the Philippian Church. They had sent Epaphroditus to visit him in his prison at Rome, to bear him their sympathies, and to administer their liberality, in his hour of need; and in return for their kindness,

* Delivered on Sunday evening, October 4, 1857, in Highbury Wesleyan Chapel, Islington.

and as a token of his unfailing love, he addressed them this epistle. It is remarkable that it contains no solitary word of rebuke, that it recognizes in them the existence of a grateful and earnest piety, and that it aims throughout at their consolation and encouragement. In the commencement of the present chapter he warns them against certain Judaizing teachers, who would fain have recalled them to the oldness of the letter, and who made the commandments of God of none effect by their tradition. "Beware of dogs, beware of evil-workers, beware of the concision." He tells them that the true seed of Abraham, the royal heritors of the covenant, are those who worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh. He proceeds to remind them that if there were benefit in external trusts, he stood upon a vantage-ground of admitted superiority. "Though I might also have confidence in the flesh. If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more: Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the Church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." But, putting all this aside, renouncing these grounds of confidence as carnal and delusive, resting in sublime reliance upon Christ, he records the noble declara-

tion of the text, at once the enduring testimony of his own faith and the perpetual strength of theirs. "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." We can conceive of no testimony better calculated than this to cheer the timid, or to confirm the wavering, to silence the misgivings of the doubtful, or cause the inquiring soul to sing for joy. All the conditions which we can possibly desire in order to render testimony accredited and valuable, are to be found here. It is not the utterance of a man of weak mind, infirm of purpose and irresolute in action, whose adhesion would damage rather than further any cause he might espouse. It is Paul, the apostle, who speaks, the sharp-witted student of Gamaliel, a match for the proudest Epicurean, versed in scholastic subtleties and in all the poetry and philosophy of the day, with a mental glance keen as lightning, and a mental grasp strong as steel. It is not the utterance of youth, impassioned and, therefore, hasty; sanguine of imagined good, and pouring out its prodigal applause. It is Paul, the man, who speaks, with ripened wisdom on his brow, and gathering around him the experience of years. It is not the utterance of the man of hereditary

belief, bound in the fetters of the past, strong in the sanctities of early education, who has imbibed a traditional and unintelligent attachment to the profession of his fathers. It is Paul, the sometime persecutor, who speaks, the noble quarry which the arrows of the Almighty struck down when soaring in its pride. It is he who now rests tenderly upon the cause which he so lately labored to destroy. It is not, finally, the utterance of inexperience, which, awed by the abiding impression of one supernatural event, and having briefly realized new hopes and new joys, pronounces prematurely a judgment which it would afterward reverse. It is Paul, the aged, who speaks, who is not ignorant of what he says and whereof he doth affirm, who has rejoiced in the excellent knowledge through all the vicissitudes of a veteran's life; alike amid the misgivings of a Church slow to believe his conversion, and amid the dissipation and perils of his journeys; alike when first worshiped and then stoned at Lystra, in the prison at Philippi, and in the Areopagus at Athens; alike when in the early council it strengthened him, "born out of due time," to withstand to the face of Peter, the elder apostle, because he was to be blamed, and when, melted into almost womanly tenderness on the sea-shore at Miletus, it nerved him for the heart-breaking of that sad farewell; alike when buffeting the wintry blasts of the Adriatic, and when standing silver-haired and

solitary before the bar of Nero. It is he of amplest experience who has tried it under every conceivable circumstance of mortal lot, who, now that his eye has lost its early fire, and the spring and summer are gone from him, feels its genial glow in the kindly winter of his years. Where can we find testimony more conclusive and valuable? Hear it, ye craven spirits, who would dastardly forswear the Master, and let it shame you into Christian manhood! Hear it, ye bruised and tender souls, that dare hardly venture faith on Jesus, and catching inspiration and courage from it, let your voices be heard:

"Hence, and forever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine."

In the further exhibition of this passage to-night, we ought to refer, in the first place, to the apostle's insufficient grounds of trust, and secondly, to the compensating power of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. I greatly fear, however, that the first part of the subject will be all that I can manage to compass within the time allotted for this evening's service. Our remarks will, therefore, mainly dwell upon the grounds of trust which the apostle here repudiates—"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

There is something remarkable in the way in which the apostle refers to the past, and the respectful manner in which he speaks of the faith of his fathers, and of his youth. It is often a sign rather of servility than of independence when men vilify their former selves. The apostle had not renounced Judaism in any moment of passion, nor in any prejudice of novelty. Strong convictions had forced him out of his old belief. He had emerged into a faith purer and more satisfying far. But there were memories connected with the fulfilled dispensation which he would not willingly let die. There were phases of his own inner life there. For long years Judaism had been to him his only interpreter of the divine, the only thing which met a religious instinct, active beyond that of ordinary men. The grounds of trust which he now found to be insufficient, had been the halting places of his soul in its progress from the delusive to the abiding, from the shadowy to the true. He could not forget that there hung around the system he had abandoned, an ancient and traditional glow: it was of God's own architecture; the pattern and its gorgeous ceremonial had been given by himself in the mount; all its furniture spoke of him in sensuous manifestation and magnificent appeal. His breath had quivered upon the lips of its prophets, and had lashed its seers into their sacred phrensy. He was in its temple service, and in its holy of holies; amid

shapes of heavenly sculpture the light of his presence ever rested in merciful repose. How could the apostle assail it with wanton outrage or flip-pant sarcasm? True, it had fulfilled its mission, and now that the age of spirituality and power had come, it was no longer needed; but the halo was yet upon its brow, and like the light which lingers above the horizon long after the setting of the sun, there shone about it a dim but heavenly splendor. While, however, the apostle was not slow to confess that there was glory in that which was to be done away, he was equally bold in affirming its absolute worthlessness in comparison with the yet greater glory of that which remained. "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." It will be found, I think, to be remarkable in the review of the grounds of trust, which the apostle here repudiates, how much there is kindred to them in the aspects of modern faith, and how multitudes now cling to them with tenacity, and hope to find in them their present and eternal gain. Let us remind you, then, for a few moments, of the catalogue of trusts which the apostle tried and repudiated.

The first thing he mentions is sacramental efficacy. "Circumcised on the eighth day." He names circumcision first, because it was the early and indispensable sacrament of the Jewish people, the seal of the Mosaic covenant, the distinguishing badge of the Israelites from all other nations

of mankind. Moreover, he tells us he had the advantage of early initiation—"Circumcised the eighth day." The Gentile proselytes could, of course, only observe the rite at the period of conversion, which might be in manhood or in age. But Paul was hallowed from his youth, from the eighth day of his life introduced into the federal arrangement, and solemnly consecrated to the service of the Lord. He was not insensible to this external advantage, but he does not hesitate to proclaim it worthless as a ground of acceptance with God. There are multitudes by whom baptism is regarded in the same reverent light as was circumcision by the Jews of old. If they do not absolutely rejoice in it, as the manner of some is, as the instrument of their regeneration, at least they have a vague notion of a benefit which they deem it to have conferred, and are living on the unexhausted credit of their parents' faith and prayer. If, in adult age, they make any profession of religion, it is by partaking of the Eucharist, whose elements they invest with mystic and transforming power. There is no inward change in them. They are conscious of no painstaking and daily struggle with corruption. They have no conflict for a mastery over evil. No perceptible improvement passes upon their conduct and habits from their periodical communions. And yet, absolutely, their only hope for the future, springs from the grace of the baptismal font, and

from the efficacy of the sacramental table; for they persuade themselves into the belief that as by the ordinance of baptism there was a mysterious conveyance to them of the title-deeds of an inheritance, so by the excellent mystery of the Lord's Supper they are as inexplicably ripened into meetness for its possession. Brethren, we would not undervalue the ordinances of God's appointing. We are not insensible to the benefit when believing parents dedicate their offspring unto God, when the hand of parental faith rests upon the ark of the covenant, and claims that there should be shed out upon the little ones the spiritual influences of the Holy Ghost. Chiefest among our religious memories, treasured in the soul with a delight which is almost awe, are some of those holy communions, when—the life infused into the bread, the power into the wine—Christ has been evidently set forth before his grateful worshipers, and strong consolations have trooped up to the heavenly festival. But it must not be forgotten that all the graces of ordinances, all the beatific and inspiring comforts which flow through Divinely appointed services, are not in the services themselves, but in the fullness of the loving Savior, the anointed one in the vision of Zechariah, without whom and without whose Spirit they could have neither efficacy nor power. Precious as are the collateral benefits of baptism, and hallowing as are the strength and blessing of the Holy

Eucharist, we do solemnly proclaim them worthless as grounds of acceptance before God. Hear it, ye baptized, but unbelieving members of our congregation! Hear it, ye devout and earnest communicants! Sacraments have no *atoning* virtue, no value at all except as avenues to lead the soul to Christ; and if, in a trust like this, you pass your lives, and if, in the exercise of a trust like this, you die, for you there can remain nothing but the agonizing wakening from a deception that will have outlasted life, and the cry wailed from the outside of a door, forever barred, "We were early dedicated unto thee! were accounted as thy followers; we have eaten and drank in thy presence; Lord, Lord, open unto us." That is the first ground of trust which the apostle here disclaims.

Passing on in the catalogue, we find that the second repudiated confidence is an honored parentage, "Of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews." To have been circumcised the eighth day, proved that he had been born of parents professing the Jewish faith; but, inasmuch as the Gentile proselytes also observed the rites of circumcision, it did not prove that he had been descended of the family of Israel. He, therefore, shows that in purity of lineal descent, in all those hereditary honors upon which men dwell with pride, he could boast with the proudest of them all. He was of the stock

of Israel. But ten of the tribes had revolted from their allegiance to Jehovah, had soiled their nobility by their vices, had entered into degrading companionship with surrounding idolaters. He, therefore, reminds them further, that he was of the tribe of Benjamin; illustrious, because it had given the first king to Israel; more illustrious, because, at the apostasy of Jeroboam it maintained purity of Divine worship, and held itself faithful among the faithlessness of many. Moreover, he had not been introduced into the federal relationship by personal adoption nor by the conversion of his fathers. There had been in his ancestry no Gentile intermarriages; he was "a Hebrew of the Hebrews." His genealogy was pure on both sides. There was no bar sinister in his arms. He was a lineal inheritor of the adoption, and the glory, and the covenant. There was much in all this on which in those times the apostle might have dwelt with pride; men, generally vaunt those honors which are theirs by birth.

It was no light thing surely, then, to belong to nobility that could trace its far descent from the worthies of the older world, to have for his ancestors those anointed and holy patriarchs who trod the young earth when unwrinkled by sorrow, undimmed by crime, untouched by the wizard wand of time; to have in his veins the same blood that marched proudly over the fallen ram-

parts of Jericho, or that bade the affrighted sun stand still at Gibeon, or that quailed beneath the dread thunders of the mount that burned. And yet all this accumulated pride of ancestral honor the apostle counted "loss for Christ." That the Jews prided themselves on their descent from Abraham, you may gather from many passages of Scripture. You remember when our Savior was conversing with them on the inner freedom, he was rudely interrupted with the words, "We be Abraham's children; we were never in bondage to any man." And that they regarded this descent from Abraham as in some sort a passport to heaven, we may gather from the Savior's rebuke, "Think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father, for I say unto you, that of these stones God is able to raise up children unto Abraham." And there are multitudes now, brethren, who have no better hope than this. There are many in this land of ours who are stifling the misgivings of conscience, and the convictions of the Holy Spirit, with the foolish thought that they have been born in a Christian country, surrounded with an atmosphere of privilege, or are the sons "of parents passed into the skies."

Look at that holy patriarch, forsaken of kindred, bankrupt in property, and slandered in reputation, "afflicted grievously and tempted sore," and yet holding his integrity as fast in his sackcloth as ever he did in his purple, and amid terrible re-

verses blessing the goodness which but claimed the gift it gave! Mark that honorable counselor, pious amid cares of state, and pomps, and pleasure, walking with God amid the tumult and luxury of Babylon, and from the companionship of kings speeding to his chamber that had its lattice open toward Jerusalem! Listen to that preacher of righteousness, as now with earnest exhortation, and now with blameless life, he testifies to the whole world, and warns it of its coming doom, and then, safe in the heaven-shut ark, is borne by the billows of ruin to a mount of safety. What sublime examples of consistency and piety are here! Surely, if a parent's faith can avail for children anything, it will be in the families of Noah, Daniel, and Job!

Now, listen—listen—ye who rest on traditional faith, ye who are making a raft of your parents' piety to float you over the dark, stormy water into church fellowship here, and into heavenly fellowship hereafter—listen to the solemn admonition: "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, as I live they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord God." Alas! if the grandson of Moses was an idolatrous priest; if the children of Samuel perverted judgment and took bribes; if David, the man after God's own heart, mourned in hopeless agony over Absalom dead! how sad the witness that religion is not a hereditary

possession! how appalling the danger lest you, children of pious parents, nursed in the lap and surrounded with the atmosphere of godliness, should pass down into a heritage of wrath and sorrow, aggravated into intenser hell for you by the remembrances of the piety of your fathers! That is the second ground of trust which the apostle disclaims.

Passing on in the catalogue, we find that the next repudiated confidence is religious authority. "As touching the law, a Pharisee." This was not the first time the apostle had made this affirmation. You remember that before the tribunal of the high priest he affirmed, with a not unholy pride, "I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee." And, at Agrippa's judgment-seat, he appealed even to the infuriated Jews whether he had not, according to the straitest sect of their religion, lived a Pharisee. And, indeed, there was much in those early times which an honest Pharisee might be excused for counting gain. The word has got, in our days, to be regarded as a sort of synonym for all that is hypocritical and crafty; but a Pharisee in the Jewish times, an honest, earnest Pharisee, was a man not to be despised. In an age of prevailing indifference, the Pharisee rallied around him all the godly religious spirit of the time. In an age of prevailing skepticism, the Pharisee protested nobly against the free-thinking Sadducee, and against the courtly Her-

odian. In an age of prevailing laxity, the Pharisee inculcated, by precept at all events, austerity of morals and sanctity of life. There might be ostentation in his broad phylacteries; at all events, it showed he was not ashamed of the texts which he had traced out upon the parchment. A love of display might prompt the superb decorations with which he gilded the tombs of the prophets; at all events, and that is no small virtue, he had not ceased to honor the memory of righteousness. There might be self-glory in his fasts, rigidly observed, and in his tithes, paid to the uttermost farthing; at all events, there was recognition of the majesty, and obedience to the letter of the law. I repeat it, in those early times there was much which an honest Pharisee might be excused for counting gain. But this also the apostle "counted loss for Christ."

There are multitudes now, I need not remind you, whose trust is their orthodoxy, whose zeal is their partisanship, whose munition of rocks is their union with the people of God. There is some danger, believe me, lest even the tender and hallowed associations of the Church should weaken the sense of individual responsibility. We are apt to imagine, amid the round of decorous externalisms, when the sanctuary is attractive and the minister approved, when there is peace in the borders and wealth in the treasury, when numbers do not diminish, and all that is

conventionally excellent is seen, that our own piety must necessarily shine in the luster of the mass, that we are spiritually healthy, and need neither counsel nor warning.

The Church to which we belong, perhaps, has "a name to live;" and we imagine that the life of the aggregate must, in some mysterious manner, imply the life of the individual. And though our conscience reproach us sometimes, and though we are frivolous in our practice, and censorious in our judgment of others, and though, in our struggle with evil, the issue is sometimes compromise and sometimes defeat, although attendances at religious ordinances, an occasional and stifled emotion under a sermon, a spasm of convulsive activity, a hurried and heartless prayer, are really the whole of our religion—we are sitting in our sealed houses, we pass among our fellows for reputable and painstaking Christians, and are dreaming that a joyous entrance will be ministered to us abundantly at last. O, for thunder-pealing words to crash over the souls of formal and careless professors of religion, and startle them into the life of God. I do solemnly believe that there are thousands in our congregations, in different portions of the land, who are thus dead while they are seeming to live; and with all fidelity I would warn you of your danger. It is a ghastly sight when the flowers of religious profession trick out a mortal corpse. It is a sad

entombment when the church or chapel is the vault of the confined spirit, "dead in trespasses and sins." That is the third ground of trust which the apostle here disclaims.

Passing on in the catalogue, we find that the fourth repudiated confidence is intense earnestness, "Concerning zeal, persecuting the Church." There was much in this that would awake a responsive chord in the heart of a bigoted Jew. The apostle tells us he was present at the martyrdom of Stephen; and in his zeal for the repression of what he deemed to be a profane mystery, he made havoc of the Church, breathed out threatenings and slaughter, and persecuted unto the death. Often, indeed, did the sad memory press upon him in his after life, bowing him to contrition and tears. "I am less than the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God." But there is incontestable evidence in all this of his zeal for the Jewish faith, that he did not hold the truth in unrighteous indolence, but that he exerted himself for its promulgation; that devotion with him was not a surface sentiment, nor an educational necessity, but a principle grasping, in the strong hand of its power, every energy of his nature, and infibred with the deepest affections of his soul. And there was much in all this, which men around him were

accustomed to regard as gain; but this also he esteemed "as loss for Christ."

I know no age of the world, brethren, when claim for the gainfulness of zeal, abstract zeal, would be more readily conceded than in the age in which we live. Earnestness, it is the god of this age's reverence. Men do not scrutinize too closely the characters of the heroes they worship. Mad ambition may guide the despotic hand; brain may be fired with dark schemes of tyranny; the man may be a low-souled infidel, or a vile seducer; he may be a poet stained with licentiousness, or a warrior stained with blood; let him be but earnest, and there is a niche for him in the modern Pantheon. And, as it is an understood principle that the character of the worshippers assimilates to the beings they worship, the devotees have copied their idols, and this is an earnest age. The trade spirit is in earnest; bear witness, those of you who have felt its pressure. Hence the unprecedented competitions of business; hence the gambling, which would rather leap into wealth by speculation, than achieve it by industry; hence the intense, the unflagging, indomitable, almost universal greed of gain. Men are earnest in the pursuit of knowledge. The press teems with cheap, and not always wholesome, literature. Science is no longer the heritage of the illuminati, but of the masses. The

common mind has become voracious in its appetite to know; and a cry has gone up from the people which can not be disregarded, "Give us knowledge, or else we die." It is manifest in all departments and in every walk of life. Men live faster than they used to do. In politics, in science, in pleasure, he is, he must be earnest who succeeds. He must speak loudly and earnestly who would win the heedful multitudes to listen. Such is the impetuosity of the time, that the timid and the vacillating find no foothold on the pavement of life, and are every moment in peril of being overborne and jostled aside, trampled down beneath the rude waves of the rushing and earnest crowd.

While such general homage is paid to earnestness, what wonder if some people should mistake it for religion; and if a man should imagine that, because he is zealous in the activities of benevolence, warmly attached to certain Church organizations, and in some measure sympathetic with the spiritual forces which they embody, he is really a partaker of the undefiled religion of the Bible? And I must go further than this. The tolerance—take it to yourselves those who need it—the tolerance with which believers in Christ—those who are really members of the Church, and have "the root of the matter" within them—the tolerance with which they talk about, and apologize for "the zealous but unconverted adjuncts of the

Church," tends very greatly to confirm them in their error. Cases throng upon one's memory and conscience as we think upon the subject.

There is a man—he has no settled faith at all in the principles of Christian truth; he is cast forever upon a sea of doubt and darkness; "ever learning, yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." He may consider without acting, till he dies. But what says the tolerant spirit of the age? "He is an earnest thinker, let him alone; he has no faith in the Bible; he has no faith in anything certain, settled, and indisputable, but he is an earnest thinker; and, although life may be frittered away without one holy deed to ennoble it, if he live long enough, he will grope his way into conviction by and by."

There is another man; he is not all we would wish him to be; he is unfrequent and irregular in attendance upon the ordinances of God's house; he is not always quite spiritually-minded; we should like to see him less grasping in his bargains; but he is an earnest worker, a zealous partisan, an active committee-man, and we hope all will be right with him in the end.

There is another man, and more chivalrous in his sense of honor; he is known to hold opinions that are dangerous, if not positively fatal, upon some vital subjects of Christian truth. But he is an amiable man; he is very kind to the poor; he has projected several measures of amelioration for

their benefit; the widow blesses him when she hears his name. He is an earnest philanthropist; and, thus sheltered in the shadow of his benevolence, his errors pass unchallenged, and have a wider scope for mischief than before.

I do solemnly believe that there are men who are confirmed in their infidelity to Christianity by the tribute thus paid to their zeal. It may be that some infatuated self-deceivers pass out of existence with a lie in their right hand, because earnestness, like charity, has been made to "cover a multitude of sins." Since there is this danger, it is instructive to find out what is the apostle's opinion of mere earnestness. It may be a good thing—there can be no doubt of that—when it springs from prompting faith, and constraining love, and when the object on behalf of which it exerts its energies is intrinsically excellent. It is a noble thing; we can not do without it; it is at once a pledge of sincerity and an augury of success. It may be a good thing, but it may be a blasphemy; just the muscle in the arm of a madman, that nerves his frantic hand to scatter firebrands, and arrows, and death; but do not deceive yourselves.

Divers gifts may have been imparted to you; you may have discrimination of the abstruse and the profound; the widow may bless your footsteps, and the orphan's heart may sing for joy at your approach; the luster of extensive

benevolence may be shed over your character; opinions may have rooted themselves so firmly in your nature, that you are ready to suffer loss in their behalf, and to covet martyrdom in their attestation, giving your body to be burned. But, with all this earnestness, indisputably earnest as you are, if you have not charity, diviner far—if you have not “faith that works by love and purifies the heart”—earnest, indisputably earnest as you are, it profiteth you nothing; your confidence will fail you in the hour of trial; its root is rottenness, and its blossom will go out as dust. That is the fourth ground of trust that the apostle here disclaims.

Yet again, and finally. The next ground of trust is ceremonial blamelessness, “Touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless.” The apostle’s zeal for the Jewish faith was rendered more influential by the purity of his life. There are some whose zeal is but a cloak for licentiousness, and who shamefully violate, in daily practice, the rescripts of the religion for which they contend. But the apostle was not one of those impious fanatics; he had been in sincerity and truth a Jew, so rigid and inflexible in his adhesion to the laws of Moses that he was esteemed a pattern, and rejoiced in as a pillar of the truth. Not that before God the most devout Pharisee had anything whereof to glory, but that, in the eye of men, who judge in short-sightedness, and

who judge in error, he passed for a reputable and blameless man. And this, also, the most ordinary, the most wide-spread ground of false confidence, the apostle counted "loss for Christ."

I need not remind you, I am sure, how deep in the heart of man, resisting every attempt to dislodge it, self-righteousness lurks and broods; and how men come to regard themselves, in the absence of atrocious crime, and in the presence of much that is humanizing and kindly, as ripening for the kingdom of heaven. And it is no marvel—I do not think it one jot of a marvel—if we consider what the usages of society are, and the verdicts it passes on the virtues and vices of the absent.

There is a tribunal out among men that never suspends its sessions, and that is always estimating themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, and so is not wise. From acting as judge in some of these arbitration cases of character, by acting as an arbiter himself, the man comes to know the standard of the world's estimation, and how it is that it comes to its decisions; and, in some reflective mood, possibly, he tries himself by it, and, looking down below him, he sees, far beneath him in the scale, the outcast and the selfish, the perfidious, the trampler upon worldly decencies, and the scandalously sinful. And then he looks into his own case, and he sees his walk through life, greeted

with the welcome of many salutations, that his name passes unchallenged, his integrity vouched for among men. Then he looks into his own heart, and finds it is vibrating to every chord of sympathy; friends troop around him with proud fondness; children "climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

It is no marvel, I say, if a man accustomed to such standards of arbitration, should imagine that the goodness which has been so cheerfully acknowledged on earth, will be as cheerfully acknowledged in heaven, and that he who has passed muster with the world so well, will not be sent abashed and crest-fallen from the judgment-seat of God.

And there is nothing more difficult than to rouse such a one from his dangerous and fatal slumber. There are many, who, thus building on the sand, have no shelter in the hour of the storm. You may thunder over the man's head all those passages which tell of the radical and universal depravity of our race. Yes, and he admires your preaching, and thinks it is wonderfully good for the masses, *but it has no sort of application to him*. He does not feel himself to be the vile and guilty creature you describe; he has an anodyne carried about with him to silence the first misgiving of the uneasy conscience, and he lies down in drugged and desperate repose. And there are many, it may be, who continue in this

insidious deception, and are never aroused except by the voice of the last messenger, or by the flashing of the penal fires. That is the last ground of trust which the apostle disclaims.

And now of the things that we have spoken, what is the sum? Just this. You may be early initiated into the ordinances of the Christian Church; you may have come of a long line of spiritually illustrious ancestry, and be the sons "of parents passed into the skies;" you may give an intellectual assent to the grand harmony of Christian truth; you may be zealous in certain activities of benevolence, and in certain matters connected even with the Church of God itself; you may have passed among your fellows for a reputable and blameless man, against whom no one would utter a word of slander, and in whose presence the elders stand up in reverence, as you pass by; and yet, there may pile upon you—(O, God, send the word home!)—there may pile upon you all the accumulation of carnal advantage and carnal endowment; you may gain all this world of honor, and lose your own soul. "And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

I have no time, as I imagined, to dwell upon the compensating power of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. There is this compensation, however, "What things were gain to me," says the apostle, "those I counted loss for Christ.

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Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." This compensation runs through creation; it seems to be a radical law both in the physical and spiritual government of God. You see it in things around you. A man climbs up to high place, and calumny and care go barking at his heels. There is beauty, dazzling all beholders, and consumption, "like a worm i' the bud, preying upon its damask cheek." There is talent, dazzling and enrapturing, and madness waiting to pounce upon the vacated throne.

O, yes, and there is a strange and solemn affinity too, in the Bible, between crime and punishment. I can only indicate just what I mean. The Jews rejected Christ, perseveringly rejected Christ; and one of their pleas, you remember, was, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend;" and to conciliate the Roman power, they rejected Christ. That was their crime; what was their punishment? The Romans did come, by and by, and "took away their place and nation." Pharaoh issued his enactment, that all the male children of Israel should be drowned: that was the crime; what was the punishment? Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the waters of the Red Sea by and by. Hezekiah took the ambassadors of Babylon through the treasure-chambers of silver and gold, ostentatiously showing them his wealth: that was the

crime; what was the punishment? The treasures of silver and gold went off captive to Babylon by and by. David, in the lust of his power, took the census of the people, and numbered them: that was the crime; what was the punishment? The pestilence fell upon the people whom David had numbered, and dried up the sources of the strength in which he had boasted so fondly.

And, just to remind you of another case, who are those who are represented as standing at the barred gate of heaven, knocking, frantic and disappointed, outside, and crying, in tones of agony that mortal lips can not compass now, thank God! "Lord, Lord, open to us." Who are they? Not the scandalously sinful, not those who on earth were alien altogether—outcast altogether—proscribed altogether from the decencies and decorum of the sanctuary of God. No; those who helped to build the ark, but whose corpses have been strewed in the waters of the deluge; those who brought rafters to the tabernacle, but who, as lepers, were thrust out of the camp, or as transgressors, were stoned beyond the gate; those who, on earth, were almost Christians; those who, in the retributions of eternity, are almost saved; beholding the Church on earth through the chink of the open door, watching the whole family as they are gathered, with the invisible presence and the felt smile of the Father upon them; beholding the family as they are gathered, beatific, and

imperishable, in heaven; but the door is shut. Almost Christians! almost saved! O! strange and sad affinity between crime and punishment. What is your retribution to be? "Every one shall receive according to the things he has done in the body, whether they be good, or whether they be bad."

O! come to Christ—that is the end of it—come to Christ. Hallow this occasion by dedicating yourselves living temples unto the Lord. He will not refuse to accept you. Mark the zeal with which the apostle Paul proclaimed the truth: mark the zeal, the love, indomitable and unfailing, with which he clung to the Master—"I determined to know nothing among men but Christ, and him crucified." O! rare and matchless attachment; fastening upon that which was most in opprobrium and in contumely among men. Never did the earnest student of philosophy, as he came away from some Socratic prelection, utter his affirmation, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Socrates, and him poisoned;" never did enraptured youth listen to the persuasive eloquence of Cicero, and utter his affirmation, "I determined to know nothing among men save Cicero, and him proscribed." But Paul takes the very vilest brand of shame, and binds it about his brow, as a diadem of glory: "I determine to know nothing among men but Christ, and him crucified." Yes, that

is it, "Christ, and him crucified." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross." In the cross is to be our chiefest glory.

Trust that cross for yourselves ; take hold of it ; it is consecrated. In all circumstances of your history, in all exigencies of your mortal lot, take firm hold of the cross. When the destroying angel rides forth upon the cloud, when his sword is whetted for destruction, clasp the cross ; it shall bend over you a shield and a shade ; he will relax his frown, and sheathe his sword, and pass quickly harmlessly by. When you go to the brink of the waters, that you are about to cross, hold up the cross ; and by magic power they shall cleave asunder, as did ancient Jordan before the ark of the covenant, and you shall pass over dry-shod, and in peace. When your feet are toiling up the slope, and you arrive at the gate of heaven, hold up the cross ; the angels shall know it, and the everlasting doors shall unbar themselves, that you may enter in. When you pass through the ranks of applauding seraphim, that you may pay your first homage to the throne, present the cross, and lower it before the face of the Master, and he, for whose sake you have borne it, will take it from you, and replace it with a crown.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.*



"Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."—**2 Cor. iv: 1, 2.**

THIS is the apostle's recorded judgment as to the mission of the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, and the duties of which he discharged with such singular fidelity and zeal. In the preceding chapter he magnifies its superiority alike of glory and of substantial usefulness over the dispensation of the law; and then, in a few weighty words, separates himself entirely from all false teachers, and establishes himself upon the ground of holy character, and of exalted office, as Heaven's high remembrancer among the nations, the true witness for God amid a dark and alien world. He takes care, at the very onset, to assure

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those to whom he speaks, that he is of the same nature, and, originally, of the same sinfulness as themselves; "Therefore, seeing we have received this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not." "We are not (as if he had said) a distinct order of beings; there is no natural superiority of character which might make the minister proud, or which might make the hearer distant, and callous, and unsympathizing. We once were sinners, we have the memory of bondage, but we have received mercy, and are anxious to tell of the tidings that have redeemed us and others; as we have received mercy we faint not, but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, the secret immoralities of Pagan priests; not walking in craftiness; not retaining our hold upon the consciences of men by deceitfulness and unrighteousness, and by juggling, lying wonders; not handling the Word of God deceitfully; not preaching an adulterated truth as a flexible Gospel; not blind to the prejudices, or silent as to the vices, of those who hear us; but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

All that is affirmed by the apostle of the ministry in olden time, may be affirmed of the ministry of reconciliation now; that ministry, wickedly maligned on the one hand, imperfectly fulfilled on the other hand, has yet its mission to the world; the unrepealed command still stands upon the

statute book: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And it is a prayer often earnestly and passionately uttered by those on whom the obligations have fallen; that, repudiating artifice and idleness, they may, by manifestation of the truth, commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. I purpose, God helping me, briefly to notice from these words to-night, in the first place, the business of the ministry, secondly, the instrumentality which it employs, and thirdly, the thought that hallows it.

I. The ministry—this is my first position—has a business with the world. Some people think it has not. It is the Divinely appointed agency for the communication of God's will to man; as a Divine institution, it advances its claims in the beginning, and in no solitary instance have they been relinquished since. These Divinely authorized enactments are still in force. The Bible says: "When Christ ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and received gifts for men; and he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying the body of Christ." There might be something special, perhaps, in this original commission, but the principle of its Divine origin is evidently presented as

the principle of the ministry itself; for St. Paul, who was not then called, who speaks of himself afterward as one born out of due time, earnestly and anxiously vindicates the heavenly origin of his apostleship: "But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

This it is which is the elevation of the Christian ministry, which exalts it far above human resources and human authority; it travels on in its own majestic strength, Heaven-inspired and Heaven-sustained. Moreover, the same passage which tells us of the institution of the Christian ministry, announces its perpetuity, and tells us of the period when it shall be no longer needed, "Till we all come into the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

This period, thus Divinely appointed for the cessation of the ministry, has obviously not yet arrived. The world sees but little yet of millennial glory; there is yet an alienated heart in its debased and rebel tribes; there is nothing in the pursuits which it follows, none in the natural impulses which move it to incite to holy aim, or to induce spiritual living. It has no self-suggestive memory of God; it has passions as blind and

powerful, and a will as perverse as ever. Death is in the midst of it; and though the corpse may be sometimes embalmed with spices, or tricked out with flowers, or carried 'neath obsequious plumes to burial, the chill is at its heart, the breath of the plague is in the tainted air, and there is yet strong and solemn need for the anointed witness who may stand between the dead and the living, that the plague may be stayed.

There are some, I know, who tell us that the mission of the pulpit is fulfilled; and they acknowledge that in the earlier ages, and in the times of comparative darkness, when men spelled out the truth in syllables, it did a noble work; but the world has outgrown it, they tell us; men need neither its light nor its warning; the all-powerful press shall direct them; the educational institute shall assist them in their upward progress; they shall move onward and upward, under the guidance of the common mind. And while this is the cry of infidelity and indifferentism, there are some among ourselves who have partially yielded to the clamor. They have deplored (as who must not?) the apparent ineffectiveness of existing agencies, the feebleness of the efforts for evangelical aggression, and, in their eagerness to conciliate prejudice and disarm opposition, they have compromised somewhat the high tone of Christian teaching, and have studiously avoided

the very terminology of the Bible, so that the great truths of God's will and man's duty, of Christ's atonement and the sinner's pardon, of the Spirit's work and the believer's growth—those old gospels, whose sound is always music, and whose sight is always joy—are hardly to be recognized as they are hidden beneath profound thought, or veiled within affected phrase.

But the Divine institution of the ministry is not to be thus superseded. It has to do with eternity, and the matters of eternity are paramount. It deals, and would grapple with, the inner man. It has to do with the deepest emotions of the nature, with those far higher instincts of eternal truths which underlie all systems, from which a man can never utterly divorce himself, and which God himself has graven on the soul. So far as they walk in harmony with its high purpose, it will hail the helping of all other teaching, but God hath set it on the monarchy, and it dare not abdicate its throne. The position that you meet with sometimes of the worldliness and the infidelity of the pulpit, if you analyze it, you find that though it may have derived, from the operations of priestcraft in bygone ages, somewhat of plausibility and force, it is but one phase of the method in which the human heart discovers its rooted and apparently unconquerable enmity to God. Hence this is one of the worst symptoms of the disease which the ministry has been calculated and in-

stituted to remove. The teaching of the cal agitator, of the philanthropic idealist, benevolent instructor, why are they so po The teaching of the religious minister, wh so repulsive to the world? Mainly from th that the one reprove, and the other ex nature; the one ignore, and the other insis the doctrine of the fall. You will find s schemes for the uplifting of man inseparabl all teaching that is not grounded on the the exaltation of the nature as it is, elevated of its perfect ability, assertions that it need revelation nor heavenly influence to guide the way of truth.

Thus the Gospel is presented only as one many systems, which all men may accept or at pleasure. Its restraints are deemed in nences, its reproofs unnatural bondage; th in such teaching is pregnant of rights, seld duties. They are complimented on their ness, who ought to be humbled for their sin by insidious panderings to their pride, th exhorted to atheism, self-reliance, or h disregard of God. Both kinds of teaching worldly and the religious—alike aim at t lifting of the nature, but then they look at i different stand-points, but of course they a it different treatment. One is an endea exalt the nature without God; the other take hold on his strength, and work to the

of his glory. The one regards humanity as it once was before sin had warped it, able to tower triumphant in its own unaided strength; the other sees it decrepit or ailing, the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint; and yet, by the balm of Gilead, to be restored to pristine vigor; the one, deeming that no confusion has come upon its language, nor shame upon its many builders, would have it pile up its Babel towers until they smite the skies; the other sees the towers in ruins, splintered shaft and crumbling arch bearing witness that they were once beautiful exceedingly, and that by the grace and skill of the heavenly architect, they may grow up again into a holy temple in the Lord.

It is absolutely necessary, in this age of manifold activities, and of spiritual pride, that there should be this ever-speaking witness of man's feebleness and of God's strength; and, however much the opposition against the ministry may tell—and it does tell, and it ought to tell—against the vapid and frivolous, against the idle and the insincere, it is a powerful proof for the institution of the ministry itself, just as the blast that scatters the acorns, roots the oak more firmly in the soil. So long as men are born, and die; so long as the recording angel registers human guilt; so long as responsibility and retribution are unheeded truths; so long as there is one solitary sinner tainted by the black original; so long will the ministry have

a business with the world; and it is the earnest prayer of those who have undertaken it, that they may, in some humble measure, with all fidelity, and with dauntless courage, with genial sympathy, and with pure affection, be witnesses for God, like the glorious angel whom the evangelist saw with the sheen of heaven on his wings, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto every nation, and people, and tongue.

II. I observe, secondly, that this business of the ministry is mainly with the consciences of men. Every man has a conscience, that is, a natural sense of the difference between good and evil, a principle which does not concern itself so much with the true and the false in human ethics, or with the gainful and damaging in human fortunes, as with the right and wrong in human conduct. Call it what you will, analyze it as you may—a faculty, an emotion, a law—it is the most important principle in our nature, because by it we are brought into sensible connection with a sensible recognition of the moral government of God. It has been defined sometimes as a tribunal within a man, for his own daily and impartial trial; and in its various aspects it answers, and answers right well, to all parts of the judicial tribunal. It is the bar at which the sinner pleads; it proffers the accusation of transgression, it records the crime, it bears witness to guilt or innocence, and as a

judge, it acquits or condemns ; thus taking cognizance of moral actions, it is the sense which relates us to the other world, and by it, God, retribution, eternity, are made abiding realities to the soul. As by the physical senses we are brought into communion with the physical world, and the blue heavens overhead and the green earth round are recognized in their relations to ourselves, so, by this moral sense of consciousness, we see ourselves in the light of immortal and responsible creatures, and gain ideas of duty and of God.

How mighty is the influence which this power has wielded, and yet continues to wield, in the world. There are many that have tried to be rid of it; but there is a manhood at its heart which murder can not kill. There are many that have rebelled against its authority, but they have acknowledged its might notwithstanding, and it has rendered them disturbed and uneasy in their sin. There are multitudes more who have fretted against its wholesome warnings, and often, when, because it has warned them of danger, or threatened them with penalty, they have tried to stifle and intimidate it, it has risen up suddenly into braver resurrection, and pealed forth its remonstrances in bolder port and louder tone. But for these restraints, many of the world's reputable ones would have become criminal; but for these restraints, many of the world's criminal would

have been more audaciously bad. It has spoken, and the felon fleeing when no man pursued him, has been chased by a falling leaf. It has spoken, and the burglar has paled behind his mask, startled at his own footfall. It has spoken, and the coward assassin has been arrested in his purpose, and he has paused irresolute ere he struck the blow. Its vindictive and severe upbraidings after the sin has been committed, have often lashed the sinner into agony, and secured an interval of comparative morality, by preventing the sin for a season. It has been the one witness for God amid the traitor faculties—single but undismayed, solitary but true. When the understanding, and the memory, and the will, and the affections, had all consented to the enticements of evil, the conscience has stood firm, and a man could never sin with comfort until he had drugged it into desperate repose. It has been the one dissentient power among the faculties, like a moody guest among a company of frantic revelers whom they could neither conciliate nor expel. When God's judgments have been abroad in the earth, and men would fain resolve them into ordinary occurrences or natural phenomena, conscience has refused to be satisfied with such delusive interpretation, and, with a prophet's inspiration, has itself deciphered the handwriting as it blazed upon the wall. It has forced a criminal oftentimes to deliver himself up to justice,

preferring the public shame of the trial and the gallows-tree to the deeper hell of a conscience aroused and angry. Yes, and it has constrained from the dying sinner a testimony to the God he has insulted ; given when the shadows of corruption were all darkening upon the branded brow.

O ! that must be a mighty power which has wrought, and which is working thus, and it has wrought, and it is working in *you*. And as such we acknowledge it. We can despise no man that has a conscience, although with meanness and sin he may largely overlay it. We recognize the majestic and insulted guest, and are silent and respectful, as in the presence of a fallen king. We see a family likeness, although intemperance has blotted the features and dimmed the sparkle of the eye : "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Now, it is with this faculty in man that the minister has mainly to do. His work, his business, his sole business, is to bring out the world's conscience in answer to the truths of Divine revelation, recognizing in it something that can respond to its own duty—the ministering witness that will constantly appeal to the answering witness within. Regarding all other faculties, however separately noticeable, as avenues only to the conscience, he will aim constantly at the ears of the inner man. To come short of this is to come short of duty ; to fail in this is to fail in the

work which our Master has given us to do. We should form but a very unworthy estimate of our own high calling if we were to aim at the subjugation of any subordinate faculty, and that accomplished, sit down, as if our work was done. The minister may appeal to the intellect; of course he may. All thanks to him if he clears away difficulties from the path of the bewildered. All thanks to him if he presents truth in its symmetry of system, and in all the grand and rounded harmony of its beautiful design. But he must press through the outworks to the citadel, through the intellect to the conscience, that the understanding, no longer darkened, may apprehend the truth, and that the apprehended truth may make the conscience free. Imagination may be reached and charmed by the truth, which is itself beauty, but only that it may hold the mirror up to conscience, and see its own portrait there, photographed directly from on high, and which, with such marvelous fidelity, gives all the scars upon the countenance, and every spot and wrinkle on the brow.

The passions may be roused by the truth, which is its highest power; not that people may swoon away under terrific apprehensions of wrath, or even that people may escape hell and enter heaven, but that conscience may resolve on a holy life; that there may result from the early outgrowth of a transformed and spiritual character—

and that through impending fear of perdition and the promised water of life, a man may issue into the wealthy place of confidence in God, assimilation to his image—that attachment to right which would cleave fast to it, even were its cause hopeless and its friends dead, and that perfect love which casteth out all possible fear. It is not the intellect, then, but the conscience; not the imagination, but the conscience; not the passions, but the conscience, to which the minister is to commend himself in the sight of God. If he speaks to the intellect, the philosopher can rival him; if he speak to the imagination, the poet soars above him; if he speak to the passions, the political demagogue can do better. But in his power over the conscience, he has a power that no man shares—an autocrat undisputed—a czar of many lands—and he can wield the scepter over the master faculty of man. But very solemn is the responsibility which thus rests upon the religious teacher to have the master faculty of man within his grasp, to witness of truths that are unpopular, and that are repulsive; to reprove of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; to do this with his own heart frail and erring, and with a moral conflict battling in his own spirit the while. “Who is sufficient for these things?” breaks often from the minister’s heart in its seasons of depression and unrest.

But there is a comfort, a comfort broad and

strong, and I have that comfort to-night, that while, pained by man's unworthiness, pained by the trifling of multitudes over whom ministers meet and yearn, pained by the short-sighted and self-complacent indifference both of the Church and of the world, pained by the thousand difficulties which Satan always puts in the way of the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus, I say, there is a comfort of which I can not be deprived, a comfort broad and strong—that all the while there is a mysterious something at work in you, in all of you, making the faithful appeal, pointing the solemn warning, striking the alarum in the sinner's soul. There! listen to that! that belongs to thee; that heart so callous and ungrateful, it is thine; that sin that the minister reproves, thou hast committed it; that doom so full of agony and horror, thou art speeding to it. How wilt thou escape the condemnation of hell? O! many a time and oft, when the minister that has gone sheaveless to his home, and in tears, has uttered the complaint, "Who hath believed our report?" the minister's prayer has, by God's grace, been heard, and the harvest-man has gathered sheaves into his garner. And often, when to the eye of human minister there has been no ripple on the waves, deep in the depths of the soul have swelled the billows of the troubled sea, and in keenest acknowledgment of the truth he has endeavored to impress, men's consciences have borne him wit-

ness; "their thoughts meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

I observe, again, that the great instrumentality which the ministry is empowered to use is the truth. "By manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." You will have no difficulty in understanding what the apostle here means by truth, because he calls it the word of God, and in the verse immediately succeeding, "our Gospel." "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." To the mind of the apostle, the reception of God in Christ, the life, the teaching, the wondrous death of Jesus, was the truth, in contradiction, or rather in contradistinction to truth undefined—the truth alone adapted to the supply of every need, and for the rescue from every peril. The apostle was no ordinary man. Well read in the literature of the times, observant of the tendencies and the inclinations of men, he would be ready to acknowledge truth everywhere; he knew that there had been truth in the world before. He would see it in Pagan systems, gleaming faintly through incumbent darkness; fragments of it had fallen from philosophers in former times, and had been treasured up as wisdom; it had a sort of healthy circulation through household impulses, and the ordinary concerns of man; but it was all truth for the intellect, truth for social life, truth for the man-ward, not the God-

ward relations of the soul. The truth which told of God, which hallowed all morality by the sanctions of the Divine law, which provided for the necessities of the entire man, laid dimly in uncertain traditions; conscience was a slave; if it essayed to speak it was overborne by clamor, or hushed by interest into silence. The higher rose the culture, the deeper sank the character; and the whole world seemed like one vast valley, fertile and gay with flowers, but no motion in the dim, dead air; not any song of bird, or sound of rill; the darkness of the inner sepulcher was not so deadly still, until there came down a breath from heaven that brought life upon its wings, and brought that life into the unconscious heaps of slain. Thus, when Christ came with his Gospel of purity and freedom, all other truth seemed to borrow from it a clearer light and a richer adaptation; the ordinary instincts of right and wrong were sharpened into a keener discernment, and invested with a more spiritual sensibility. The Gospel founded a grander morality; the Gospel established a more chivalrous honor; the Gospel shed out a more genial benevolence. All the old systems had looked at man as a half man only, on one side of his nature—that part of it that lay down to the earth; the Gospel took the whole round of his faculties, both as lying toward earth, and as rising toward heaven.

Love to man—the broad, ordinary, common-

place philanthropy of every day, the philanthropy that wings the feet of the good Samaritan, and that sends forth almsgivers upon their errands of mercy—love to man was not known in its fullness till the Gospel came. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," was the command of old; but then the Jews first contracted the neighborhood, and then they contracted the affection. The Jew's neighbor was not the Samaritan, but one within his own exclusive pale and sphere. But when love to God came, like a queenly mother leading out her daughter by the hand, then men wondered at the rare and radiant beauty that had escaped their notice so long. And when they loved God first, then it was for that master-love the streams of love to man flowed forth in ceaseless and in generous profusion. And the Gospel is just the same now; it is the great inspiration of ordinary kindnesses, and of the every-day and rippling happiness of life. It is the truth for man, the truth for man's every exigency, and for his every peril, blessing the body and saving the soul. By the truth then, which we are to commend to every man's conscience, we understand the truth as it is in Jesus; the truth which convinces of sin, and humbles under the sense of it; the truth which reveals full atonement, and flashes pardon from it, and which leads the pardoned spirit upward to holiness and heaven.

Now, we are to bring that conscience and that

truth into connection with each other; and it is the great business for which we are gathered to-night. In order that there may be the bringing of the one into connection with the other, there must be variety in the truth suited to the various states in which the consciences of men may be found.

Now, for the sake of argument, we may take it that there are three states in which nearly the whole of the consciences of humanity are ranged: those whose consciences are slumbering, torpid, inert, lifeless; those whose consciences are quick, apprehensive, and armed; those whose consciences have passed through these two former stages, and are now peaceful, happy, and at rest. To each of these varieties of conscience we are to commend the truth in the sight of God.

In the first place, I say, there are some consciences that have no apprehension of God, no spiritual sensibility at all. It is a very sad thought that this has been, and continues to be, the condition of the vast majority of mankind. Think of the whole countries of Paganism, where the true God is lost from knowledge with its monstrous idols, fertile of cruelty, and its characters exemplifying every variety of evil. You may look through universal history, you can see the track of passion in the light of the flames which it has kindled; you can see the works of imagination throned in bodiless thought, or sculp-

tured in breathing marble; you can see the many inventions of intellect on every hand; but for conscience, conscience occupying its rightful seat; and exerting its legitimate authority, you look almost in vain.

But I need not stop to generalize; I need not tell you of the cases of the infant, or the idiot, in which the conscience sleeps like a winged insect in chrysalis; alas! there are nearer and deadlier examples at hand. In Christian England, in the Gospel noontide, amid crowds of religious ordinances, with the truths of the Gospel "familiar in our mouths as household words," there are multitudes of whom it may be said: "God is not in all their thoughts;" to whom conscience is a dull and drowsy monitor, and who live on from day to day, in disregard of plainest duties, and in habitually hardening sin. Are there not some here, some of you it may be, who scoff at the place of worship, who imagine that yours are not the feet that are to tread the courts of the Lord's house? Some of you, it may be, who go there, but who go there to little purpose, decorous and seemly enough in external worship, rarely missed from your accustomed seat in the sanctuary; but you have trifled with conscience so long, that it rarely troubles you, and when it does, you pooh, pooh it, as the incoherencies of a drunkard, or the ravings of some frantic madman. Brethren, I do feel it a solemn duty to

manifest God's arousing truth to you. I appeal to the moral sense within you. You are attentive to the truth; the Word is suffered to play around your understanding. I want to go deeper; let me grapple with your conscience, my brethren. I appeal to the moral sense within you. I accuse you fearlessly of heinous and flagrant transgression, because you have not humbled yourself before heaven, and because the God, in whose hand your breath is, and whose are all your ways, you have not glorified; I charge you with living to yourselves, or, going about to establish your own righteousness, you have not submitted yourselves unto the righteousness of God; I arraign you as being guilty of base ingratitude, inasmuch as when Christ was offered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring you to God, you refused; and you have trodden under foot the blood of the Covenant, and accounted it an unholy thing; I accuse some of you, moreover, of trying to secure impunity by your vile treatment of God's inward witness. You have deposed conscience from its throne; you have tried to bribe it to be a participator with you in your crimes; you have overborne it by interest of business, of commerce, of pleasure; you have limited its scrutiny to the external actions, and not allowed it to sit in judgment over the thoughts and intentions of the inner man. When it has startled you with an accusation, you have lulled it to sleep, and

drugged it into desperate repose; and you have done all this—you know you have—on purpose that you might the more easily and more comfortably sin.

Brethren, I am not your enemy, because I have told you the truth. That very conscience which you have insulted, which you have stoned with many stones, bruised and bleeding under your cruel usage, bears me witness that it is the truth which I now minister before you. I warn you of your danger; but I would not fear to shake you roughly, if I could only bring you to the knowledge of yourselves. It is a sad and a disastrous thought, that there are some consciences here so fatally asleep, that they may never be aroused, except by the peal of the judgment-trumpet, or by the flashing of the penal fire.

There are some of you whose consciences are in another state. They are not absolutely dead. The law, in some form of administration, has come to you, and it has roused you from your slumbers. You see the incongruity between yourselves and the commandment. There is a thorn rankling within you. You mourn and go softly, and are disquieted in bitterness of soul. History is one uniform narrative of the struggles of men to escape from the terrors of a guilty conscience. No austerities have been too severe, no penances too costly, no pilgrimages too arduous, no rites too cruel, if only the trouble of

conscience might be appeased. There are some of you, perhaps, that have been saying: "O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" You would deny it, if any one were to charge you with having a conscience tender or aroused; but the brow of unusual thoughtfulness, the tear trickling down the cheek in silence—the eyes that have been unused to weep—the sigh, unbidden, heaving—these are signs of the struggle that has been going on within. Your self-control has triumphed though. You called it up; you wanted to show that you were manly; and your self-control has triumphed. You locked sorrow fast in your own bosom, and even in the sight of those who would fain have seen you moved, that they might have led you to Christ. You have been as a heathen man and as a publican. You have seemed hard and impenetrable. O! but there has been a terrible war in your soul. Your conscience has been at work—it is at work now—and I have a power over you from this fact, that I have got an ally in your own bosom that is testifying to the truth of the things I speak before you. You may fret against that power, you may rebel against that power, but you can not rob me of it; you can not keep the barb out. All your endeavors to extract it widen and deepen the wound.

My brother, O! let me but manifest Christ's

redeeming truth to thee. Christ has died; all thy wants may be supplied from his wondrous death. Is thy heart callous and ungrateful? He has exalted the law, and made it honorable. Hast thou dishonored justice? He has satisfied its claims. Hast thou violated law? He has lifted up the majesty of its equity. Is there in thy spirit unrest and storm? Come to him. Thy conscience is like the Galilean lake. O! it shall know him, and there shall be a great calm. Doth the curse brood over thee, and calamity appall thy soul? Flee from the threatened danger to his outstretched arms; and as thou reposest on his bosom, hear his whispered comfort: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." See the clouds disappear, the tempests pass by, the storms rage no longer; lift up thy head, serene, peaceful, smiling, happy; let us hear thy experience: "In whom I have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."

Some of you have gone a little further, perhaps. You have passed through the drooping stage, and have passed through the alarmed stage, and you are settling down in the peaceful stage—happy in a sense of the Redeemer's love. O! you are in the fairest possible position for the true soul-growth, day by day. You rejoice in Christ Jesus now; you have a victory over the carnal mind

now; all antagonistic powers are made subject now; conscience has resumed its authority, and is sensitive of the first approach of evil, and eager for the complete will of God. I rejoice to manifest God's disciplining, training, growing, comforting, nourishing truth to you; you are in the fairest possible position—I repeat it. Self is not the master principle now. You are not paralyzed by craven fear; you are freed from the evil forces that enchained the soul. There is a good land and a fair beyond, yours by chartered promise, and which you are well able to overcome. Rise to the dignity of your heritage. As you have been begotten of the Word, be sanctified by the Word, and let the Word make you free. Strengthened in the truth, the soul groweth day by day. O! what a victory awaits you. Day by day more like God. Day by day, brighter visions of the throne. Day by day, increased power over sin; increased progress toward the heavenly; increased fellowship with the Divine; and then, when the tabernacle falls down beneath the death-blast, for the sensitive and immortal inhabitant there opens another scene: angelic welcomes, the King in his beauty, and the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. By manifestation of the truth, "Commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

"In the sight of God." Ah! that is the thought that hallows it. All our endeavors for the en-

lightenment of our fellows are under the felt inspection of Almighty God. His eye marks the effort; his voice, "I know thy works," is constantly in-spoken to the soul. It is necessary that we should feel this, in order to fit us for our duty. If we do not feel this we shall have no courage. Depend upon it, the heroism which the pulpit needs—which it never needed in this world's history half so much as it needs to-day—the heroism which the pulpit needs, which the ministry must have, will not be wrought in the soul, unless this thought is there. There is so much to enslave a man—the consciousness of his own unworthiness; the weakness of his best and holiest moments; the love of approbation, which forms a natural instinct, swells often into a sore temptation; the reluctance to give offence, lest the ministry should be blamed; the haunting anxiety as to what men think of him and say of him—O! how often have these things checked the stern reproof and the faithful warning, and made the preacher the slave instead of the monarch of his congregation; and, instead of the stern, strong, fearless utterances of the prophet, he may stammer forth his lisplings with the hesitancy of a blushing child. Depend upon it, this is no light matter. It requires no common boldness to stand single-handed before the pride of birth, and the pride of rank, and the pride of office, and the pride of intellect, and the pride of money, and to

rebuke their transgressions, and to strip off their false confidence, and tear away their refuges of lies; but if a man has only burnt into his heart, that he is speaking in the sight of God, ah! he will do it. Yes; God-fear will banish man-fear. He will feel, that for the time, the pulpit is his empire, and the temple is his throne; and, like another Baptist, he will thunder out his denunciations against rich and poor together, with his honest eyes straight flashing into theirs: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"In the sight of God!" Give him that thought, and he will be tender as well as brave. He will look upon his congregation as immortal; he will see in each one before him (O, the thought is overwhelming!) an offspring of the Divine, an heir of the everlasting; and in this aspect of it he will tremble before the majesty of man. He will be awe-struck, as he thinks of trying to influence them for eternity. There will be no harshness in his tones, there will be no severity in his countenance. If the violated law must speak out its thunders, it will be through brimming eyes and faltering tongues. He will remember his own recent deliverance; like Joseph, he will scatter blessings round him with large and liberal hand; but there will be no ostentation, there will be no vanity, for he will remember that he is but the almoner of another's bounty, and that his own soul has only just been brought out of prison.

He will be like one shipwrecked mariner who has got upon the rock, and is stretching out a helping hand to another who yet struggles in the waters; he that is on the rock knows that he has only a slippery footing, and that the yawning ocean is beneath him. O! let us realize that we are in the sight of God, and we shall have larger sympathies for man. We shall have more of the spirit of him who "came eating and drinking," and who was "the friend of publicans and sinners." There will be no fierce rebukes, no proud exclusivism, no pharisaical arrogance then. The sleeper will not be harshly chided; the remonstrance of affection will yearn over him, and the tear will gather in his eye as the invitation is given, or the regret is breathed: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." "Come, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"In the sight of God!" That will help us to persevere. We shall be constant, as well as brave and tender, if we realize continually that we are in the sight of God. Though difficulties multiply, this will prevent us from becoming weary and faint in our minds. We shall remember him who endured the contradiction of sinners, against himself; and through perverseness and obduracy, whether men will hear, or whether men will forbear, we shall labor on for the cause of Christ,

and for the good of souls. We shall not be satisfied with good report, with extensive popularity, with decorous congregations, with attention, settled and serious, upon every countenance. We shall want souls. We shall press right away through, to the great end of restoring the supremacy of conscience, and bringing a disordered world back again to its allegiance to God. This is our life-work, and we are doing it day by day, unfaithfully, imperfectly, but we are doing it. Moral truth upon the mind of man is something like a flat stone in a church-yard through which there is a thoroughfare. Hundreds of pattering feet go over it day by day; familiarity with it has weakened the impression, and time has effaced the letter. The foot of each passer-by adds something to the work of decay; but God has sent us with a friendly chisel to bring it out again into sharp, clearest, distinctest outline before the spirits of men. That is our life-work, and we are laboring on amid the driving sleet and pelting rain, jostled now and then by the rude and heedless passenger, fitfully looked at by those who flit away to the farm and the merchandise; regarded with a sort of contemptuous admiration by those who admire our industry, while they pity our enthusiasm. Patient, earnest workers, we must labor on, and we intend to do so. God helping us, the ministry of reconciliation is to be pro-

claimed here, Sabbath after Sabbath, universally, unto those who will come, without money, and without price; and, verily, we shall have our reward. I can not labor in vain. What, think you, would sustain me under the pressure of multiplied excitement, and multiplied sorrow, and multiplied labor, but the thought that I can not labor in vain? The words I have spoken to-night are flung forward, and they have lodged in the conscience, and I can not recall them; simple, well-known Bible truths, they have gone into your consciences, and I can not recall them. But they shall come up some day. You and I may never meet again, until we stand at the judgment-seat of God; then they shall come up; *then*, and verily I shall have my reward. I shall have it, when some fair-haired child stops to spell out the syllables upon that flat stone, and goes away with a new purpose in his heart; I shall have it, when some weather-beaten man, bronzed with the hues of climates, and the shades of years, takes the solemn warning, numbers his days, and applies his heart unto wisdom; I shall have it, in the welcome given to my ascending spirit by some whom I first taught, it may be unworthily, to swell the hosanna of praise, or to wrestle in all the litanies of prayer; I shall have it, in that smile that wraps up all heaven in itself, and in those tones of kindness which flood

the soul with ineffable and everlasting music:
"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter
thou into the joy of thy Lord." I leave with
you and with the Spirit the Word of His grace,
praying that He who alone can accomplish it,
may give it life and power.

THE EFFECTS OF PIETY ON A NATION.*

"And he said, O, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake."—GENESIS xviii: 32.

Most remarkable and most encouraging is this instance of prevailing prayer. It might well stimulate us to the exercise of sublimer faith when we behold a mortal thus wrestling with Omnipotence, wrestling with such holy boldness that justice suspends its inflictions, and can not seal the sinner's doom. Passing over that, however, with all the doctrines it involves, there is another thought couched in the text, to which, at the present time, I want to direct your attention. The history of nations must be regarded by every enlightened mind, as the history of the providence of God. It is not enough, if we would study history aright, that we follow in the track of battles, that we listen to the wail of the vanquished and to the shout of the conquerors; it is not


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enough that we excite in ourselves a sort of hero worship of the world's foster-gods, the stalwart and noble peerage of mankind; it is not enough that we trace upon the page of history the subtile and intricate developments of human character. To study history aright, we must find God in it, we must always recognize the ever-present and the ever-acting Divinity, working all things according to the counsel of his benevolent and holy will. This is the prominent aspect in which history ought to be studied; or grievous dishonor is done to the Universal Ruler, and intense injury is inflicted upon the spirits of men. God, himself, you remember, has impressively announced the guilt and danger of those who regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operations of his hands. The history of ancient Israel, for instance, the chosen people, led by the pillar of cloud by day, and by the pillar of fire by night, through the marching of that perilous wilderness, what was it but the successful development, in a series of wondrous deliverances, of the ever active providence of God? There were some things in that history which, of course, were incapable either of transfer or of repetition; but the history itself included, and was ordained to set forth certain prominent principles for the recognition of all nations; principles which were intended to assert the rights of God, and to assert the obligations of his creatures; principles which are to be consummated in their

evolution amid the solemnities of the last day. It was so in the case of Sodom, punished as an example to God's chosen people. Their transgressions had become obduracy, their obduracy had blossomed out into punishment; but a chance in the Divine government yet remained to them; peradventure there might have been ten righteous in the city. If there had been ten righteous in the city, those pious men would have been the substance, the essence, the strength of the devoted nation; for them, on their account, for their sakes, the utter ruin of the land might have been averted, and through them, after the Divine displeasure had passed by, there might have sprung up renewed strength and recovered glory. We may fairly, I think, take this as a general principle, that pious men in all ages of the world's history, are the true strength of the nations in which, in God's providence, they are privileged to live; oftentimes averting calamity, oftentimes restoring strength and blessing, when, but for them, it would have lapsed and gone forever. This is the principle which I purpose, God helping me, to apply for a moment to our own times, and to the land in which we live; and in order to give the subject a great deal of a practical character, I will, in the first place, paint the pious men, and then show the effect which the consistent maintenance of a course of piety may be expected to insure.

I. In the first place, who are the pious men? Who are they whom God, who never judges in short-sightedness, who sees the end from the beginning, and who can not possibly be deceived or mistaken in his estimate of human character, who are they whom God designates, "the holy seed that shall be the substance thereof"—the pious men that are the strength of the nations in which they live? In order to sustain the honorable appellation which is thus assigned, men must cultivate habits of thought and of practice that are appropriate to such a character. I will just mention two or three particulars.


In the first place, they are pious men who separate themselves avowedly and at the utmost possible distance from surrounding wickedness. Men are placed under the influence of religion, in order that they may separate from sin, in order that they may be governed by habits of righteousness and true holiness. In times when depravity is especially flagrant, there is a special obligation upon pious men to bring out their virtues into braver and more prominent exercise, regarding that surrounding depravity as in no wise a reason for flinching, or for cowardice, or for compromise, but rather for the augmented firmness of their purity. Now, it can not for one moment be doubted, that in the times in which we live iniquity does most flagrantly abound. There is not a sin which does not exist, and exists in all rankness and



impurity. Because of swearing the land mourns. God's Sabbaths are systematically desecrated, his sanctuaries contumeliously forsaken, his ordinances trampled under foot, his ministers met with the leer oftentimes due to detected conspirators, and regarded as banded traitors, who have conspired against the liberties of the world. The lusts of the flesh scarcely affect to conceal their filthiness, everywhere unvailing their forms, and everywhere diffusing their pestilence. We do not venture upon any sort of comparison, we do not venture to compare the aggregate depravity of this age with the depravity of any age that has preceded. We do not affirm the general fact, that the heart of man is "deceitful and desperately wicked," and that the depravity we see around us, the exhibition of the carnal mind, "which is enmity against God," is most fearfully aggravated by the abundance of privilege by which the people are surrounded. Now, it is the duty, I repeat, of those who would have God's estimate of them as pious men, that they should regard this depravity as invoking them to bear the testimony of unsullied and spotless holiness. Let the exhortations on this matter which are scattered throughout the pages of the Bible be solemnly pondered. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed according to the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." "Abstain from the

appearance of evil." In times when depravity is especially flagrant, do not even borrow of the garments of falsehood; do not let there be any meretricious semblance of that which is hateful in the sight of God. Abstain from the appearance of evil. Come out of it so thoroughly that the fellowships and intercourse of social life do not seduce you into a sort of complicity. "Be not partakers of other men's sins. Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove." "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath light with darkness, and what concord hath Christ with Belial, and what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" "Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit; perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

You will not fail to perceive that the whole of these passages have one aim and one summons, and that is holiness; holiness, as spotless in the secrecy of individual consciousness as in the jealous watch of men; holiness shrined in the heart and influencing benignly and transformingly the entire character; holiness, that is something more chivalrous than national honor; holiness, something that maintains a higher standard of right than commercial integrity; holiness, something that is more noble-minded than the conventional courtesies of life; holiness which comes out in every-day existence, hallowing each



transaction, taking hold of the money as it passes through the hand in ordinary currency, and stamping upon it a more noble image and superscription than Cæsar's; holiness written upon the bells of the horses and upon the frontlet of the forehead, an immaculate and spotless luster exuding, so to speak, from the man in daily life, so that the world starts back from him, and tells at a glance that he has been with Jesus. Now, brethren, it is to this, to the exercise and maintenance of this unflinching holiness that you are called. Here is the first prominent obligation of pious men. You are to confront every evil with its exact and diametrical opposite; and he who in circumstances like these in which we stand ventures to hesitate, or ventures to parley, brand him as a traitor to his country, a traitor to his religion, and a traitor to his God.

Secondly, if you would be what God regards as pious men, you must cultivate firm attachment to the doctrines of Christian truth. There is, brethren, in our day a very widely-diffused defectiveness of religious profession, a very widely-diffused departure from the faith that was "once delivered to the saints." This is a Christian country. Men call it so, I know; but there is in daily practice a strange and sad departure from the precepts of Christianity—ay, on the part of men by whom the theory of this being a Chris-

tian country is most noisily and boisterously maintained.

Are you strangers to the presence in the midst of us of the dark and subtile spirit of unbelief; a venal press and active emissaries poisoning the fresh blood of youth, disheartening the last hope of age, and which, if their own account of the circulation of their pernicious principles is to be relied upon, has already tainted hundreds of thousands with that infectious venom whose poison lies not in the destruction of the body? True, it is for the most part bland, conciliatory, plausible, rather than audacious and braggart, as in former times, vailing its deadly purpose in song or in story. But the dagger is not the less deadly because the haft is jeweled, and infidelity is not the less infidelity, not the less pernicious, not the less accursed, because genius has woven its stories to adorn it, and because fancy has wreathed it into song.

Are you strangers to the avowed denial on the part of some of the divinity and atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ? to the man-exalting opinion which relies for its own salvation upon the piled up fabric of its own righteousness, or which through the flinty rocks of self-righteous morality would tunnel out a passage to the eternal throne?

Are you strangers to the workings of the grand

apostasy darkening the sunlight of the Savior's love, dislocating the perfection of the Savior's work, hampering the course of the atonement with the frail entangled frame-work of human merit, restless in its endeavors to regain its ascendancy, crafty, and vigilant, and formidable as ever?

Are you strangers to the heresy which has made its appearance in the midst of a body once deeming itself the fairest offspring of the Reformation, and which would exclude thousands from covenanted mercies, because they own not priestly pretensions, and conform not to traditional rites?

Are you strangers in the other quarter of the horizon and of the sky, to dark and lowering portents that have come over with rationalistic and German infidelity? Brethren, there is a duty, solemn and authoritative, resting upon the pious men that they hold fast that which was "once delivered to the saints." Let the exhortations, too, on this matter, be carefully pondered. "Be no more children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of man and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to betray." "Stand fast"—not loose, not easily shifted, having a firm foundation—"stand fast in the faith once delivered unto the saints." Be "rooted in the faith;" be "grounded in the faith;" "contend earnestly for the faith." Brethren, here is another invocation, and it is solemnly binding

upon you. And while there are some that would rob Christ of his grace, and that would rob Christ of his crown, and more royal felons, that would steal both and the other, let it be ours to take firm and unswerving by the altars of God, let our determination go forth to the effect, "I determine to know nothing among men, but Jesus Christ and him crucified."

And, then, thirdly, if you would be as God estimates piety, you must cultivate brotherly love. In times like these, a solemn obligation resting upon all "the head" to cultivate the spirit of all "who hold the head." By unity, I mean uniformity. There is none, there is none in the free universe of God. Yet not in nature. You may go out into the woodland, when death is on the trees, they may prune their riotous growth, and take shape, and cut them into something like a decorous uniformity; but the return when it comes, will laugh at your aim.

Wherever there is life, there will be a variety of engaging forms which attract the eye. We do not mean uniformity therefore; the harmony of voices, or the agreement of actions, the drowsy repetition of belief, or the harmonious intonation of song, but we mean "the unity of the spirit in

of peace," which we are to intensely labor to maintain and procure. Let the exhortations on this matter also be very solemnly pondered. "A new commandment," so that there are eleven commandments now; the decalogue has been added to by this new commandment, which is, indeed, the substance and essence of all the rest. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." Nay, the apostle does not hesitate to set it down as one of the surest evidences of Christian discipleship. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Compliance with these exhortations is always imperative, especially imperative in seasons of national danger. Everything that is ominous, everything that is solemn, everything that is portentous around us, must be regarded as an earnest call to Christians to live together in love. This love is to be cherished everywhere, to be cherished toward those who are members of the same section of the universal Church. Here, of course, there should be no orphan's heart. Here, all should feel themselves members of a commonwealth. There should be a rejoicing with those that do rejoice, and a weeping with those that weep; and, as by electric fire, the wants and the wishes of the one should be communicated to and acknowledged by the whole, that it

should not only be cherished in our own communion, but toward all who hold "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life." Wherever Christ is acknowledged, his grace magnified, his crown vindicated, his law made honorable; wherever the service of Christ is the aim, and the glory of Christ is the purpose, there the Church should know as Christian and should hail as brethren. This duty is one that has been scandalously neglected in the times in which we live; and that neglect has darkened the aspect and augmented the perils of the times. Brethren, we must all amend if we would not betray. And when the Church of Christ shall combine in heart as in spirit one, then shall the great building of the universe progress. God shall smile upon the workmen, "the glory of the latter house shall exceed the glory of the former," and the whole "building fitly framed together shall grow up into a holy temple of the Lord."

Then, fourthly, if we would be pious men as God estimates piety, we must be zealous in endeavor for the spread of the Gospel, and for the conversion of the world. The errors and the crimes of which we have spoken, render this essential. We have but to gather into our minds the contemplation of guilt so heinous, so offensive that it rises up in the presence of the Holy One, and calls for vengeance as he is seated upon his throne; then, we have but to remember the

consequences of that guilt, everywhere producing misery, everywhere drying up the sources of spiritual affluence, everywhere exposing to the unending perditions of hell. Now, brethren, nothing—and I would speak as one member of the army summoning others to the battle-field—nothing will avail but the combined, and devoted, and persevering exertions of the members of the Church below. How else shall we attempt to grapple with the depravity around us? Parliamentary enactments, what can they do? Threats to affright, or bribes to seduce, what can they do? Patronage in all its prestige and all its power, all that can be possibly brought out of State treasury or of State influence, what are they? Availless utterly without the power and Spirit of God. No; there must be a band of faithful men who are thus renovated and redeemed going forth in the name of the Lord. They must sustain the ministry in existing pastorates, and spread it wherever it has never been established. They must support institutions for the education of the entire man, institutions based upon the Word of God. They must become themselves preachers of “the truth as it is in Jesus;” by prayer, by influence, by example, by effort, they must display all the grace which has redeemed them; and especially they must all in earnest, repeated, importunate supplications besiege the throne of grace in prayer. This is another summons, the last I

shall give you on this matter to-night, and you are now to answer it with intense energy, with intense zeal. Coldness here is irrational. Ardor here is reason. Indifference here is foolishness. Earnestness, or, if you will, enthusiasm here is the highest and sublimest wisdom.

If you would be pious men, therefore, as God estimates piety, you are to come out from the world and to be separated from it; you are to hold fast the doctrines you have received; you are to cultivate to each other the tenderest brotherly love; and you are to be energetic in heart for the conversion of the world.

II. I come now, secondly and briefly, to notice the effects which we are warranted in expecting such conduct as this to insure. This is the doctrine of the text, that Sodom would have been spared if the ten righteous men had been there. Pious men are presented to us, therefore, as the safety of the nation in which they live. This is very beautifully presented in several other parts of Scripture. You have it, for instance, in the prophecy of Isaiah, lxxv: 8, 9: "Thus saith the Lord, As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it; so will I do for my servants' sakes, that I may not destroy them all. And I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains; and mine elect shall inherit it,

and my servants shall dwell there." Then, again, in the prophecy of Malachi, iii: 10, 11: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts."

We see here the development of the general principle for which we contend, that God preserves nations for the sake of pious men. The annals of the past show how very frequently he has put to naught statesmanship, fleets, and armies, and has rendered honor to truth, meekness, and righteousness. This I do solemnly believe to be the case in our own land in this crisis of its affairs, and I am bold to affirm my conviction, that the destinies of England and of the British Empire are at this moment in the hands of its pious men. If they be faithful to their high trust and to the vocation to which they are eminently and signally called, nothing can harm us; no weapon that is formed against us shall ever be able to prosper. I think this might be made out from the history of the past, both as to temporal and spiritual matters. I

appeal to you whether it is not manifest that the temporal interests of a nation are bound up in its piety? Let pious men prevail in a land, let the population become imbued with the spirit and with the leaven of evangelical godliness, what is the consequence? Order is at once preserved. As their holiness spreads, as their unworldly yet earnest example manifests itself and begins to be felt, sounder views prevail. The moral is felt to exert a supremacy over the secular; the political agitator, the infidel demagogue, the philosophical theorist are scouted as physicians of no value; and men everywhere learn to submit to the orderly restraints and the well-regulated government of law.

Let pious men prevail, and they will keep up the freedom of a land. I do not mean that crouching emasculation on the one hand, nor that ribald licentiousness on the other hand, which have both been dignified by the name by extreme political parties; but I mean well-ordered and rational liberty; liberty which respects the rights of other people at the same time that it asserts and vindicates its own; liberty which with one hand renders to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and with the other hand takes care to render to God the things that are God's; liberty which honors men as men, just because the Divine command tells it to "honor all men," and because, all the world over, there is nothing so royal as a

man. That liberty will be preserved wherever pious men are found, and wherever the example of these pious men begins to spread itself among people.

And, then, pious men will preserve the prosperity of a land. There is a false prosperity which must be abandoned; there is a false honor which must be speedily forsworn; but that prosperity which is substantial and abiding will remain under the influences of piety. Art will minister then not to luxury but to truth; science will minister then not to infidelity but to truth; commerce will minister then not to selfishness but to benevolence; and other realms shall render to us their unbought and unpurchaseable homage, and the sons of our country, in their not unholy pride, may wave their banner to the wind, with the motto on it:

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides."

Yes, brethren, it is Britain's altar and not Britain's throne, Britain's Bible and not Britain's statute book, that is the great, and deep, and strong source of her national prosperity and renown. Do away with this; suffer that fidelity with which, in some humble measure, we have borne witness for God, to be relaxed; let our Sabbaths be sinned away at the bidding of unholy or mistaken mobs; let us enter into adulterous and unworthy alliance

with the man of sin; let us be traitors to the trust with which God has invested us, to take care of the ark of the Lord, and the crown will lose its luster, the peerage its nobility, and the senate its command; all the phases of social rank and order will be disjointed and disorganized; a lava tide of desolation will overwhelm all that is consecrated and noble, and angels may sing the dirge over a once great, but now hopelessly fallen people: "the glory is departed from Israel, because the ark of God is taken." Keep fast by that ark, hold it; hold your attachment to it as the strongest element of being, and there shall be no bounds to the sacred magnificence of our nation; but the fires of the last day, when they consume all that is perishable and drossy, may see us with the light of the Divine presence gleaming harmlessly around our brow, and in our hand the open law for all the nations of mankind.

Those are temporal benefits. And, then, let there be pious men in the land, and spiritual benefits will also be secured. There will, for instance, be the defeat of erroneous opinions. Truth, when the Spirit inspires it not, abstract truth, is weak and powerless. Truth, with the Spirit in it is mighty, and will prevail. There can be no fear as to the result, because the world has never been left, and will never be left without the active Spirit of God. Falsehood breaks out impetuously, just like one of those torrents that leap

and rattle over the summit of the mountain after the thunder-storm, overwhelming in the first outbreak, but dying away into insignificance and silence by and by; truth is the little spring that rises up imperceptibly and gently, and flows on, unostentatious and noiseless, until at last navies are wafted on its bosom, and it pours its full volume of triumphant waters into the rejoicing sea. So it will be with truth; wealth can not bribe it, talent can not dazzle it, sophistry can not overreach it, authority can not please it; they all, like Felix, tremble in its majestic presence. Let pious men increase, and each of them will become a center of holiness; apostates will be brought back to the Church, poor backsliders will be reclaimed into new found liberty and new created privilege, and there will be a cry like that on the summit of Carmel after the controversy was over, and had issued in the discomfiture of Baal, "The Lord, he is God; the Lord, he is God."

And, then, better than all that, salvation of souls will be secured. The conversion of a soul is an infinitely greater triumph than the eradication of a false opinion. A false opinion may be crushed, and the man that holds it may be in imminent spiritual peril; convert the man's soul, and his opinions will come right by and by. O, if as you go from this place to-night, you were to behold the crowds of tempters and temptresses to evil that will cross your path as you travel home-

ward, if you think of their activity, of their earnestness to proselytize in the grand diabolical army, and to make sevenfold more the children of hell than they are themselves, and if you think of the apathy of the faithful, of the scantiness of effort, of the failure of faith, of the depression of endeavor, of the laxity of attachment on the part of believers in Jesus, surely there is enough to make you abashed and confounded. Brethren, I should like, if I could, to bring before you one solitary soul, to fasten your attention upon that soul, to transfix it as with a lightning glance before you, so that you might trace it in its downward path, see it as habit crusts it over, and selfishness rejoices over it, and the foul fiend gloats upon it in mockery, and disease, prematurely induced, comes upon it, and death waits for his prey, and hell is moved from beneath to meet it at its coming, and that you should follow it down into those dark and dread abodes, which man's pencil painteth not, and of which man's imagination, thank God, can not conceive! O! draw the curtain over that; we can not bear the sight! But as you think of the real spiritual peril in which not one, not a family—O! if there were but a family, all London would be awake for its deliverance—but there is a world in danger—not one, not a family, not an island, not a continent, but a world—if I could only fasten that upon your consciences to-night, each one of you would

surely go away with tearful eye and glad heart, glad that you were able to do anything for God, and would not rest without saying, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake, I will not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as the brightness, and the salvation thereof as the lamp that burneth."

Just one parting word. If you would do all this, you must be pious yourselves; but do not be among the number of those who busy themselves in the externalisms of godliness, and are in some measure active in connection with the Church of God, but are out of Christ, aliens themselves from the commonwealth of Israel. If you are not personally pious, you will be accomplices in drawing down the thunderbolt, and chargeable to that extent with your country's ruin, and the ruin of souls. Come to Christ now; let all your past iniquity be forgotten and forgiven as you bow before him in humiliation and in tears; he will not refuse you; he will not cast you out. Then enter upon a life of piety in spite of all that scoffers say. Ah! religion is not so mean a thing as infidels represent it to be! They curl the lip of scorn at us, and we can bear that; they flash the eye of hate at us, and we can bear that, as long as God looks upon us with complacency, as long as he has promised to crown us as conquerors in heaven, for which, by our spiritual conflicts and victories, we shall have come prepared. O,

it is no mean thing. The saint, the righteous man, the pious believer in Jesus, is a patriot as well as a saint. The worldling may sneer and scorn, but we have a noble revenge, for it is pious men that have kept the conflagrating elements away from this long doomed world up to the present moment of its history; and if the ten righteous had not been in this enormous Sodom, long ere now would the firebrand of destruction have struck it that it might be consumed in its deserved ruin. Thank God, there is hope for the world yet.

When the prophet in depression and in sorrow was saying, "I, even I, only am left, the prophet of the Lord," God pointed him to seven thousand that had never bowed the knee to Baal; and there are faithful ones in the secret places of the world yet, palm-tree Christians growing up in unexpected places, amid sandy soil and with no companionship, who are flourishing in godly vigor and earnest in persevering prayer. There is hope for the world yet. O, for the increase of these pious men! Be you of the number of this unostentatious but valiant host. Do you pant for fame? You can find it here. Young men, there are some of you in the presence of God that have ambition high bounding in your hearts, who feel the elasticity of youth within you; who feel that the flight of your soaring spirit is not the flight of the flagging or the breathless; that there is some-

thing still within you that pants for a distinction other than you have yet attained; O come to Christ, enlist yourselves in his service, be soldiers of the cross, fight moral battles, and yours shall be the victory. To you the Church is looking; your fathers, worn out with labor, exhausted with the vicissitudes and the victories of years, are passing rapidly away, and they are wondering where their successors are. They have gone from us; just when we were expecting for them higher fields and wider triumphs, the fiery chariot came and they were not, and nothing was left for us but to cry as we followed the track of the cavalcade, in our hopelessness, almost in our agony, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." O! thank God, they have flung their mantles down, and it is for you to catch them, to robe yourselves to-day in the garments of the holy departed, and like them, to do and die.

CELESTIAL STRIFE.*

"And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer."—REVELATION vi: 2.

How animating is the sound of war! How easily can it awaken the ardors of the unrenewed and unsanctified heart of man! There is no profession in which he can gain more renown and applause than in the profession of arms. It is the birthplace of what men call glory. Custom has baptized it honorable; it carries with it a pomp and a circumstance of which other professions are destitute; it has nerved the arm of the patriot, it has fired the genius of the painter, it has strung and swept the poet's lyre; nations have bowed before its shrine, and even religion has prostituted herself to bless and consecrate its banners. Yet it must not be forgotten that for the most part human conquerors are just murderers upon a grand scale—mighty butchers of human


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kind. Their victories are won amid extermination and havoc; their track is traced in ruin; there is human life upon their laurels; and if they wish to acquire a name, they have got one—let them glory as they can in its possession—the voice of blood proclaims it from the ground, and it is vaunted from earth to heaven by the wailings of orphaned hearts, and by the deep execrations of despair.

The sacred writings, however, tell us of one conqueror whose victories were peacefully achieved, whose battles were bloodlessly won; or if his onward march was discolored by blood, it was his own. It is the Lord Jesus Christ who is thus evidently set forth before us; he who “died the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.” In the fulfillment of the various duties connected with the mediatorial office which he had undertaken, he is frequently represented as going out to battle against his adversaries, as routing them by the word of his mouth, and returning in exultation and triumph. Instances of this you will easily and at once remember. Thus, in the forty-fifth Psalm, which we read in your hearing to-night, “Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.” Again, in the eleventh chapter of Luke, “When a strong man armed keepeth his palace,

his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." And yet, again, according to the mysterious apocalypses of the Book of Revelation, "Then shall all make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them." It matters not how numerous or how powerful his enemies may be; alike over the powers of darkness with their legioned hosts of foes; alike over the corruptions of the human heart, with all its ramifications of depravity; alike over the false systems into which the corruption has retreated, as into so many garrisoned and fortified towns, "a crown is given unto him, and he goeth forth conquering and to conquer."

It is not my intention this evening, and time would forbid it even if we had the desire, to enter into all the details of this interesting and absorbing strife. I should just like for a moment or two to concentrate your attention upon one phase of the conflict, the battle of the old serpent the devil, the great origin of evil, under whose generalship the others are mustered, and to whose commands they submitingly bow. Behold, then, the combat beyond all others important; the combat between Christ and Satan for the human soul, and, as you trace the progress of the fight, remember with encouragement, and say that "He goeth forth conquering and to conquer." It will be necessary, in order that we have the whole matter



before us, that we introduce the cause of strife, the battle, and the victory.

First, as to the cause of strife. You know that when the all-comprising benevolence of God found heaven too small for the completion of its vast designs, this earth arose in order and in beauty from his forming hands. After by his Spirit he had garnished the heavens, and scattered upon the fair face of nature the labor of his hand and the impress of his feet, as the fairest evidence of Divine workmanship, the last and most excellent of his works below, he made man in his own image, after his own likeness. The soul, then, was the property of him by whom it was created, who imparted to it its high and noble faculties, by whom, notwithstanding its defilement, it is still sustained, and from whom proceed the retributions which shall fix its doom forever. Man was created in possession of that moral purity, that absolute freedom from sin, which constituted of itself assimilation to his Maker's image; and so long as he retained that image, so long was he the Divine property, and the Divine portion alone. But the moment he sinned, the moment of the perversion of his nature, of the estrangement of his faculties, of the alienation of his heart, he came under a different tenure, and became a vassal of a different lord.

Satan himself, once an inhabitant of the high realms of glory, but hurled from that giddy height for disobedience and pride, was mysteriously per-

mitted to tempt our first parents in the garden, with the full knowledge, on their part, that standing as they did in their representative and public character, if they fell, the consequences of that one transgression were entailed upon all their posterity. With the circumstances of the original temptation you are all of course familiar, and the issue of it you have in that one verse in the book of Genesis: "Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." This tells us of the contravention, the direct contravention of a known law; a law which God as the Supreme Creator, had a perfect right to institute; a law which man, as a dependent creature, was under binding obligations to obey. It was instituted avowedly as a test of obedience; and this is all that we would condescend to answer to the labored sarcasms of foolish infidelity. Any wayfaring man, though a fool, can curl his lip and declaim against the insignificance of the act from which such mighty issues sprang; but they forget that the moment the temptation was yielded to, there was in human nature a very incarnation of the devil. Under that demoniacal possession the man was prepared for any infraction, from the eating of the forbidden fruit to the subversion of an almighty throne; and he who under such circumstances would violate a known command, however trifling, would not, if the

circumstances had been equal, have shrunk away from the endeavor to scale the battlements of heaven, and pluck the crown of divinity from the very brow of the Eternal. Hence it was, by yielding to the suggestions of the tempter, and to his infamous temptation, that the portals of the palace were flung wide open for the strong man armed to enter, and hither, alas! he came with all his sad and fearful train, enthroning himself upon the heart, setting up his image, as Bunyan hath it, in the market-place of the town of Mansoul; fortifying every avenue, filling every chamber, corrupting every faculty, enervating every inhabitant, and announcing every moment the symbols of his own resolve to grasp and hold it forever. Here, then, is in brief the cause of this celestial strife. The soul, a colony of heaven, had been taken—usurped possession of—by the powers of hell, and the effort to restore it to allegiance was the main cause of this celestial war.

Still further to impress you with the weighty causes of the strife, let us remind you for a moment of the character of the government thus by daring usurpation acquired. The dominion which Satan exercises over the human soul is despotic in its character. He is not a monarch, he is an autocrat; he admits no compromise, he brooks no rival, he pours his uncleanness upon every part, and reigns supremely over every power and every faculty of man. True, the man is not always conscious of his slavery; that is

one of the cunningest secrets of his power, that he persuades his vassals that they are free, and their offended language to any one who questions the fact is, "We be Abraham's children, and were never in bondage to any man." He brands them as his own, and then, content to wear his badge, they may choose their own trappings. He has no uniform. Some of his soldiers are in rags, and others in purple, and his very choicest veterans have stolen the livery of heaven. There is not one within the compass of the whole human family who is not subject to his authority, naturally led captive by the devil at his will.

And then, this government of Satan over the human soul, is not only despotic but degrading. Slavery, in any form, is essentially connected with degradation, and in the case before us, the connection must be regarded as the most palpable and emphatic of all. The essence and exultation of moral dignity are assimilations to the image of God. Whatever recedes from that image must of necessity debase and degrade. Now the course of man's life, as it has been ever since the fall, a course of constant and increasing recession from God, presents a spectacle of moral degradation which is grievous to behold; the whole nature has fallen; the understanding has become darkened, and is conversant only with what is contemptible and low; the affections which once soared sublimely upward, now cleave to worldly objects, objects that perish in their using; the

passions have become loyal servants of the usurper, and keep their zealous patrol in the court-yard of his palace; the will which once inclined to good, is now fierce and greedy after evil; imagination revels in fondest dalliance with sin for its paramour; and conscience, intoxicated with opiate draughts, and in that intoxication smitten with paralysis, gazes hopelessly upon the desolation; or, if at times stirred by the spirit within, it breaks out with a paroxysm, and terrifies the man with its thunder, he is persuaded to regard it as the incoherence of some meddling drunkard, or the ravings of some frantic madman. Such is the condition to which the usurpation of the evil one has reduced the human soul. It is first earthly, scraping its affluence or its pleasure together; and then, yet more degrading, there is the transformation that happened to Nebuchadnezzar; the heart of a man is taken out, and the heart of a beast is put in; and then, as like grows to like, and as a process of assimilation is constantly going on, it grows into its master's image; the mark of the beast becomes more distinct and palpable; every feature stands confessed of Satan's obscene and loathsome likeness, and there is a living proof of the truth of the scale upon which Scripture has graduated man's increasing degeneracy; "First earthly, then sensual, then devilish." That is a fearful picture, is it not? Ah! you see the man, or his bacchanalian orgies, or his midnight prowls, but you do

not see the fiend that dogs his steps and goads him to destruction ; you see the degradation of the nature that once bore the image of God, but you do not see the jibing, mocking demon that is behind ; you trace intelligibly enough the infernal brand, but you can not hear the peals of infernal laughter, as the arch-devil, looking down upon the soul that he has stormed, exults in the extremity of the disgrace, and glories in the pollution of the fallen.

The government of Satan over the human soul is not only despotic and degrading, but destructive. Sin and punishment are inseparably allied ; the powers of darkness, although mysteriously permitted a certain amount of influence, are themselves in punishment, "reserved in chains under darkness until the judgment of the Great Day." A man who transgresses, since no coercion comes upon the freedom of his will, must necessarily be regarded as willful ; he is under the curses of a violated law, nay, condemned altogether, for "the wrath of God abideth upon him." God will "pour out indignation, and wrath, and tribulation, and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil ; upon the Jew first, and also upon the Gentile," for there is no respect of persons with God. I am speaking to unconverted sinners to night ; to some of refined and delicate sensibility, shocked at the ribaldry of the vulgar, and at the licentiousness of the profane. I tell you there is no respect of persons with God. If you flee not

to a high and mighty Redeemer, if you repose not in present reliance upon Christ, for you there remaineth nothing but a death, whose bitterest ingredient is that it can never die, but that it has eternity about it, eternity beyond it, and eternity within it, and the curse of God upon it, fretting it and following it forever.

Thank God, there is a promise of a perfect and delightful deliverance from this thralldom under which man has been groaning. Christ has come down on purpose to deliver and to ransom him, and he goeth forth conquering and to conquer. In the counsels of the eternal Godhead, in foresight of the temptation of Satan and of the thralldom and depravity of man, Christ was induced to work out a counteracting scheme, by which, in the beautiful language of ancient prophecy, the prey of the mighty should be taken away and the lawful captive delivered. The first intimation of this scheme was given just when the first shadow of sin swept over the world. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." From that time there was a continued series of operations, in the good providence of God, perpetuated for thousands of years, all tending to the fulfillment of this original promise, and the achievement of this original plan. At last, in the fullness of time—the time by prophet seers foretold, and by believing saints expected—in the fullness of time, the Son of God was incarnated in the

nature that had sinned, and then it was that the battle in earnest began.

Second. Look, then, at the Divine Savior, "stronger than the strong man armed," invested with far higher qualifications, and wielding far mightier power. And how is this? He is the babe in Bethlehem, the rejected wanderer, the arraigned rebel, the scourged and spit upon, the Nazarene, the crucified. But these are only voluntary submissions, and in the deepest humiliation there slumbers Omnipotence within. "All power is given unto Me, both in heaven and in earth," and this power is all enlisted upon the side of salvation and of mercy. It is not the power of the lightning, that blasts while it brightens; it is not the power of the whirlwind, whose track is only known by the carnage and desolation that it leaves behind it; it is the power of the water rill, that drops and drops, and in its dropping melts the most stern and difficult of nature's forces; it is the power of the light—it flows in energetic silence; you can not hear it as it flows, and yet it permeates and illumines all. He is strong, but he is strong to deliver; he is mighty, but, in his own powerful language, he is "mighty to save." It often happens—it used to do so more frequently than it does now—in the history of the strifes of nations, and of the harsh scenes of war, that the interest of spectators was drawn aside from the hostile ranks to two courageous champions, who

separated themselves from opposing armies for single combat with each other, and the fate of armies appeared to the spectators as nothing compared with who should be the victor in this individual strife. O! conceive; if it were possible, a single combat between the rival princes of light and darkness, the grand, the transcendent, the immeasurable issue of which shall be the ruin or redemption of the human soul! I can not limn it; I can not bring it fairly before you; the subject is too mighty; and yet a thought or two may not inaptly illustrate the battle that is now before us.

See, then, the lists are spread; the champions are there. Eager angels crowd around, for they have an interest in the strife, and they are anxious to tune their harps to the anthems of regeneration again. Exulting demons are there, flushed with high hopes they dare not name, that vaunt of a ruined universe and of a peopled hell. This is no gentle passage at arms; this is no gorgeous tournament, or mimic fight, or holiday review; the destinies of a world of souls are trembling in the balance now—depend for weal or woe upon the issue of this mortal strife.

The first grapple seems to have been in the temptation in the wilderness; for at the commencement of our Savior's public ministry the enemy endeavored to tempt the second Adam after the same fashion as he had tempted the first; and when wearied with labor, and exhausted with

endurance and suffering from the pangs of hunger and of thirst, he brought before him a similar order of temptation to that which had been successful in the garden of Eden. Ah! but there was a mightier Adam in human flesh this time with whom he had to deal. Grasping the sword of the Spirit, with its trenchant blade, he cut asunder the flimsy sophistries of the tempter's weaving, and the discomfited demon went baffled away; and angels came and ministered unto Jesus; fanned with their ambrosial wings his burning brow, and poured their offices of kindness upon his fatigued and sorrowing soul. Defeated, but not conquered, the enemy returned to the charge; and the next grapple was in the performance of miracles.

It is customary in ordinary warfare, you know, whenever a fortress is taken, for the conqueror to garrison it with some of his own soldiers, and leave some trusty captain in charge. The enemy appears to have acted upon this plan, and in token of his usurped authority over the human race, he caused certain of his servants to enter into the bodies of men. When Christ came into the world they brought unto him those that were grievously vexed with devils. He sat down before some of these Sebastopols of the Evil One, and speaking by that high exorcism, he at once dislodged the intruders; and, as some in moody silence, and others with piteous cries, they rushed out from the places they had agonized, we can trace in their complaining

the confession of their defeat: "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God. Art thou come to torment us before the time?"

The next was the death grapple. And was the champion smitten? Did he bend beneath that felon's stroke? Was there victory at last for the powers of hell? Imagine, if you can, how there would be joy in the breast of the Evil One when the Savior expired; how he would exult at that victory which had more than recompensed the struggle of four thousand years. Hours roll on; he makes no sign; day and night succeed each other; there is no break upon their slumber; their victory appears complete and final. Shall no one undeceive them? No; let them enjoy their triumph as they may. It were cruel to disturb a dream like that, which will have so terrible an awaking. But we, brethren, with the light of eighteen hundred years streaming down upon that gory field, understand the matter better. He died, of course, for only thus could death be abolished; he was counted with transgressors, of course, for thus only could sin be forgiven; he was made a curse for us, of course, because thus only could he turn the curse into a blessing. O! to faith's enlightened sight there is a surpassing glory upon that cross. He was never so kingly as when girt about with that crown of thorns; there was never so much royalty upon that regal brow as when he said, "It is finished," and he died.

There only remains one more grapple, and that was in the rising from the dead and ascension into heaven. It is considered the principal glory of a conqueror, you know, not merely that he repels the aggressive attacks of his enemy, but when he carries the war into that enemy's camp and makes him own himself vanquished in the metropolis of his own empire. This Christ did by concealing himself for a while within the chambers of the grave. We can not tell you much about the battle, for it was a night attack, it took place in darkness; but we can tell the issue, because on the morning of the third day the sepulcher was empty, and the Redeemer had gone forth into Galilee. This was only like the garnering up of the fruits of the conflict. The cross had settled it. It was finished when he said it was, upon the cross; but this was a sudden surprise in the camp, when the guards were drawn off, and the soldiers carousing in the flush of fancied victory. By death he had abolished death; him that had the power of death. By his resurrection he spoiled principalities and powers; and then he went up that he might "make a show of them openly." You can almost follow him as he goes, and as the challenge is given as he rises and nears the gates of the celestial city: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra? this—that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength." And then comes

the answer: "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

"And through the portals wide outspread
The vast procession pours."

And on he marches through the shining ranks of the ransomed, until he gets to the throne and points to the captives of his bow and spear, and claims his recompense. And "there is silence in heaven;" and there is given unto him "a name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." It is finished. Now he rests from his labors, and now he sheathes his sword, and now he wears his crown.

Third. Just a word or two upon the victory that he gained. It was complete, it was benevolent, it was unchanging.

The attack which the Savior made upon the enemy was such as to tear away the very sources and energies of his power. Mark how each fresh onset, whether from earth or hell, has only enhanced his glory and brightened the conqueror's

crown. He vanquished in his own person by dying, and in the person of his followers he has continued to manifest that indestructible energy which was always manifest just when it seemed to be overthrown. Why, at the commencement of Christianity would not any one have thought that a breath would annihilate it and exterminate the name of its founder forever? And there they were: Cæsar on the throne, Herod on the bench, Pilate in the judgment hall, Caiaphas in the temple, priests and soldiers, Jews and Romans, all united together to crush the Galilean, and the Galilean overcame. And so it has been in all ages until now. Persecution has lifted up her head against the truth; war-wolves have lapped up the blood of God's saints, and for a time silenced the witness of confessors, and the testimony of the faithful has gone upward amid the crackling of fagots, and the ascending flame has been the chariot of fire in which rising Elijahs have mounted to heaven. And not merely is the completeness of this triumph manifested in the aggregate, but in the individual. Not only is every man brought into a salvable state, but every part of every man is redeemed. The poor body is not forgotten; it is taught to cast off the grave clothes and anticipate an everlasting residence in heaven. The mind crouches no longer; it emancipates itself from its vassalage and stands erect in the liberty wherewith Christ made it free;

and the whole man, who was a while ago an alien, degraded and desolate, a fitting companion of the beast in his lair, a worthy follower in the serpent's trail, is now "clothed and in his right mind," careering along in the enterprises of godliness, a fellow-citizen with saints, and of the household of God.

And then the triumphs of the Savior are benevolent too.

Tell me not of human glory ; it is a prostituted word. Tell me not of Agincourt, and Cressy, and Waterloo, and of the high places of Moloch worship, where men have been alike both priests and victims. One verse of the poet aptly describes them all :

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay.
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morning marshaling in arms; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array.
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered quick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one rude burial blent."

But what is it to be seen in the time of the Lord's victory? Plains covered with traces of recent carnage, and of recent havoc? What is there to be heard in the time of the Lord's victory? Orphans wailing the dead; widows bemoaning those that have departed? No, but a voice breath-

ing down a comfortable word to men, "They shall neither hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." The procession of this conqueror consists of saved souls, and eternity shall consecrate the scene.

And then the triumphs of the Savior are not only complete and benevolent, but unchanging. The things that are now, are very transitory. The sand of the desert is not more unstable; the chaff of the summer thrashing-floor is not more helpless on the wind; but the Savior's triumphs brighten with the lapse of time; their luster time can tarnish not, nor death itself destroy. O! think of the multitude that have been already saved! think of the multitude who went up in the early ages of the Church with its enrichments of blessings; think of those who had been taken off to heaven before they ever had time to sin after the similitude of Adam's transgressions—souls ransomed by the blood of atonement, taken from birth under the wing of the quivering cherub right away into the realms of blessedness and rest; think of those from the time of the Savior's incarnation until now, who have passed through death triumphant home; think of the multitudes now upon earth that are working out their salvation with fear and trembling; think of the still greater multitudes that shall yet press into the Church in the times of its millennial glory, when the gates of it shall not be shut day nor night,

because there shall be no chance of shutting them, the people crowding in so fast. O! what a jubilee in heaven! O! what a gathering of emancipated spirits! Limit the extent of the atonement! Who dares do it? Talk about Christ dying for a few scattered families of the sons of men merely! Why, it is to charge my Savior with cowardice, and bring a slur upon his conduct in the field. If there be one solitary soul the wide universe through for whom Christ did not die, over that soul death has triumphed, and the conquest of my Savior is imperfect and incomplete. O! he seems to stand in his triumphal chariot, in the very center of the universe, with exulting heaven before and with tormented hell behind; and there is not an unconquered rebel there, but the glad hallelujahs of the one, and the solemn acquiescences of the other, peal out the universe's anthem, "He is Lord of all."

And now, which side are you? Pardon the abruptness of the question, but answer it to your consciences and to your God notwithstanding. Which side are you? There is no neutrality in this war, or if there be one here that intends to preserve a dastardly neutrality, he will get the hottest of the battle, and be exposed to the cross-fire of both sides. Which side are you? Do you belong to the Lord, or to the Lord's enemies? Ask yourselves that question in the sight of God. I never knew, until I looked upon it in this

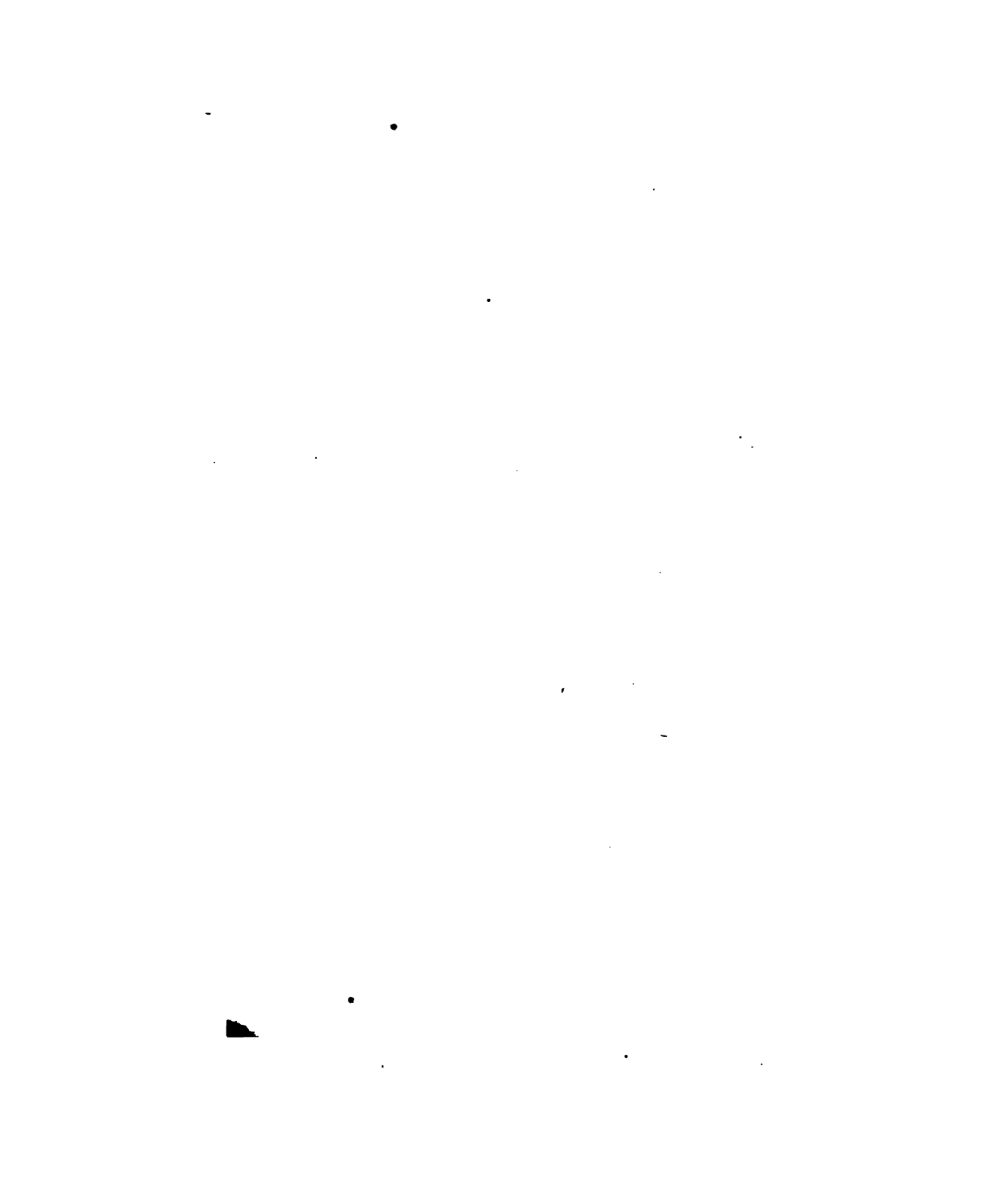
aspect, the force and power of a certain question which the Savior presented in the days of his flesh. I have admired the capacities of the human soul, that it has a memory that can recall the past, imagination that can penetrate the future; that it has a will that no man can tame; that it has immortality as its heritage. But I see all heaven in earnest there, and all hell in earnest yonder, and the prize of the conflict is one poor human soul; and then I see, as I never saw before, what an intensity of emphasis there is in the awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Brethren, how shall it be with you? "Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God;" and the doom of the enemies of God is brought before us in the Bible: "Bring hither those mine enemies that would not I should reign over them, and slay them before me." On which side are you? There is one passage that I should just like to bring before you, which has always appeared to me to be one of the most fearful in the whole compass of the book of God: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man"—mark it, it does not say when he is driven out, it does not say when he is dispossessed by superior powers, but the awful idea, almost too awful to be entertained, is that there are some people in this world of ours of whom Satan is so sure, that he can leave them for

a while, perfectly certain that they will sweep and garnish his house in his absence, and prepare it for seven other spirits more inveterate and cruel: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return unto my house." O! mockery of that quiet empire! "To *my* house." The tenancy has not changed; he knows full well there is too much love of the master's service in the heart of the man for that. "I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." O! horrible! horrible! Not merely to have Satan as a guest, but to sweep and garnish the house that he may come in, and that he may bring with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself. And are you doing that? Is there one in the presence of God to-night to whom this awful passage will apply? O! I thank God that I can preach to you a present salvation in the name of Jesus. Be delivered from that bondage of yours, for Christ has come down on purpose that he may deliver, and that he may rescue, and he goeth forth conquering and to conquer. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." There

is salvation for you from the power of death, and from the thralldom and ascendancy of besetting sin, and from the grasp of the destroyer. There is salvation for you in Christ Jesus the Lord. Wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost of human guilt, to the uttermost of human life, to the uttermost of human time. May God help you, for Christ's sake.

THE END.





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